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## SONG.

We have parted forever!—no, never to meet  
While Love is an idol or Friendship is sweet;  
For sorrow has darken'd life's delicate span,  
And our spirits are under Fate's terrible ban.  
We have parted forever, forever—and yet  
The past, neither of us, can wholly forget:  
For still as we journey, there's one standing by  
With a smile on her lip, but a tear in her eye—  
'Tis Memory, and yet she is almost like Hope,  
As she strives with the past and the present to cope.  
But the garland of Hope is of evergreen made,  
And Mem'ry's is woven of flowrets that fade!  
Life's chain of its gilding is rudely bereft,  
But still in Hope's store-house one bright bud is left,  
Whose beauty can brighten life's loneliest even—  
The hope of re-union forever in Heaven.

*Hartford, (Conn.) August 1st, 1840.*

THOMAS W. WHITE, Esq.

Sir:—The accompanying narrative is founded on Bancroft's account of the Colony of Roanoke. Most of the facts may be found in his History of the United States, and the real names of the principal persons have been preserved. It is a wonder that no one has before paid a tribute to the memory of "Virginia Dare," the first offspring of English parents born on the soil of America. The historian alone has done justice to the inhabitants of "the City of Raleigh," of whom he remarks, that, "if like their predecessors, the emigrants from England and the first born of America failed in establishing an enduring settlement; unlike them, they awaited death in the land of their adoption." It was impossible to shorten the story without injuring it, but I trust it will not be found too long for insertion in your interesting magazine.

Yours, very respectfully,

CORNELIA L. TUTHILL.

## VIRGINIA DARE:

### OR, THE COLONY OF ROANOKE.

#### CHAPTER I.

Among the many pleasant mansions scattered over the south of England in the days of good Queen Bess, the quiet dwelling of Philip White might often pass unnoticed. Yet, though it could not vie in splendor with the palaces of the nobility, it had a more elegant air than the residences of most private gentlemen. Even in winter it wore a pleasant aspect, and two travellers who were approaching it in the latter part of January, paused to admire its classic exterior and perfect proportions. But it was in the fine arrangement of the interior that the taste of the proprietor was most conspicuous. From the massive doors, wide halls wain-

scoted with oak led to the principal apartments, which looked out upon the west, commanding a beautiful prospect. Through the long painted windows streamed the last rays of the setting sun, and the rich colors they scattered around were softened by the delicate blue of the hangings. Beside a massive table a young and beautiful lady was seated, engaged in earnest conversation with two gentlemen standing near her.

"Eleanor, my child," said Mr. White in a quivering voice, "I can never consent to this sacrifice. I must resign my appointment if you persist in accompanying me. Remain here at least till some arrangements have been made for your comfort and security."

"Your father is right," said George Dare, the younger of the two gentlemen, "he will return in a year or two, when the colony will be prepared for the residence of a delicate female."

"George," replied Eleanor, in a sweet, earnest voice; "I am your wife and bound to obey you, unless obedience interfere with a higher duty. In this case your authority must yield to the dying command of my departed mother. I promised her that my father should never want any care or attention which it was in my power to bestow. When a year since I gave you my hand, you knew that I had made this promise, and declared that you would aid me in its fulfilment."

Mr. White laid his hands on Eleanor's head, saying—"Bless you, my priceless daughter, well have you kept your vow. But you do not add to my happiness, love, by persisting in this wild scheme. Think what it is you propose:—To accompany a band of men to a distant country—to place yourself in the power of untutored savages, perhaps to fall a victim to their cruelty or pine away a prey to famine. How much better could I endure any of these evils, if consoled by the thought that you were happy amidst the comforts and friends to which from your childhood you have been accustomed."

"Dear father," answered Eleanor, "I could not enjoy these comforts while you were distant and surrounded by dangers. Let Sir Walter find some one else to command this expedition, and if after a few years it shall prosper, we will then all emigrate together to the New World."

"If you wish it, dearest," said the troubled father, "I will renounce this undertaking; but, alas! in the inactivity of ordinary life, I fear lest I should become a prey to sorrow. It was to drive away the sad remembrances haunting my thoughts, that I wished to engage in this exciting adventure. No

shadow is upon your pathway, and England has yet in store for you many years of happiness. To me, this Kingdom is only the grave of your mother. I desire no eminence, because she cannot share it. Yet I am not without ambition, and desired to be remembered in after ages as the first who established my country's dominion over the rich domain of America. But away with such dreams, if they infuse my child's life with bitterness." Here the speaker was interrupted, and the conversation suspended.

Wherever Mr. White was known his influence was widely felt. Every faculty and every feeling was strong and deeply rooted, and his temperament was that which is best fitted for the conception and completion of great designs. He loved his wife with his whole soul, and felt her death as such minds only can feel an affliction. Now all the fibres of his heart were twined around his only child. Eleanor concealed beneath a calm exterior the deepest feelings and immovable firmness of purpose. From her earliest years she had been guided by religious principle, and next to this, love of her father directed all her actions. With this filial devotion her affection for her husband did not interfere, for he looked up to Mr. White as to a superior being. After many unsuccessful attempts at planting a colony in Virginia (as a wide region was then called embracing Carolina,) Sir Walter Raleigh again prepared at his own expense a small fleet to transport a colony to the Isle of Roanoke. A common mind would have shrunk back appalled at the difficulties of the undertaking. Every precaution had been taken to secure the success of the last expedition, but Lane and his colonists became discouraged and fearful of the Indians, whom they had provoked by their cruelty. Sir Francis Drake on his return from the West Indies stopped at Roanoke, and finding the colonists in a disturbed condition, did all in his power to relieve them. But although he left them supplies and vessels for exploring the surrounding country, they would not remain, but reëmbarked after a year's residence in the new world. A week after Lane's desertion a vessel arrived and left fifteen men to maintain the right of the English to the country, and guard the settlement. As the incapacity of the commander had been the chief cause of the failure of this expedition, Sir Walter determined to find a man better qualified for the undertaking. He procured such a one in his old friend Philip White, who united great enthusiasm with uncommon prudence and cool judgment. Another valuable auxiliary presented himself in Dr. Carson, an eminent clergyman, who had seen Alantes and Wanchese, the Indian chiefs, who returned to England with Philip Amidas in 1584. Pleased with their innocent kindness and native intelligence, he had since interested himself much in the character and condition of their race, and hearing Mr.

White had consented to command a new expedition to America, determined to accompany him. Sir Walter warmly applauded his design, and they proceeded together to Mr. White's residence, where they arrived at the close of a fine winter's day. Their entrance interrupted the preceding conversation, which was resumed when they had somewhat rested from the fatigues of their journey.

"How soon," said Sir Walter to Mr. White, "will it be possible for you to embark?"

The latter looked at his daughter, and an expression of sadness passed over his fine countenance. Dr. Carson saw it; and turning to Eleanor, asked playfully, "If she had been so naughty as to try and dissuade her father from his undertaking?"

"Oh no," replied Eleanor, smiling, though her heart was sad, "I only insisted upon accompanying him. I was ambitious of being the first woman who caught a peep at the western paradise."

A new idea seemed to have struck Sir Walter's quick mind. With his usual courtly grace he turned to Eleanor—"Verily, I believe, in the reign of our most gracious queen, all power and wisdom have been transferred to your sex. I think, upon my soul, you have devised the only means of making a settlement permanent. Say you not so, good Doctor?"

"I should not be surprised at any wisdom in Mistress Dare," replied Dr. Carson; "but this proposal has not sprung from her wise head, so much as her excellent heart."

Mr. White was much moved, but assured Sir Walter that he should not take advantage of the generous devotion of his daughter.

"But, my dear friend," he replied, "listen a moment to what I propose. Let all the colonists be accompanied by their wives or sisters, and carry such implements of husbandry as shall enable them to obtain from the fruitful soil an ample subsistence. This would free them from the danger of famine, and the necessity of wearying the Indians by constantly calling upon them for food. Carrying with them the strongest incentives to exertion; laboring not to acquire wealth, but to make themselves comfortable in the home of their adoption, the colonists will be more successful, and others induced to join them of such a character as will be most beneficial."

Mr. White was about to reply, when Dr. Carson interrupted him, saying—"Wait till you hear my arguments too. Eleanor will be a powerful assistant to me in instructing the Indians. Would you debar her from such a field of usefulness?"

"My friends," replied Mr. White, "you know not what a powerful ally you have in my own heart. This enterprise has enlisted my warmest interests, and I could not renounce it without much pain, neither could I resign the society of my beloved child. Let her decide for me."

"O take me with you!" exclaimed Eleanor—lay-



ing aside her usually calm manner and throwing herself at her father's feet. "I see you will. You consent. Dear George, how happy shall we be."

"Let me appoint you, Mr. Dare," said Sir Walter, "one of the assistants of Gov. White."

Eleanor kissed her father's cheek, playfully saying, "Excuse me, most potent ruler of her majesty's dominions in the west; I shall be heir apparent, but will condescend to prepare your excellency's morning and evening meals. Our good queen will envy me my dominion over the hearts of the new world."

#### CHAPTER II.

It was the 26th of April, when the colonists left the shores of England, and in the early part of July, passing Cape Hatteras, they anchored at the Isle of Roanoke. As the little fleet approached the shore, every heart was filled with anxious expectation.

"These shores at some periods of the year cannot be safely approached; but in the month of July the skies were clear—no storms were gathering—the air was agitated by none but the gentlest breezes, and the colonists were enraptured with the beauty of the ocean seen in the magnificence of repose, gemmed with islands, and expanding in the clearest transparency from Cape to Cape. The vegetation of that southern latitude struck the beholders with admiration; the forest-trees had not their parallels in the world; the luxuriant vines as they clambered up the loftiest trees formed graceful festoons; grapes were so plenty upon every little shrub, that the surge of the ocean as it lazily rolled in upon the shore with the quiet winds of summer, dashed its spray upon the clusters, and natural arbors were formed of such impervious shade, that not a ray of the sun of July could penetrate their recesses. The forests were filled with birds, and as they drew near the land the fragrance was as if they had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers."

Joy beamed on every countenance, and they believed that they had arrived at a perfect Eden. The beauty of the scene filled the poetic mind of Eleanor Dare with a kind of ecstasy. She looked up to her father, and saw in his beaming eyes the reflection of her own heart. The rest of the passengers were exclaiming with delight at each new object, or indulging in bright visions of happiness.

Before disembarking, they united with Dr. Carson in thanksgiving for their prosperous voyage, and then joined in a song of praise. When this pious exercise was finished, headed by Mr. White most of the colonists went on shore. Guided by the directions of Hariot, and the drawings of With, they directed their steps toward the settlement, at each sound expecting to see some of the men left by Sir Richard Grenville the year before. At

length, emerging from the thick woods of live oak into the open plain, what a scene of desolation presented itself! In the midst of a group of dilapidated dwellings, lay the ruins of the fort. The paths were covered with long grass, and the vines which had been planted beside the doors had sprung up and nearly covered the entrance. But the foremost of the party started back with horror, when they discovered among the rank weeds, the white-ening bones of their countrymen. As they stood gazing on one another in speechless distress, a rustling was heard in the distant dwellings, and objects were seen moving. Breathless with anxiety they rushed to the spot. The wild deer sprang affrighted from the ruined mansions. When horror at the sickening sight before them had somewhat subsided, a consultation was held as to what was next to be done. Some, fearful lest the fate of the victims around them might be their own, urged an instant return. Others more daring, wished immediately to explore the country around, and punish the authors of their death. At length Mr. White made his voice heard, and while Eleanor soothed the affrighted females, it was determined to return to the ships, and that the next day a party should examine the surrounding country and discover if there were any enemies in the vicinity. With slow steps, the disheartened colony retraced their way to the shore, and many laid themselves down that night with sad hearts.

With the dawn of a bright and lovely day, hope revived in the bosom of the colonists. Mr. White bade adieu to his daughter, and accompanied by about forty men, well armed and supplied with provisions, set out to explore the country. George Dare and another party proceeded to the settlement and commenced the work of rendering it habitable. The women and the more timid and feeble of the men were left in the ships, under the care of Fernando. Eleanor conquered the involuntary feeling of desolation which rose in her heart as she saw her father and husband depart, and joining a crowd of females who were gazing with melancholy eyes across the water, endeavored to dispel their gloom. She told them how necessary it was that their cheerfulness should inspirit their husbands, and if they could command their feelings now, in a short time they would be amply rewarded. At first they only wept and thought of their homes. But Eleanor was not discouraged. She represented to them how little reason they had to fear the fate of their countrymen. With so large a body of men, they could awe the Indians, and from the evils of famine, if industrious, they had nothing to fear. By degrees the cloud vanished from their brows, and again imagination was busy portraying happiness to come. When in the evening Dare and his party returned, they found smiling faces to greet them, and gave cheering hopes that in a few days their houses would be in

readiness to receive them. Before a fortnight had passed the colony were landed, and took possession of their habitations.

### CHAPTER III.

Several months had passed since Mr. White and his colony landed at Roanoke. For a short time, the City of Raleigh, as the new settlement was called, had prospered, and the lands they had so carefully cultivated yielded an abundant harvest. But before long, the impatience and ill-conduct of Fernando, the naval commander, threatened the colony with destruction. Refusing to comply with his instructions and explore the surrounding country, he determined to set sail for Europe, that he might renew a profitable traffic with the West-Indies which had been interrupted. The colonists all with one voice insisted that Gov. White should return with him and procure immediate supplies and a reinforcement of men. Rumors of hostility among the neighboring tribes of Indians were heard, and at length one of Mr. White's assistants was killed. Becoming suspicious of the intentions of the savages, a party of them who were sitting peaceably by their fire, were attacked; and it was not discovered till too late that they belonged to a friendly tribe. Manteo, the chief of the Hatteras Indians, who by the commandment of Sir Walter was christened and invested with the title of a feudal baron, warned them to be on their guard against their wary and revengeful enemies. It required all the energy and prudence of which Mr. White was master to avert the gathering storm, and at last he found himself compelled to yield to the general wish that he should return to England. Fernando became impatient, and at length a day was fixed for their departure. Before that day, George Dare fell a victim to a disease caused by his constant labor and unwearied exertions to make every thing comfortable for his wife.

The Sabbath morning previous to the day fixed for the sailing of the fleet, rose with uncommon loveliness upon the disheartened colonists. But one being, ever alive to the beauty of nature, heeded not the glorious morning. Eleanor Dare knelt by the side of her sleeping infant with streaming eyes and uplifted hands. The death of her husband she had borne with uncommon fortitude, but now her heart seemed wrung with agony. At times she was almost overcome by the conflict going on in her mind,—a conflict between filial affection, and a mother's love. Before her lay her fatherless daughter, helpless and innocent. Could she leave it among strangers? Yet it was too young to encounter the perils of a voyage. Would her mother have asked such a sacrifice? But how could she suffer her idolized father to depart alone? Who would then support her amidst the horrors threatening them? Sometimes her devotion to him conquered, and rising, she seemed nerving herself

to quit the helpless one. Then clasping it to her bosom in an agony of tears, she implored its forgiveness for her intended desertion. At length in a low voice almost choked by sobs, she poured out a prayer for help in this her extremity. As she continued, her heart throbbed less violently, the flush faded from her cheek, the fire from her eye, and by degrees a sweet and holy calm stole over her sad countenance. An hour after, when Dr. Carson entered, he found her perfectly calm, with a prayer-book open before her.

"God hath strengthened you, my child," said the good man, as he wiped a tear from his eye.

"He has," she answered with deep thankfulness; "and I desire this day to dedicate to him my child. Thus robbed of her earthly father, let me place her under the care of a heavenly one."

"All shall be prepared for her baptism," replied Dr. Carson; "and I know that your father will leave with a lighter heart when this duty is performed."

As the sun was sinking in the west, the little band of colonists assembled in the hollow-square around which their dwellings were built, to unite in public worship. With them came Manteo and some of his tribe, who gazed with admiration on the devotions of the white men. A deep solemnity pervaded the scene, and when the governor appeared with his widowed daughter and her infant, the unbidden tears started to every eye. The wild savages looked upon the delicate babe as an angel from the sky, so different was her pure beauty from that of their own rude nurselings. At the close of the usual service, Dr. Carson read the prayer for those going to sea, with deep feeling—and all added a fervent Amen. Then turning to the baptismal service, he commended to the care of the Almighty, the little one, who born amid many perils, and deprived thus early of its father, seemed peculiarly to require His protecting love and care. Then taking the babe from the hands of its grandfather, he gave the name of Virginia Dare, to the first child born of English parents on the soil of America. As he restored it to Mr. White, Manteo came forward, and solemnly promised in the name of the Great Spirit, to watch over and befriend the little stranger. Eleanor warmly thanked the generous Indian, who had from their first arrival, shown himself their devoted friend.

As soon as the services were concluded, Fernando hastened them to prepare for their departure. Mr. White made a short and touching address. He begged the colonists to be of good courage, and carefully avoid giving the natives any provocation; finishing, by commending to their care his daughter and the little Virginia. All readily promised to protect a being whom they almost worshipped. He then more particularly entreated the kind attentions of Alice, an old woman who accompanied them from England and was devotedly attached



to her mistress. The hardest task yet remained; and with a heavy heart he prepared to bid adieu to his beloved child.

"My dear Eleanor," said he, "by consenting to remain, you do me an invaluable service; for I know the happy influence you exert on all around you. Cheer the sorrowing, quiet the discontented, and rouse the irresolute, as you have ever done. Trust implicitly to the friendship of Manteo, and if circumstances render Raleigh unsafe, fear not to place yourself under the protection of his tribe, at Croatan. Remember, my child, you are not alone; and may God, who supports you in this hour of trial, be ever with you."

Overpowered with his emotions, Mr. White was unable to proceed; he kissed his little grandchild, and clasping Eleanor in his arms, raised his eyes imploringly to Heaven. She re-assured him by her composure; and when the vessel that bore him away was no longer visible, there was an expression of heroic fortitude and holy resolution on her pale countenance, that gave it an unearthly beauty. Without a tear she sang her little one to rest: then intrusting it to the care of Alice, left her dwelling and went forth to visit those who were likewise bereaved. Her undaunted courage made them despise their weakness, and imbibing her spirit, they prepared to meet with firmness whatever might await them.

When Governor White arrived in England, he found all his countrymen preparing to resist the threatened invasion of the Spaniards. But Sir Walter Raleigh, whose ardent spirit was still undiscouraged, listened patiently to his account of the necessities of the colony, and fitted out, at his own expense, two more vessels laden with supplies. After much delay the Governor embarked, but the crew were little interested in the object of the voyage, and leaving the direct route to Roanoke, went in pursuit of some rich prizes which the war with Spain rendered it lawful to capture. After having gained considerable booty, one of the ships was attacked by a Spanish man-of-war, and boarded; in consequence, both were obliged to return to England.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who had already expended a vast sum on the various expeditions, was unable to pursue his expensive projects, and for two years Mr. White endured the most agonizing suspense as to the fate of his friends. When at length the Spanish Armada was vanquished, a company, among whom was Richard Hakluyt, purchased the patent for Virginia, and he again departed in search of his colony and daughter. As he drew near the calm southern seas, a sad foreboding seized his mind; but he was not prepared for the shock which awaited him. On arriving at the Isle of Roanoke, a desert presented itself, and the ruins, half overgrown with grass, which can even now be discern-

ed, were all that met his anxious sight. In vain he wandered over the island in search of some trace of the inhabitants; not a vestige remained. The singing of sweet birds answered his despairing cries for his daughter, and the rich bloom seemed in mockery of his woe.

The crew impatient to leave the fatal spot, refused to delay, and reëmbarked. As Governor White lingered on shore before bidding a final adieu, an inscription on the bark of a tree arrested his attention. With eager haste he drew near: it pointed to Croatan, where he had advised his daughter to seek refuge. Wild with delight he flew to the ship and proclaimed his discovery, but the unfeeling men refused to delay until search could be made in that direction. Mr. White having no means of crossing to the island, knew that if he remained alone he must perish, without obtaining any information. Broken-hearted he was obliged to return—resolving however to obtain more efficient aid, and again revisit the scene. But the incessant toil and anxiety of mind which he had undergone for the last three years had ruined his constitution, and a week after the ship sailed it was evident his mind was unsettled. He soon became completely deranged, calling incessantly on his daughter, and reproaching himself for permitting her to accompany him. Sir Walter Raleigh was deeply moved at the state in which his poor friend returned, and the most eminent physicians were consulted, but all in vain. At length he seemed more rational, and one evening desired to see Sir Walter. As he sat gazing towards the west, (in the same apartment where he had first consented that Eleanor should share his dangers) his friend entered with a gentle step. Mr. White was so wrapt in meditation as not to observe him. When he perceived him at his side, he pointed to the setting sun, but could not speak. After his emotion had somewhat subsided, taking Sir Walter's hand, he besought him to promise never to rest until certain of the fate of his unfortunate colony, and should Eleanor survive, that he would cherish her as his own child. The kind-hearted nobleman could scarcely restrain his tears at again hearing his friend converse rationally, and solemnly vowed that he would do as he desired. "But," he added, "do not despond, you will yet have the happiness of finding those dear ones yourself."

"Think not of that," said Mr. White gently; "I cared but little for life when first engaging in this sad enterprise, but now, death is most welcome. Where my daughter now is, I know not, but we soon shall meet where sorrow cannot cloud our joy." That night the afflicted man breathed his last.

True to his promises, and unbounded in his generosity, Sir Walter sent five successive times, but could hear no tidings of the inhabitants of the City of Raleigh. None shared the deep interest he took in their fate: but to his last hour he declared

his firm belief that they yet existed in the wilderness.

#### CHAPTER IV.

There was no more perfect Eden in our country, before civilization trampled down its flowers, than the vale of Mehezim. It lay at the foot of a lofty ridge of mountains, at some distance from the ocean, but not too far to be visited by the cool sea breezes. The rich foliage grew more beautiful on the banks of the swiftly running stream which flowed through the midst, and whose golden banks glowed in the warm light that fell upon them through the overshadowing branches. In this quiet vale a little encampment was situated, half hid by numerous evergreens. It was composed of several dwellings, of wild but not unpleasing appearance, formed like arbors, of long poles, and covered so thickly with vines as to be impervious to the noon-day heat. Before these dwellings, stretched on flower-sprinkled grass, were groups of picturesque figures clad in mantles, and aprons of skins. Two tall and finely formed Indians had just entered the enclosure, carrying a noble deer they had taken from a herd seen glancing through the distant wood. The younger was showing, with much exultation, some birds with splendid plumage to two dark-eyed daughters of the tribe, who came forth to meet him. Each tried various little arts to win the treasure. Atlanta plucked a scarlet feather, and placed it beside her raven tresses, to prove how well a coronet would become them; while Criana waved her graceful head, to display the skill with which she wore her long plumes. Then one begged to keep them as a token of his love, while the other wished them as a specimen of his taste. Pleased at the contest, Arcana smiled on both the pleaders, bestowing a scarlet bird on Atlanta and a long plume on Criana. But the most beautiful he still retained; when, with bounding step, a fair maiden came forth from the largest and most tastefully ornamented of the dwellings. "Virginia, these are for you," said the Chief; his fine eyes flashing with pleasure as he extended to her the envied birds.

"For me, dear Arcana;" and the little fairy clapped her hands with delight as she received the offering. "And will you make me a beautiful crown of those soft delicate feathers? How kind you are, and your father too. Mother told me yesterday that Manteo carried me many miles in his arms when I was a little baby, and was the means of saving her life, and good Dr. Carson's. I wish I could do something for you."

"Do something for me, Virginia? It makes me happy even to look upon you; but did you not watch over me when I was so ill, and read to me every day when I grew stronger? All our tribe ought to be grateful to Dr. Carson, for we were ignorant and wicked before he came among us. I

should sometimes be very revengeful now, if your gentle voice did not recall the Saviour's command to 'forgive our enemies.' Do you remember when we first learned to read, what pains Dr. Carson took to explain that passage to me?"

"Oh yes! and to show you knew what it meant, you told a little boy who had stolen your bow, that he might have it for his own. Then you made Criana say it after you, till she had learned it too. How pretty Criana is, and so gentle! She would make you a nice wife. Don't you love her?"

Before Arcana could reply, Virginia had spied a beautiful butterfly, and was in full pursuit of the gay flutterer. The young chief stood gazing upon her with a sorrowful expression. From childhood they had grown up together under the kind care of Dr. Carson, who was as happy as man could be in teaching these children of the forest. Many of the Indians had been baptized, and some had attained no inconsiderable amount of christian knowledge. Arcana, with a quick mind and docile temper, often surprised his teacher by the rapidity with which he acquired new ideas. The aged Manteo beheld with delight a son uniting all the characteristic sagacity of his own tribe, with the learning of the white man.

"Mother," said Virginia, as returning from her race she threw herself at Eleanor's feet—"Did you ever like to ramble over the woods after flowers, and chase butterflies, and hunt the wild deer?"

"Never, my child;" and Eleanor smiled sadly as she contrasted her early life with that of her child.

"Well, then, I don't believe you were as happy as I am. There, see what a pretty crown Arcana has made me;" and she threw the graceful ornament over her head. "I know Queen Elizabeth never wore a prettier one."

"Hers was of gold, my child, and full of beautiful stones."

"I don't like gold, mother; for Manteo says the men who first came to this country talked of nothing else; and instead of teaching the poor Indians to be christians, made them work to find it for them. Now, feathers are a great deal prettier, and it is much easier to get them."

Dr. Carson was amused with the simplicity of his pupil, but answered seriously—"I hope, my child, you will not set too high a value on anything which only serves to decorate a perishing form. Try and think more of adorning your soul with christian graces, than increasing your personal charms."

"Don't look so grave, dear Dr. Carson; you know I had rather please you, than wear the most beautiful thing in the world. I liked this crown because it was Arcana's gift."

"Would you like to be Arcana's wife?" asked Eleanor, who had watched the intimacy between her daughter and the young chief with much anxiety.



"Oh no!" exclaimed Virginia, with an energy which startled them both—"He is an Indian, and I am an English woman;" and she drew up her little form to its greatest possible height.

"That confers no superiority upon you," remarked Eleanor with a smile.

"That is not the only reason, mother. When I think of a husband, I picture to myself such a man as you say my grandfather was—such a one as Dr. Carson must have been; a person knowing a great deal more than I do, and able to teach me all of which my education in the wilderness has left me in ignorance. Arcana is kind and noble, but he spends most of his time in hunting and fishing, and though I like to amuse myself, it seems as if men were made for something higher."

"You would like, I suppose, some brave knight, distinguished for his success in arms," said Dr. Carson.

"No indeed, I should not. Those heroes who besieged Troy never seemed to me any better than the cruel Ocracoke Indians, who wanted to destroy our settlement."

Though the tears rose to her mother's eye, at the remembrance of the day when she was obliged to flee with Manteo from Raleigh, she could not avoid smiling at the comparison between their enemies and the heroes of antiquity. Had Eleanor Dare remained quietly at home in England, the strength and superiority of her character might never have been developed, but they had been brought out by trials which would have overwhelmed one less gifted than herself. Eighteen years residence among savages, had not impaired the refinement and taste which even now threw an air of elegance over her rude dwelling. On a coarsely carved table lay some of the beautiful books of the Elizabethan age, saved with the rest of her possessions by the careful Manteo. In the haste of flight he had not neglected securing every comfort, and had preserved the portraits of her father and mother, which Virginia viewed as guardian angels. One could not look on Eleanor's still handsome countenance, without knowing that hers was an eventful history, in which sorrow must have had a large share, thus to purify it from all earthliness. Her dark hair yet untinged with gray, was wound in a rich braid round her classic head, and her clear complexion, though pale, had retained all its beauty in that balmy climate. She had suffered too much for repining, enough to perfect her faith and make her receive each blessing as an unmerited favor. Afraid of again idolizing those given to cheer her way, she loved Virginia with chastened tenderness, and each morning thanked the Almighty that such a source of comfort still was spared to her. Truly so lovely a flower never bloomed in the wilderness.

Dr. Carson would sit looking at the graceful creature, just blushing into womanhood, or listen-

ing to her innocent playfulness, till the tears would gush from his venerable eyes; and he would breathe a fervent prayer that sorrow might not be poured upon a being so lovely. The good man had accomplished his object in coming to America, and reaped a rich reward in the blessings which surrounded him. The Hatteras tribe, naturally mild and gentle, lived in a state of Arcadian simplicity. Manteo loved the strangers as his own children, and Eleanor Dare, as she glided around on her missions of charity, always rose to his mind when he tried to imagine the Angels above.

#### CHAPTER V.

At the close of a bright day in June, Virginia Dare went forth to hunt alone. As with fawn-like step she sprang through the richly scented wood, one might well have fancied that "Diana, queen and huntress, chaste and fair," had descended to earth. Glossy ringlets of sunny brown, fell over her neck, confined only by a diadem of small but beautiful feathers, fastened at the side with a long white plume, which half covered an exquisitely rounded shoulder. Exercise had flushed her dimpled cheek and brightened her soft hazel eyes, which joyfully beamed from beneath their long drooping lashes. Every feature was full of expression; the bow-like mouth was parted as if about to speak, and the delicately formed nostrils expanded like those of a fine steed. A closely fitting vest and kirtle of sea-green, displayed the symmetrical proportions of a tiny but perfect figure, and was relieved by a tastefully decorated mantle of whitest doe-skin, over which hung a quiver of arrows. At the sound of a rustling in the thick underwood, she flung back her curls and listened intently. An object was seen moving at a short distance, and away flew an arrow from her bow of witch-hazle. A slight groan met her ear, and fearful lest she had wounded some Indian child, Virginia hastened to the spot. What was her amazement at finding a stranger in the European dress, stretched insensible on the grass. Quick as lightning she flew to the river, and bringing a gourd of water, tried in vain to revive him. At length he opened his eyes, but a wildness came over them when they met her eager gaze.

"Oh, where did I hurt you?" exclaimed Virginia.

Unable to speak, the stranger pointed to his arm, and with ready skill a leaf of healing was applied to the wound.

Finding that he was too weak to rise, Virginia informed him in English, that she would procure aid, and his grateful look showed that he understood her kind intention.

Arcana and two other Indians, accompanied Dr. Carson to the wood, while Mrs. Dare employed herself in preparing for his reception. So strange an event as the appearance of an Englishman in

the wilderness, so many miles distant from the ocean, where no white persons but themselves had ever penetrated, might well excite intense interest. Eleanor, who for eighteen years had heard no tidings of her native land, and knew not whether her father yet lived, was almost overcome by the thought. Might it not be that father himself, or some one commissioned by him to search for his child? She awaited the return of the messengers in agonizing suspense; questioning Virginia as to the dress and appearance of the stranger. Her heart throbbed fearfully when Arcana appeared and placed the invalid in her dwelling. All night she watched beside him, till after having recovered sufficiently to partake of some nourishment, he sank into a profound slumber. Then Virginia stole to the couch, while her mother sought a brief repose. Never before had she beheld a young person of her own race, and she was struck with the beauty of the stranger. His high pale forehead was shaded by masses of soft raven hair, and his strongly marked features were perfect in their outline. But there was a slight expression of sternness in the long upper lip and heavy overhanging brows, excepting when a smile played over his countenance. After some hours, slowly unclosing his deep blue eyes, he fixed them on Virginia, and murmured as if to himself—"Is it a spirit or a delusion of my weak brain?"

"I am no spirit, but a living English woman," replied Virginia with a smile.

"Do not delude me, good angel," he said; still uncertain as to the nature of his companion. "Lead me back to my home, from which I have wandered so far."

"I would willingly if I could; but do not fatigue yourself, for you have found good friends."

"I am in Paradise, I believe," answered the bewildered man—and he sank into a reverie. All at once his attention was riveted by the portrait of Mr. White, and the truth flashed upon his mind—"Can it be," he exclaimed, "that I have discovered the long lost colonists of Raleigh?"

"All that are left of those unfortunate beings are here," replied Virginia. "Did you know Mr. White? Is he alive?"

"My father knew him; but he died when I was only twelve years old."

Virginia burst into tears. She had always hoped to see her grandfather, for whom Eleanor had inspired her with a deep veneration. Her mother received the sorrowful information calmly, and was almost thankful that a peaceful death had delivered her father from long years of suspense and suffering. She listened with deep interest to the account of Sir Walter Raleigh's fruitless attempts to discover their abode, and explained to the stranger the circumstances of their flight. When the colony was enfeebled by famine, they had provoked the hostility of the Indians, who combined to de-

stroy them. Manteo gave warning of their danger, but confident of their own superiority, they refused to take the necessary precautions. Eleanor, more wise, followed Mr. White's advice, and sought refuge at Croatan, until persecuted by their enemies, the Hatteras Indians removed to the depths of the forest.

"But whence came you?" inquired Dr. Carson of the stranger, when Eleanor had finished.

"From Jamestown," he replied; "a settlement founded a year since, some distance to the north. I left there with two or three companions, from whom I became separated, and have wandered alone for weeks, seeking to rejoin them. Last night, overcome with fatigue and hopeless, I threw myself down, when, like a vision of light, that fair maiden appeared before me. While enchanted I gazed upon her, an arrow from her bow deprived me of sense, and another from her eyes inflicted a deadly wound."

Virginia, though the idol and pet of the tribe, was abashed at the complimentary style of the stranger, and turned inquiringly to her mother, as if wondering what he could mean.

When Henry Johnston recovered from his illness, his kind nurses found themselves amply rewarded for their care by his delightful society. Though only twenty-seven, he had the manners and information of a much older man. Endowed with rank and fortune, he had early plunged into society, and drained its pleasures to the dregs. Then he sought in political life to occupy his ever restless mind; but weary of the contest between the catholics and protestants, left the arena of strife.

He had seized the idea of emigration with avidity, as offering a field of action sufficiently wide to content even his vast desires. No ties bound him to his home, for he had been early left an orphan, and never knew the dear relations of brother and sister. But he found not the delight he had anticipated among the adventurous spirits who composed the colony of Jamestown. He had sought happiness in activity and the exercise of mental abilities, neglecting the affections which alone can gladden life. This, perhaps, was more his misfortune than his fault, for his only friend had died when he was twenty, and his first advances to love were met with coldness. Some circumstances which occurred, gave him a deep and unmanly contempt for the female character. Queen Elizabeth, with her coquetry and inordinate vanity, he despised, though doing justice to her profound learning and judgment. He paid his devoirs to the fair ladies of the court with the chivalric gallantry of the age, but believed them in his heart compounds of weakness and hypocrisy. Perhaps we are presenting too strongly the darker shades of a noble character. Henry Johnston had a highly poetic susceptible temperament, and was as quick to acknow-



ledge as commit a wrong. He never hesitated to do a kind action or confer a favor, even on those for whom he entertained the most profound contempt. All that was high and holy in his nature, the beautiful simplicity of Virginia Dare called into action. She was so different from all he had ever seen or imagined, so free from the faults that had disgusted him with her sex, that involuntarily he did homage to her worth. She had acquired from Dr. Carson learning which would have inflated the hearts of most women with pride ; but she seemed as little vain of this treasure, as of the elegant accomplishments derived from her peerless mother. She would fling her Homer aside at the singing of a bird, as merry and blithe as a child ; then turn with deep devotion to the pages of the Inspired Word. Yet the very nature and truthfulness of her character, made it more of a study for him, than the deepest art. She would differ in opinion from him so frankly and boldly, as to try his patience severely ; and then win him back to good humor, with a song sweet as the Syren's.

One morning she was missing ; and after seeking some time in vain, he found her seated at the foot of a tall magnolia, sobbing as if her heart would break. She had been reading a volume of Shakspeare, which had fallen from his pocket ; and was completely overcome by the tragedy of Lear. Not in the least ashamed of her emotion, Virginia pointed out the passages which had most affected her. That volume was a rare treasure. Day after day they sought the woods, and while Henry read aloud those master-pieces of dramatic art, Virginia seemed to have entered a new world. The poetical sensibility of her nature was excited ; and Oh, what a glory earth put on ! She begged Arcana to come and share her enjoyment ; but on his ear those touching passages fell like empty words. He heeded not the sorrows of a Hamlet—for deeper ones were preying on his heart. He knew too late, that Virginia only loved him as a brother. At first, dark revenge tempted him to destroy his rival, but Christian principle triumphed. With rare generosity, he made the devoted Criana his wife—firmly resolving she should never feel, as he had felt, the bitterness of unrequited love.

Eleanor saw that Virginia was changed :—her bow was flung aside, and the gay winged butterfly passed unheeded. Not long did she ponder on these things, for a more important change was preparing for her. She was passing hence. Sorrow had done its work, and she was fitted for the skies. The hope which unconfessed, had been with her through years of trial, was gone. She knew now that she could not meet her father on earth, and yearned to rejoin him in Heaven. The bright summer had passed away, and gorgeous autumn was flinging its rainbow-tints of beauty on hill and dale. Eleanor sat gazing towards the east ; her eyes fixed beyond the river, which was glowing with the re-

flection of the sunset-sky. For the first time, Virginia noticed how thin was her mother's fair hand, and looked anxiously up to her pale face.

"It is well, my child," Eleanor replied to that inquiring glance—"I shall not fear to leave you with Him who hath never forsaken me."

"Leave me, mother?" cried Virginia, clasping her arms around her neck—"Leave me alone in the world? I will not, I cannot, live without you."

"Do not say so, Virginia. Think, dearest ; is there no one you could love, if I were gone?"

Virginia blushed deeply, but answered frankly—"I did not think of Henry and Dr. Carson. But, dear mother, you know they could not fill your place. Where do you feel ill? I am sure you will be better soon."

"Yes, my love, I shall be better ; for I trust to be where there is no more pain. Weep not ! but listen to the dying words of your mother. You love Henry Johnston, and he appears all that is noble and excellent—but alas ! men often seem what they are not. Should you discover that he is unworthy, cast him from your heart, if it break. When Dr. Carson shall follow to the silent grave, there will be no voice to lead you in the path to Heaven—then listen to the small voice within, and let your Bible be your constant guide and companion. If deprived by his death, or unworthiness, of the object of your dearest affections, indulge not in repining, for it will be right. At the close of my life, I bless God for every trial he has in mercy sent upon me, for I feel that they were all necessary to my salvation. Never forget the gratitude you owe to the kind people who have sheltered us, but constantly endeavor to promote their spiritual good. And wherever you may pass the fleeting years of life, remember there are only two places where you can spend eternity. My child ! if it had pleased God, I should have wished to have watched over you in this most trying period to a young heart—but His will be done."

Virginia was too much overcome to speak. The idea that she could lose her mother had never entered her mind, and now it was too much to bear. She sprang to support Eleanor, who was exhausted with the effort she had made, and who was failing fast when Dr. Carson entered. He had known for some time that she was not long for earth ; and, kneeling beside her, prayed with deep fervor that He who had guided her through the wilderness of life, would support her in the dark valley of death. Then he implored the God of the fatherless, to be with that afflicted child, and enable her to bear the heavy stroke about to fall upon her ; concluding by asking, if it were possible, he might be spared for that child's sake, till she was ripe for Heaven.

As he finished, Eleanor Dare murmured, "My father, I come,"—and quietly breathed her last.

Who shall describe that scene of mourning ! As the sad tidings spread around the encampment, it

diffused universal gloom. There was not one dwelling which Eleanor's kindness had not gladdened—one heart to which she was not dear. Manteo wept like a child, and Arcana was scarcely less affected. As the Indian maidens assisted Virginia to prepare for her mother's interment, they sang a low lament for the departed. "The sun went down in the west, and to-morrow shall rise—but when shall the white lady rise again? The oak lives on, but the gentle flower has perished. Weep for her, ye warriors—for she taught you a nobler strife. Weep ye maidens—for with gentle hand she guided your steps. Weep ye children—for ye have lost a mother. Let the fountain of tears overflow—for the fountain of her love shall gush forth no more. Let the perfume of sweet flowers dwell with the dead; for when living, her virtues shed fragrance around her. Who shall comfort the young fawn, whose parent is stricken? Who shall shelter the motherless bird—the gentle mourning dove? The Great Spirit is with her. She is not alone; and we will watch over the poor forsaken one."

#### CHAPTER VI.

Spring smiled again, and once more Virginia could go forth to breathe the balmy air. And how had passed those long months of mourning for the lost! Sadly and slowly. Sickness, for the first time, had stolen the rose from Virginia's cheek and the vigor from her frame, and affliction had done its work on the buoyant spirit. Criana had tended her like a sister, and Arcana learned to appreciate the virtues of his gentle wife. The Indians had manifested the utmost sympathy and tenderness for the invalid. They filled her dwelling with the flowers she loved, and hunted for the most delicate birds to tempt her appetite. Manteo's life seemed suspended on hers, so strongly was she rooted in his deep affections; and Dr. Carson watched day and night by the couch of his darling. One other being there was, yet more devoted than these to the patient sufferer. As Virginia looked up into his sympathizing face, she would feel strengthened to bear all things. Henry Johnston there learned a lesson which a life of prosperity might not have taught him. He learned to know the strength and excellence of the female character—and contrasting with the lofty purity of Virginia's mind, his own worldliness, despised himself. Dr. Carson had observed with delight the beneficial effects of sickness upon his pupil. Sometimes a fear would cross his mind that she was becoming too perfect for earth, so heavenly was her gentle sweetness. But his fears were groundless. With the first spring-days, the languid eye grew bright; and when the May-flowers were blooming over her mother's grave, Virginia knelt beside it. She did not kneel alone, for Henry Johnston had found the only source of true happiness, and an object worthy of all his

efforts. When her first emotions of grief had subsided, Virginia repeated to him her mother's dying counsels. He was deeply affected.

"Indeed," he exclaimed, "I am unworthy of your love. These last few months are the only ones in my whole life, upon which I can look with satisfaction. Arcana knew more of religion than I did, and yet how proud was I of my imagined superiority to most of my fellow-men. I believed nothing like true excellence existed among women, and doubted much if it was to be found on earth. I almost despised the poor Indians around us, because they had not enjoyed the advantages of civilized life. If possible, I will atone to them for the wrong, but can I ever hope to deserve your love?"

Virginia placed her hand in his, and gave him one glance for which he would not have exchanged the world.

With returning health, Virginia regained her playful cheerfulness, though sweetly tempered by her late sorrows. No longer chasing with light step the gay insects from bower to bower, she loved still to ramble through the beautiful woods, or in a light canoe, glide down the peaceful Mehezim.—Often she listened, amused at Henry's accounts of the state and splendor in which the English ladies lived, and laughingly compared it with her own simple life.

One day when he had been describing the castle of Kenilworth, she said playfully—"Do you not long, dearest, to exchange your rude dwelling for some splendid mansion in your native land. Formed to shine among your countrymen, it is a pity to waste yourself on a half-civilized girl, and these poor savages. If you could find the way to Jamestown, it would be easy for you in time to return to England."

"And do you, Virginia, desire to see the wonders of that land?"

"Oh no, Henry! The grave of my mother is here. On the soil where I was born, let me die. But you have not always been accustomed to this quiet life, and I wonder not if you are weary of it."

"I have been happier," replied Henry, "in this peaceful vale, than any where else; and would not, if I could, return to Jamestown. Only one thing more I ask. Let Dr. Carson unite us forever."

With no outward pomp, but deep and heartfelt devotion, Virginia Dare gave her hand to Henry Johnston.

Arcana, persuaded that Criana was best fitted to share his home and fortunes, now believed that Virginia had a husband worthy of herself.

Manteo gave her to Henry, saying—"When she was baptized, I took her for my own: now, she is yours."

Dr. Carson dwelt happily in the home of his children. For one short year a joy was theirs too deep to last. Virginia Dare, in that wilderness, possessed what Elizabeth on her throne coveted in



vain—the devoted affection of one true heart. Does it seem improbable that she asked nothing more? With a wide field for her charities, a cultivated mind, and a friend who sympathized in every thought and feeling, what more was requisite than the hope that death should set the seal of eternity on her bliss?

“Henry,” she said; “I wonder how any can love truly, who have not the hope of reunion in the world above. I should tremble every time you left me, lest I had bid you an eternal farewell.”

He imprinted a kiss on the cheek of his darling wife, while his heart glowed with thankfulness for such a treasure.

Earth is not Eden; and too soon Virginia needed the consolations of a Christian’s hope. Her idolized husband was stretched on a bed of sickness; his fine face flushed with pain, and his lip parched with fever. Dr. Carson, as he bent his aged frame over the sufferer, counted the quick beatings of his pulse. “Prepare for the worst, my child,” he said, in a sorrowful voice. Virginia knelt beside the couch, her long curls falling over her agonized face, she gave way to her grief. Suddenly she seemed to hear her mother’s voice, bidding her be strong. “I will,” she exclaimed, and rose from her knees, with a cheerful heart. That night the fever left her husband, but he was too weak to hope for his recovery.

“My wife, my poor wife”—were his first words. She sprang to his side. “Dearest,” he said, “if it be God’s will that I go, let the thought comfort you, that through your influence I was led to the straight and narrow way. From your birth till now a kind Providence has watched over you, and will be with you to the end. With Criana and Arcana you will find a peaceful home till we meet again.”

And Virginia did find quiet and peace in the dwelling of Arcana, when Manteo and Dr. Carson had passed away. Eleanor had bowed with one struggle to sorrow, and ever after maintained a calm submission. But Virginia, with quicker feelings and a more elastic temperament, after each trial, regained her former cheerfulness. Why should she give way to repining? Had she not enjoyed the richest boon of Heaven? The memory of such bliss was enough to sweeten life; and in a few short years, she would regain all that she had lost. She might be seen, followed by playful children, wandering among the woods, indulging in thoughts of the hours spent there with the departed, or cheering the aged with sunny smile and tender care. With the sorrowful and suffering, by the sick and dying, Virginia Dare passed a life begun in a scene of woe, and nursed with tears.

If the fate of this first daughter of America seem too mournful, let her fair countrywomen remember, that her blessings outnumbered her trials.

For a time, she enjoyed all that Youth, Beauty, Genius and Love can bestow. Even Fame was not denied her,—for she was remembered among the tribe—who preserved the history of her eventful life, as the “*White Angel of Mercy*.”

## POETIC MUSINGS.

### ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

BY ROBERT HOWE GOULD.

“Though few the days—the happy evenings few,  
So warm my heart, so rich with mind they flew,  
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,  
And rested there, as in a dream at home.”—*Moore*.

“’Twas like a sunbeam, glancing bright  
Through clouds and summer showers;  
For thus, it threw a sudden light  
O’er dark and lonely hours.”—*Anon*.

La memoria, di quelli momenti della mia felicità, mi sarà sempre deliziosa;—bénche, simili ai vapori della mattina si esalarono!

Why is it, that the soul looks back  
On its once fair, now faded track,  
When Youth and Hope, so fondly bright,  
Would onward still direct its flight?  
In Manhood’s more advanced years,  
We look on youth, and e’en its tears,  
All fondly beaming on our gaze,  
Seem bright thro’ intervening days.  
Such joyous freshness hath that time,  
So pure the sunshine of its clime,  
That turning back, those days to hail,  
Bright Fiction lends to Truth her veil,  
And o’er each scene of care or woe  
Its brighter tints will gently throw:—  
Thus sleeps on Midnight’s darker hue  
The zone that girds her robe of blue.

But Youth knows not, how brightly clear  
In later life these hues appear:—  
Its glances still are forward cast,  
While Manhood lingers with *The past*.  
A traveller up a weary hill,  
Youth presses on, expectant still  
That when he gains its towering height,  
Bright landscapes then will cheer his sight,  
And full before him spread, unfurled,  
The glories of a cloudless world!  
But, when that summit he attains,  
Beneath him stretch no fertile plains;  
New hills, new mountains on him burst,  
Each, steeper, loftier than the first!  
And tho’, beyond their towering swell,  
Hope paints her gladsome picture well,  
The sunniest prospect, still, he finds,  
Is where his backward pathway winds.

As on that path a fount might gush,—  
As near that fount a rose might blush,—  
So, on my pathway beam, the while,  
Hours that were gladdened by Thy smile;  
And ’round the spot by thee made bright,  
In Memory’s fondest, purest light,

That smile doth linger, like the rose  
Amid whose blushes beauty glows.  
And still, I think, we plainly find,  
That wheresoe'er the pensive mind  
Most frequent traceth sunshine's ray,  
Its fancies will most fondly stray.  
Thus, e'en the Youth, tho' half the hill  
Before him towers, unconquered still,  
Sometimes forgets all future bliss,  
In scenes so gladly bright as this ;  
And would, beside that gushing spring  
His wearied limbs quiescent fling,  
And hail the music of its stream,  
As sweeter than his sweetest dream ;—  
Gaze on that flow'ret's opening bloom,  
Inhale its soft and fresh perfume,—  
Till, in such bright enraptured day,  
Hopes, cares, and prospects melt away !

Thus Memory paints a glowing view,  
And Hope would add her lustre too ;—  
Together forming scenes so fair  
As seldom bless this world of care ;  
Their light resembling more, the beam  
That lingereth o'er a happy dream,  
Than aught, e'en he whom joys most bless  
Can ever, *save in dreams*, possess.  
Yet dreams sometimes have prophets proved,  
Of all man hoped, or wished, or loved ;  
And on his pathway scattered free  
Germs of a bright Futurity !  
But now, alas ! in sombre shade  
The real Future dark is laid ;  
And though amid its shadows dim  
Bright visions of our hopes may swim,  
They all are doomed to flit away  
Before our fast advancing day ;  
Like morning's curtaining mist-wreaths bright  
Before the Sun's ascending light.  
'Twere vain, to tell the sunny glow  
My hopes would on the canvass throw,  
When truth may bring such light to bear  
As leaves nor tint nor canvass there !  
As birds, in roaming thro' the air,  
View many a scene surpassing fair,  
But find too faint their pinions' flight  
To bear them to such sunny height,  
And back, on wandering wing unblest,  
Returning, seek their former nest ;  
Yet still, regard with wistful eye  
Those scenes so brightly pure on high ;—  
Thus, lingers still my longing gaze  
Where Hope her vision's fair displays ;—  
But, backward by my reason cast,  
Finds yet some brightness in the Past !

Revert we to this calmer scene,  
From what *might be*, to what *has been* :—  
And change we too the Muse's tone,  
The sombre for the gayer one.

Fix'd on a hill, and lifted up on high,  
A country town will meet the inquiring eye  
Of those whom Hartford's free-stone streets discharge,  
O'er western country lands to roam at large ;  
Or those whom roving Fancy's whims allure  
Where hills and stones a pleasing road insure.  
Nor less, its spires from far will meet the gaze  
Of those, who from a hundred differing ways,  
With bright'ning aspect hail its skies so pure  
Presaging to their woes at A\*\*\*'s hands a cure.

Eastward a mountain, "CHESNUT-HILL" by name,  
Crowned with the wood from which has sprung its fame ;  
Has reared its vast umbrageous front sublime,  
Since first "town-records" keep account of time ;  
While at its foot, soft winding thro' the vale,  
Poetic BANTAM "wags its pious tail,"  
And, circling 'round our town's empeopled hill,  
Assists our lesser lake, or "Little-Pond," to fill ;—  
And thence proceeds, 'till its small stream is lost  
In that "Great-Pond," our village pride and boast.  
I said great *Pond* ;—the name it used to take  
Ere "walking poems" changed its style to "*Lake* ;"—  
But Lake or Pond, its all the same to me ;  
Nor less essential to our history.

Majestic Lake ! How oft, upon thy marge,  
Have I unmoored the helmless, keelless barge,  
And trusted to the wayward wind and tide,  
Upon thy breast my reckless course to guide ;  
Thus taking on myself the chance of fate,  
To catch the fish, or be myself their bait !  
Yet, "times that were," doth old tradition name,  
When thy bright wave might higher honors claim ;  
When, borne upon thy pure transparent flood,  
A rapid Horse-Boat proudly rode ;  
And freighted with the country's "fair and bright,"  
Our bounding waves pursued its course *by night* !  
While, in their watery caverns, deep and dark,  
Admiring fishes hail the adventurous bark ;—  
Gaze on the paddley horror of its wheels,  
With doubts, invaded empire only feels,  
Curse, in their hearts, the hooks yet to be thrown,  
And in its thunders hear their dying moan !  
When, lo ! as if embodied fishey wishes rise,—  
Dark hovering clouds affright the gloomy skies ;  
While furious winds force Boatie from her course,  
—Dash billows o'er her Decks,—and *scare the horse* !

The rocks and waves a direful vengeance take  
'Gainst those, who dare on their domain to break ;—  
No more, revolving wheels obedient play,  
And o'er the azure deep throw bright-gemm'd spray,  
No more control the headlong, crazy bark,  
Madly careering o'er the waters dark !  
She, forced reluctant o'er the lake to scud,  
Strikes on a shoal, and ploughs the yielding mud :—  
And there she lies,—while beauty crowds her deck—  
'Mid watery wastes, a hapless, hopeless wreck !

But leaving all this whirl of foam and glory  
Turn we to "times that *are*," and tell our story.

To this fair town, their chanced to stray  
Upon a bright September day,—  
—Ere parting summer bade adieu  
To verdure's richest warmest hue ;  
While summer breezes wantoned wild,  
And summer skies serenely smiled ;  
While gladness danced in every rill,  
And sunshine slept on every hill ;—

An aged man, whose wintry year  
"Frosty yet kindly" doth appear ;  
In life's declining sunshine come  
To view again his boyhood's home ;  
And in a calm and softened light,  
Familiar scenes will greet his sight.  
With almost warmer, softer beams,  
Than cheered his boyhood's opening dreams !  
He views them all with chastened joy,  
And feels himself "again a boy,"



Wandering by mount, by vale, by tree,  
With springy step, and heart of glee.

To share these joys, partake this bliss,  
—(Was ever joy more pure than this?)  
And cheer his steps, there with him came  
His gentle, good, kind-hearted dame;—  
Who,—no indeed! I've vainly sought  
To paint *HER* portrait as I ought,  
Or more,—within the group, to trace  
Another form, of youthful grace,  
That came, as Summer's breeze might stray  
O'er some lone vale in careless play,  
Waking a passing breath of gladness,  
Which instant dies in notes of sadness.

Is Summer's breeze so like to *THEE*?  
In *softness* it may truly be;—  
But, in its careless, wandering way,  
More like to him who breathes this lay:—  
—A lay, most blest, if like such breeze,  
It can one passing moment please!

There was a wandering zephyr once,  
Who, like a most presuming dunce,  
—('Tis thus at least the story goes,)  
Became enamoured of a Rose;  
And near the soft and blushing flower  
Would linger many a silent hour:—  
Till, forced at last to leave her side,  
And thro' the world to wander wide,  
His timid song reluctant flows,  
In farewell murmurs to the rose.  
So well he told his mournful fate,  
—To wander lone and desolate,—  
That, ere his plaintive song was done,  
The lovely rose was fairly won;—  
And when again he reached her side  
The gentle flower became his bride.  
I can't discern,—I' faith not *I*!—  
The deep enchantment of his sigh;—  
But still I will his strain repeat,  
And hope that *You* may think it sweet.

"Oh! pity poor zephyr,  
Who wanders so lonely;  
Whose sighs, now and ever,  
Are breathed for *THEE* only.

He is driven o'er hill,  
— And he wanders thro' vale;—  
But his breath lingers still  
On the wings of the gale.

He may wander o'er sea,  
But his harp has no tone;—  
Its notes were for *THEE*,  
Now their spirit has flown!

Should the wild gale of life  
Curb its ruthless career,  
And the tempest's loud strife  
Die away from his ear,

He'll wing his flight lightly  
'Mid the blue of the skies,  
Where the light beams more brightly,  
'Mid Thy love-blushing dyes;—

Then wake his sweet numbers,  
And pour his soft lays,

Where nought his harp cumbered,  
Save its burthen of praise!"

\* \* \* \* \*

E'en while these stanzas have been written here,  
God, to himself hath taken one, as fair,  
As young as Thou;—[and like in form and face:]—  
From this to her eternal resting-place.  
And it hath deeply stamped upon my heart  
This sad conviction, which will ne'er depart:—

*We are* more frail than *ought* beneath the sky;  
E'en summer-foliage hath its "time to die!"  
But neither time nor season mark *our* lot;—  
To day, we *are*,—to-morrow we *are not*!

And scanning o'er this ever fickle scene,  
Of toils, and cares, and sorrows, that have been;  
It seems that this epitome, though brief  
And sad, is true:—*REALITY* is *GRIEF*;  
And *DISAPPOINTMENT*,—differing but in name,—  
Is, with *FUTURITY* indeed the same.

\* \* \* \* \*

My song began in pleasant strain,  
Regarding with a softened eye,  
Hours that had passed too swiftly by;  
Yet speaking too of happier hours,  
More richly bright with "fount and flowers,"  
And turning youth's unclouded gaze  
Full on those joyous coming days.  
But o'er my spirit steals a cloud,  
Which,—wrapping in its gloomy shroud  
All that is bright, and pure, and fair,—  
Leaves only shade and darkness there.  
I fain would wake such song again,  
To breathe for *Thee* its fondest strain;  
But past is the "enraptured fire"  
That warmed at first my humble lyre;—  
And as the sunset's parting gleam  
Makes Night itself more gloomy seem,  
The shade that o'er these strings is cast  
Seems sadder, for their brightness past!  
Yet, bright your future days *will* prove,  
With all you wish, and all you love!

Yes! Joy herself shall crown thy days,  
And Hope, her promise fond, fulfil;  
While Rapture yields her purest rays,  
To gild thy gladsome pathway still.

Longer, the tears of Night may lie  
In Morning's sunshine, unexhaled,  
Than 'neath the glance of thy bright eye  
Shall sadness linger, undispeled!

Fair lady! you perhaps may deem,  
A fond enthusiast's glowing dream  
Is building, on unstable air,  
A Future, thus serenely fair,  
Peopled with many forms of light  
Whose lives,—so much more brief than bright!—  
His feeble spells may not prolong,  
Till distance to their ears shall give  
The first faint echo, of the song  
Whose trembling numbers bade them live:—  
But, know you not, that oft is thrown  
Around the lyre, *prophetic* tone,  
While hidden, 'mid its chords doth lie  
The solemn voice of *Destiny*?

And what, tho' faint my humble lay ?  
 While 'mid the chords my hand shall stray,  
 Its touch *may* wake some slumbering tone,  
 Which far Futurity shall own !—  
 The Summer-evening's gentlest sigh,  
 Soft whispered thro' the Star-lit sky,  
 Is the same breath, that wakes the deep  
 When tempest's o'er its bosom sweep :—  
 And distant music's tone, half-heard,  
 —Or warblings sweet of forest-bird,—  
 Breathe the same voice, which speaks from high  
 When bursting thunders rend the sky !—

It needs no prophet, to pourtray  
 'Neath cloudless skies, a sunny day !—  
 Observe *your* sky's transparent hue ;—  
 One wide-spread arch of stainless blue ;  
 Where, if a cloud *should* chance to rest,  
 Rainbows would slumber on its breast ;  
 Gladness would chase each shade of gloom,  
 And all the scene be light and bloom !

\* \* \* \* \*

My hardest task, is yet to do ;—  
 To say "good b'ye," fair girl, to you !  
 Through "upper air" I've led you far,  
 We've traced the "light" of many-a-"star,"  
 Passed many-a-"vale"—climbed many-a-"hill,"  
 And heard the "song" of many-a-"rill ;"—  
 We've played with "rainbows" and with "showers,"  
 And marked the "bloom" of myriad "flowers !" —  
 —These play-things of the poet's song,  
 Have they detained us *much* too long ?  
 From scenes like these, with beauty rife,  
 Must we return to common life ?

Well !—BE IT SO ! The powerless spell,  
 The slackened string, the broken shell,  
 May best express the thoughts that swell,  
 As sighs my lingering, sad, FAREWELL !

You oft have heard a pleasing strain,  
 Fading at last in tones of pain ;  
 Yet listened, for the latest note  
 Which on the mournful air might float ;  
 Loth with its faintest breath to part,  
 As if 'twere twined around your heart !  
 And thus,—tho' sad its "dying fall,"  
 And faint, and weak, its numbers all,—  
 My listening ear, attent, would dwell  
 Upon the latest note, that fell  
 In echoes of that sad—"FAREWELL !"

New York, 1840.

### TO \* \* \*

BY JOHN C. M'CABE.

Oh do not sing *that song* to-night,  
 To please the thoughtless and the gay ;  
 Sing, sing some air that's wild and light,  
 But breathe not that impassioned lay.

It wakes a deeply mournful thought,  
 Within my bosom lone and sad ;  
 And with it memories are brought,  
 Whose torrent rush will drive me mad.

Young hearts are beating gently near,  
 And smiles, like roses, wreath each cheek ;  
 Where never yet hath coursed a tear,  
 The soul's deep agony to speak.

Sing for each glad and happy guest,  
 Those songs so joyous, gay and light ;  
 But grant this little, sad request,  
 And do not sing *that song* to-night !

### MIDSUMMER FANCIES.

BY GEO. D. STRONG.

Gentle reader ! I desire thee to sit down with me  
 by this bubbling spring in a quiet way, and con-  
 verse on the beauties of Midsummer. Now look  
 about thee, and confess that thy imagination never  
 pictured a scene of more perfect loveliness than  
 this ! Ay, well mayst thou peer inquiringly into  
 yonder thicket, whose leafy rampart so faithfully  
 plays the Cerberus to thy curiosity !

But to make amends for the disappointment, turn  
 thine eye to the left, through that narrow gorge,  
 which, like a telescope, reveals the expansive beau-  
 ties in the vista. Yon multitude of reapers, with  
 brandished sickles, appear in the distance, like the  
 Van-guard of Plenty ; the host of binders represents  
 the main Army ; and the Cavalcade of teams, with  
 their precious burden, embody the train of heavy  
 artillery, potent to secure the partial victory. Aloft,  
 like golden gonfalons, the burnished sheaves flaunt  
 their splendors in the sun-beam, and the gleaners,  
 scattered deviously along the track of the conquer-  
 ing host, are the followers of the camp, intent on  
 appropriating the refuse of the spoils. Yonder drove  
 of kine, like true philosophers, have compassed the  
 science of happiness without the aid of "bell, book,  
 or candle," and are quietly enjoying the *far n'iente*  
 under the shadow of that gigantic grove of Elms,  
 whose branches, like the expansive reach of con-  
 structive powers, cover a surprising area. That  
 pool, whose glassy surface reflects back the sun-  
 beams with renewed intensity, hath its uses, albeit  
 its sluggish waters stagnate, like the palsied ener-  
 gies of the votary of effeminate pleasures.

Whisper in the ear of the leader of yonder pha-  
 lanx—descendants of the twaddling race whose  
 cackling saved the Eternal City—now gliding into  
 the before motionless element, and he will enlight-  
 en thy ignorance, by describing, with true gander-  
 like loquacity, the delights appertaining to scorch-  
 ing the back, that the bosom may experience the  
 benefit of a comfortable bath ! So have I seen a  
 paragon of wisdom, during the heat of a fervid  
 August noon, with fowling-piece in hand, traverse  
 moorland and marsh, broiling his corporeal presence  
 to a crisp, that some unlucky bird, weighing three  
 ounces avoirdupois, might be exhibited to his ad-  
 miring friends, as a trophy of his prowess !

The hills in the far, far distance, melt to thy  
 view, like the baseless visions of boyhood, and the  
 branches of the half-discerned tree-tops that crown  
 their summits, mingling with the mists of the hori-



zon, are not more indistinct and shadowy than the buoyant hopes of thy early manhood. The spreading sycamore, which crests the cone-like eminence before thee, how like a portly and aristocratic member of good society, it interposes its ponderosity between thee and thy prospect! Cast thine eyes on either side, and there is wisdom to be garnered from the view, if thou wilt but pause to pluck it ere thou departest.

The swelling landscape, here thrown into shadow—then bathing in the noon-tide—is but an epitome of thy chequered existence, and the solemn stillness of the scene, which may, in a twinkling, be swept by the rushing hurricane, but mirrors the slumbering passions that lie dormant, but not extinct, in thy bosom. The drowsy hum of the bee, fitting accompaniment to the serene solitude of the hour, might be deemed the monotonous drone of a laggard, did not the well-filled hive attest the triumph of its ceaseless industry over the erratic strivings of the gaudy butterfly, which flutters its brief hour and expires in its prodigality. The thieving grasshopper—that petit-larceny offender of the insect tribe—stealthily despoils the timothy of its treasures, while the rapacious locust, like a bold marauder, levies his contributions with the temerity of a bandit.

In the stream the tyrant cat-fish carries matters with a high hand, his decrees casting into shadow the fallible creations of human legislation, by uniting in himself the threefold functions of prosecutor, judge and executioner. The rustling of the leaves beside us, betrays the sinuous movements of the wily serpent, which, true to his nature, prefers the tortuous policy of a modern statesman, to the direct course of our patriotic ancestors. Glancing through this microscope, on the busy community of Ants at our feet, we will obtain novel glimpses into the science of Government, which may not be unworthy the attention of grave legislators. The flagellation which yonder culprit receives at the hands of his fellow, is doubtless proportioned to the magnitude of the offence, and judging from the serious looks of the group that surrounds the criminal, the jury have been regularly empannelled, and the penalty of the crime is paid with a promptitude that might be advantageously imitated by our own law-dispensers. The little rogue, pushed on the shoulders of his companion, appears to be a truant school-boy, suffering ignominy for his *ant*-ic offences, and the gray pedagogue before him, typifies humanity in the stern rebuke which he is evidently meting out to the culprit. Judging of the national characteristics of the race of ants, notwithstanding the virtues alluded to, like Mrs. Trollope and Captain Marryatt, we arrive at the conclusion that they are a tarnation, egotistical, segar-smoking, bargain-driving, finger-glass-despising and over-reaching people, whose respect for the Aristocracy of Europe is shockingly slender, and whose vulgar

independence is rudeness personified. While reclining on the green-sward, enjoying the luxury of this verdant couch, let thy vision wander upward to the gorgeous pavilion which Nature, that liberal and accomplished Upholsteress, has furnished free of cost, for thy brief habitation. Come now; be candid, and confess that the fabric is passably fine in texture, and endurable in coloring, nor can any but a fastidious man be dissatisfied with the green fringe that is so ingeniously festooned along the curve of its canopy. The slight breeze, just wakened into life, salutes thy brow pleasantly, and if thou despisest not enjoyment so cheaply purchased, thou wilt perhaps admit that its refreshing influence is nearly equal to that of the ornamented fan selected for thy lady-love from Bonfanti's varied assortment, and for which thou hast parted with a handful of the constitutional currency.

And the music too; how likest though the varied notes of that Malibran of feathered songsters, the mocking-bird! Tarry till the heat of the day is past, and the leader of the tiny orchestra marshals the whole *troupe* for a grand display, and if for the space of twenty-four hours thereafter, thou lispest a syllable in laudation of any Italian corps under heaven, I will forfeit the first glance of renewed affection from a pair of as lovely eyes as ever led a disciple of Esulapius to forget his fee, or betrayed an expounder of Blackstone into the abandonment of his client's cause from its intrinsic injustice! While the principal singers are rehearsing in the Green-room, the crimson-tufted woodpecker quiets the impatience of the audience by beating his everlasting reveillée, while the saucy bob-o-link, the roguish Merry-Andrew of the tribe, like a spoiled favorite of the pit, skips before and behind the curtain at his own good will and pleasure.

And the liquid mirror is faithful, except when the sun-beam, like a forward suitor, by snatching a hasty kiss, chequers its surface; and, if thou wilt pardon the ungraceful attitude, thou mayst be quietly bending over the stream, make thy toilet as acceptably as when surveying the *fac simile* in one of Parker's most costly plates. As the noon-day heat relaxes, the squirrel, with bushy tail aloft, like the sail of a pleasure-boat, skips into the leafy arena, and although like a quiet citizen of the woods, he lacks some of the showy accomplishments of his neighbors, when the winter-nights stretch their slow lengths along his well furnished larder, will put to shame the empty cup-boards of the fashionables, who, like their biped parallels, in providing for their outsides, are compelled to dispense with adequate nourishment within. But list to the tinkling of the cow-bell that, like a tell-tale companion, reveals the wanderings of its wearer.

Although its melody is rude, like the toad it hath a jewel in its forehead. Doth not its monotonous chime bring back the vanished years, wreathed in all the blooming fancies of boyhood? In imagina-

tion, yonder copse represents the thicket where my juvenile heart first opened its petals to drink the dew of sweet Lucy Rushton's favor; and, prodigal that I was, would have bartered untold gold—had I only possessed it—for one kiss of her pouting lips. Dear little Lucy! She has grown older since then, but my fancy's mirror reflects her image as of yore, with cheeks blushing like the carnation beneath my glance, accompanied by words of rebuke for my wooings, that her tell-tale eyes contradicted.

And then repenting of the censure,

"She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
And she forgave me that I gazed  
Too fondly in her face."

And now having imbibed the spirit of the scene, loll back on the bank of this rivulet; and if thou art a dreamer by day-light, with "half-shut eyes," drinking in the harmony of the prospect, the murmur of the waters as they curl into eddies, like loiterers by the way-side, plunge forward impetuously like headstrong minors released from leading strings, or steadily float onward like well-to-do burgomasters in their career of prosperity—consign thee to mental repose, during which the leading features of the landscape will fasten themselves on thy memory like the impression of a Daguerrotype. Sad memories, it is true, will flit across the brain, like a procession of mourners, amid the masquers of the Carnival, but their influence, although solemn and melancholy, instead of disturbing the enjoyment, but tempers its boisterous hilarity.

"And this reminds me of one who in youthful beauty died,  
The fair young flower that blossomed by my side."

Sweet sister mine, on a day like this, when the very breath of Heaven was hushed, and the aspen-leaf trembled not on its fragile stem, thy pure spirit ascended, in all the pride of its budding energies, to the bosom of its Maker!

Meet was it that thy lovely and sympathetic heart, glowing with heavenly aspirations, so early sundered its earthly ties, ere the chilling influences of this cold and heartless world had left their footprints on thy soul.

But the lengthening shadows on the hill-side, warn us that the season of repose is past, and that it is again our duty to mingle with the busy multitude whose hurried tread echoes along the hundred avenues of the Great Metropolis.

Leave we then, this "populous solitude" with its soothing influences, until again released from the thralldom of iron-handed Toil, when, if thou wilt be my companion, we will discourse together

"Of bees and birds,  
And fairy-formed, and many-colored things,  
Fearless and full of life, the gush of springs,  
And full of lofty fountains."

City of New York, 1840.

## INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

### NO. II.

DEAR GALITON:—There are incidents connected with the early history of our country, treasured up in the memory of those who witnessed them, unsurpassed in interest by the dreams of the old romancer. England may boast of her castles ivy-crowned and hoar, which have rung with deeds of blood; but we point in turn to our rivers and hills for events equal in importance, and far more interesting in their final results. To this reflection have I been led, by the remembrance of a simple legend related to me, long ago, by an old man who was a witness and actor in its scenes.

At the time our narrative begins, the Oneidas, a powerful tribe of the Six Nations, were scattered along the lake, and throughout the country in the State of New York, which now bears their name. Borne on by the tide of western emigration, a party of whites from the Old Colony settled among them, on the banks of the river Mohawk, and the Oriskany, one of its tributaries. Guided by a sense of justice as well as policy, they maintained towards the natives the most amicable relations, till after the following occurrence:

Among the tribe, at the time of which we speak, was a young chief by the name of Skenando. He was of a manly bearing—bold, and unshrinking in danger. By intercourse with the whites, his grasping mind acquired much information on scientific subjects, and like Brant, he threw around him the spell of intellect, making his ruder brethren acknowledge and feel his superiority. Possessed of susceptible feelings under the cold mien of a savage, he laid the offering of his affection at the shrine of a beautiful and proud Indian girl. Though Yutela—such being her name—reciprocated at heart the attachment, yet, with that love of triumph so common to her sex, she received his advances with coldness and even scorn. Bitterly, deeply, as he felt the sting festering in his bosom, he determined to call back his wandering sympathies, and conceal every trace of affection for her. Thereafter, there was an appearance of proud humility about him; his step had the bold, quick tread of an unquiet spirit, and he wandered frequently, as if for refuge, among the silent hiding-places of Nature. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip; it seemed like power not lightly roused, but too implacable to sleep again.

Among this tribe was stationed a missionary by the name of Kirkland, sent out by the parent church in New-England. Conforming in some measure to their customs and habits, he had won their attachment, and imparted to their dark minds the leading truths of the Bible. He had grown gray in their service, and was looked upon with respect and reverence. About a mile from the shore of the Oriskany, and near a wild and beautiful ravine, was an Indian village which had been planted by his exertions. On a gentle slope, where the ravine expanded into a valley, he was wont to collect his tawny group under a wide-spreading tree, and teach them from the Inspired page. Through the ravine, a small stream danced and laughed, like 'children just let loose from school,' and on either side, high, precipitous rocks, surmounted by over-hanging vines, rose to the height of sixty or eighty feet. From the base of the highest, a clear spring welled up, imparting a delicious coolness to the surrounding air. By its side, Skenando and his now estranged Yutela had sat often, and here it was that, in the sweet Spring-time, he told her the secret of his throbbing heart.

In the course of a few years, when Summer was laying its honors at the feet of yellow Autumn, he sought and won the hand of another.



The evening of their nuptials had arrived. The wind blew loudly. The clouds flew across the moon. The stars seemed like torches, now nearly extinguished, and again relighted. A multitude of dusky figures were gathered together. The white-haired Missionary rose up to perform the marriage ceremony. As Skenando uttered his vow of unchanging fidelity, a female form rushed between him and the divine; and plunging a knife into his side, bounded through the crowd and disappeared! So astonished and awe-struck were the throng, that none followed her. In a few moments, however, the forest was filled with pursuers.

At last, they found her standing on the highest rock which hung over the ravine. Her eyes glared with the fire of a maniac. Her long black hair, streamed in the night-wind; and above her head, shone by the moonlight, her knife, covered with blood, pointed to her own bosom. As her pursuers approached, she advanced step by step to the extreme edge of the precipice; and then, bending over its brink, as if to explore the yawning gulf, she burst forth in a laughing song, which rung through the ravine, dallying long with the echoes, till it died in the far-off solitude of the woods. Suddenly, she brandished her weapon wildly in the air—looked up with a strange smile to the sky—buried the knife in her breast, and with a suppressed shriek, leaped from the rock! A deadened sound travelled up to their ears as she reached the bottom of the ravine. They found Yutela's blood mingling with the water of the spring, where she had often drank—her pulse was still in death.

\* \* \* \* \* Skenando was not fatally wounded. He recovered slowly; but, considering the event a direct warning from Heaven, he never lived with her who was about to become his bride. Soon after, he became a convert to Christianity, and spent the remaining segment of his life in melancholy memory of the past. Yutela was buried in the ravine. As a testimony of his undying affection, he placed a small stone with her name thereon inscribed, at the head of her grave, and, to conquer his inward grief, left his people—and dwelt, a voluntary exile, on the border of that Lake which now bears the name of his tribe. In after years, when silver hairs covered his head, and his eyes grew dim, he came back to her grave—pulled up the sacrilegious weeds from the mound, and dug out the moss that grew in the few letters on her tomb-stone.

One morning, long years after, he was found dead by her grave, sitting in an erect posture; his arms folded on his broad chest; and his eyes, glassy in death, turned up to the blue heavens, as if they had witnessed the meeting of his departed spirit with that of Yutela.

He closed his life at the advanced age of one hundred years; and was buried according to his desire, by the side of his Missionary and friend, that he "might go up with him," as he said, "at the Great Resurrection." Near the time of his death, he thus closed a speech to the people of his tribe:

"I am an aged hemlock: the winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches: I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged, have run away and left me—why I live, the Great Good Spirit only knows."\*

\* \* \* \* \*

On a broken grave stone, which stands by the side of that erected over the ashes of Mr. Kirkland, in the College Cemetery at Clinton, New York, is the following inscription:

"SKENANDO."

We have often sat, Galiton, by the spring in that ravine, without being aware of the scenes which had there occurred. But now, let it be a holy spot; for it has witnessed the fluc-

\* If I have anything to add by way of comment to the story of my old friend, it is that, it is brief and true.

tuations of human passion—the rising and setting of human hope. The little stream rings joyously as ever—the grass grows freshly on its borders,—but the tomb-stone is gone—the mound is sunken—the fountain bubbles up, silently, at the base of the rock, among brambles. How every thing in Nature teaches forgetfulness—forgetfulness!

No more at present—save only, I am

Thine decidedly,

Rose Bank, Va., July, 1840.

A. D. G.

## LINES

ON AN EAGLE SOARING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Soar on proud Mountain-Bird! Soar on!

I would not stay thy boundless flight!

Soar on towards yon setting sun

And revel in the dazzling light,

To me insufferably bright!

I would not mar thy golden plume

Nor bow thee from that dizzy height

For all the diamonds that illumine

Golconda's cave of wealth and gloom!

Soar on, proud Banner-Bird! while I

Far down below gaze on thy form;

As round yon snow-clad peak so high

Thou sailest far above the storm:

Where human foot and breathing warm

Have ne'er disturbed the glacier's cold!

Thine eyrie 'yond the reach of harm!

Scarce seems of earth—clouds so enfold!

Thine eaglets scarce of mortal mould!

Our Nation's Bird! I mourn for thee!

Thou canst not brook the gaze of men—

And soon from sea to distant sea

Thy form will fade from human ken—

And soon nor mountain-cliff, nor glen,

Will shelter to thy young afford,

For thou art proud and restless when

Thou'rt gazed on by the idle horde

Who seek to see the "Banner-Bird."

Thy home is in the heaven's! thy flight

Is with the tempests and the stars!

And hence upon our banner bright

Thou ledest our freemen to the wars!

The thunder blast of heaven that mars

Earth's deep foundations, is to thee

Familiar music!—and the bars

Of space thy sole captivity!

Hence thou'rt the Symbol of the Free!

Rochester, Sept., 1840.

DEWITT C. ROBERTS.

## THE DYING POET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

The cup, whilst full, is broken;—in its youthful day,  
My life with every breath, is passing fast away;  
No bitter tear recalls, no grief its stay prolongs;  
The heavy wing of death strikes on the funeral bell  
In sad and broken sounds, and tolls my passing knell;  
Shall I depart with tears or songs?

I'll sing, whilst yet again, my hand may strike the lyre,  
I'll sing, that like the swan, death may my lips inspire,  
E'en on the grave's dark brink, a holier song to swell;  
It is the promised gift, the token from above,  
And if the soul alone, be harmony and love,  
Let music be its last farewell!

The lyre's breaking strings give out a deeper strain,  
Th' expiring lamp revives, with sudden life again,  
And burns with purer light, before it sinks and dies;  
The dying swan beholds, while breathing out his last,  
Heaven's glories!—man alone, still dwelling on the past,  
Counts o'er his days, with tears and sighs!

What value have those days, that he should weep them gone?  
Sun rises after sun,—this hour like that just flown,—  
The future one the same, as that which takes its flight;  
The gifts that one may bring, another may destroy;  
Labor, repose and grief—sometimes a dream of joy;  
These are the day,—then comes the night!

Ah! let him weep, whose hands, like the firm ivy, clasp  
The ruins of past years, with close convulsive grasp,—  
Who in the future sees each cherished hope decay!  
I have no root on earth,—no struggling pangs disturb  
The quiet of my soul;—I go like the frail herb,  
Blown by the evening's breath away.

The poet's life is like those wandering birds of air,  
That fly from land to land, but make no dwelling there;  
Nor in the greenwood pause to rest beneath its shade,  
But cradled on the wave, they pass far from the shore,  
In singing their sweet songs;—the world knows them no  
more,  
Save in the music they have made.

But now, the hand of death, falls heavily and mute  
Upon my strings,—they break,—The poet's shattered lute,  
Throws on the empty air, a dull and plaintive sound:  
And now 'tis chilled and hushed;—Take yours, dear friends,  
once more,

And as my spirit soars to that far distant shore,  
Let heavenly music breathe around!  
Baltimore, 1840.

## MICHIGAN;

### RECOLLECTIONS OF ITS SCENERY, AND KINDRED THOUGHTS.

After the absence of years—and to one who loves every tree and stream of his native land—it is a sad yet pleasing employment, to spend an occasional evening in dwelling upon the recollections of that land, and on the pleasures of a happy boyhood. Ye who have hearts that are in sympathy with mine, will pardon me if I make free use in the present paper of the personal pronoun I. It is a foolish and fashionable custom, that would brand every writer as an egotist, because he is wont to express the thoughts and feelings of his own heart, and not those of a mixt public.

As a State, Michigan is yet in its infancy; but as a Territory, her name has been familiar to the world for many years. The character of its scenery and people is as original as its situation. Almost surrounded by water, it possesses all the advantages and beauties of an island; at the same time is but a small portion of a vast whole. Its streams are numerous and clear, but generally sluggish. A portion of the extreme North is uninhabited by human beings, owing to its barrenness. Huge granite mountains here loom upward in eternal soli-

tude; sometimes presenting the appearance of having been severed asunder, and scattered around by some mighty convulsion of nature. On the borders of the cold and desolate lakes thus formed, the crane and the bittern rear their young. Occasionally on the brow of some jutting crag, may be discovered the meagre hut of some poor Indian. Perhaps a barbarous anchorite, to whom the voice of fellow-man is a grating sound, and to whom existence is but a mist—a dream; or it may be some disgraced warrior, who has been banished from friends and home to dwell in this dreary solitude, with no companion but a half-starved dog, rugged pines, and frowning rocks. But this section occupies only a small portion of the State.

The surface of the western half is destitute of rocks, and undulating; and it is here that the loveliest of lakes, and streams, and prairies are to be found. Lake Michigan, the second in size in the world, is its western boundary. The eastern portion is entirely original in its appearance, possessing many beauties peculiarly its own. It is so level and low, that a stranger on approaching it from Lake Erie, is often surprised to find himself in port, while in the act of looking out for land. This shore is watered by the Huron, St. Clair, and Erie Lakes.

Well then, this, beloved reader, is the State over which my memory will now wander in search of something that will please your fancy, and bring to your heart thoughts of peace and purity. This is the country where the first fifteen years of my existence were passed—this the theatre where my future character as an actor in the drama of life was formed and first acted out.

Remote from the glitter and noise of the great world, I used to wander all alone through her dark forests, and bathe in her pure streams, without a care or thought to mar the peacefulness of life. A thousand words now full of meaning and familiar to my ear, were then but unmeaning sounds. Those were the days when I sported on the lap of Nature, feeling it to be a luxury to breathe. Will they ever return? Ask that evening breeze whether it will ever again cool the fevered brow of that dying man!

How changed is my present condition! I am a man; acquainted with the world—its vices and follies; and a dweller in the largest city of America. Unknown I came here, and unnoticed do I still live in the midst of thousands, the majority of whom are eager in the pursuit of pleasure—not happiness. I am with them, but not of them.

Come, ye recollections of the past! and again take up your abode in the chamber of my soul. O, I would not relinquish the enjoyment you afford for all the wealth contained in the marble palaces around me.

It has been my fortune—even from childhood—to be classed with those, of whom it is often said,



"they never will amount to any thing." It is my duty now, in the very face of this parental edict, to "rise up and say," that in *one* profession at least I have become eminent, if not perfect; and that is—hunting. Let me give you a sketch of one of my river hunts.

My father's farm was situated just above Monroe, about two miles from the mouth of that beautiful stream, the River Raisin. It is early morning, in the latter end of Spring. Breakfast is ended. My hat and buck-skin shirt are on; the latter gathered round my waist by a scarlet-worsted belt. My powder-horn and shot-pouch are filled with the "nicest kind of ammunition;" and, in my hand is my dear little gun, (bought expressly for myself,) polished bright as a sunbeam. I have kissed the baby, and am now on my "winding-way." At the mouth of the river, I borrow a canoe of some old Frenchman who resides there. If I were to offer him pay, he would not accept it, for the interesting reason that he "knows my father." \* \* \* All the day long have I been hunting. The sun is in the West, and I am hungry. I have paddled around many a green and lovely island; and explored many a *bayou*, and marsh, and outlets of creeks, frightening from her lonely nest many a wild-duck and her brood. My shot-pouch is now empty, although the bottom of my canoe is covered with game. There are five canvass-backs, three teals, three plovers, two snipes, one wood-duck, and several of other kinds of water-fowl. The canoe is drawn up on the shore, and with my thanks I have given old Robare a duck or two. My game is now slung upon my back, and I am homeward bound, proud as a young king. While passing through the village (for I *have* to do so) I hear a voice exclaiming, Lally—Lally! I approach, and find my father and several other gentlemen seated at the post-office door, *talking politics*. Each one in turn gives me a word of praise, calling me—"quite a hunter," &c. I pay them for their kindness on the spot, by the donation of a canvass-back, and pass on. That evening my supper is a rare enjoyment, for some of the ducks have been cooked under the especial charge of my mother. A little longer and I am in the land of dreams. Many—very many such days have I enjoyed, but *now* they are far from me. O, that I were an innocent, laughing, happy boy once more! Come back! come back! joys of my youth!

There are many other kinds of hunting peculiar to Michigan. The squirrel hunt, the turkey hunt, the pigeon hunt, the partridge hunt, the deer hunt, each in their turn and season do I remember to have participated in. Reader!—have you ever, while roaming in the woods bordering a prairie, started from his heathy couch, a noble buck, and seen him dart from you, "swift as an arrow from a shivering bow?" Was it not a sight worthy of a pure world? Did you not hail him, "King of

the beautiful and fleet?" How much more independent and free is the "Antlered Monarch of the waste" than he who sits upon a throne, in the midst of gaudy pomp, with a nation trembling at his feet?

There is one *hunting* incident which I met with when about fourteen years of age that it is impossible for me to forget. I had entered upon a strange cow-path, and as it led through so many and such beautiful places I forgot myself, and wandered on until the shadows of evening warned me of my situation. Great oaks, and hickories, and walnut trees were with me wherever I went. They cast a spell upon me like that which is wrought by the old of other days. The black night came at last, and there I was, alone and lost in that silent wilderness. Onward still did I continue, and even in my great fear was, at times, startled by the flapping of an owlet's wing, or the howl of a wolf. The stars were above shining in their brightness, but invisible to me so closely woven were the tops of the trees. Faintly glimmering in the distance I saw a fire-light, and on coming near, found a party of Indians encamped. My heart panted with excessive fear and yet I could not speak—could hardly breathe, and still my mind was free and active. I stood and listened,—and O how solemn did the faint sound of a distant waterfall seem to me, as heard in that awful stillness! Would that I had power to express the emotions which came like a flood pouring into my soul. Covered by a blanket, and pillowed by a mocock of sugar, or a bundle of skins, each Indian was asleep upon his rush-mat. Parents and children and friends, promiscuously disposed, though all of them with their feet turned towards the expiring embers. The dogs, too, looking ferocious and cunning as wolves, were all sound asleep. I stole softly into the midst of this wild company, and covering myself with an odd blanket, strange to say I slumbered.

When morning was come, and the Indians discovered a pale-faced boy among them, their astonishment can be more easily conceived than described. I at length informed them by signs that I was lost, and that my home was in the village of Monroe. I partook with them of a hearty breakfast, composed of venison, hominy and water, and ere the sun had mounted high, was on my way homeward, with an Indian for my guide. As we parted on the outskirts of the village I offered to pay him for his trouble, but he declined receiving any thing. I turned around and the thick forest shielded him from my sight. Of course my friends were much concerned at my absence, and the majority of them insisted upon my having been drowned. For *one whole* week after this adventure, I was compelled to stay at home; but after that it was forgotten, and I was in the woods again.

Fishing was another art in which I was considered an adept. When the first warm days of

Spring lured the sturgeon and muskanounge from their deep blue homes in the Lake, to ascend the Raisin, I was always among the first on the "large platform below the mill-dam," with spear in hand, and heart to conquer. Many a noble sturgeon, six and seven feet long, have I seen extended upon the shore. As for me, I never aimed only at the smaller ones. Once, however, my spear entered the back of a "whapper," and my determination to keep hold was nearly the cause of my being drowned. It must have been a thrilling yet a ridiculous sight to see me a-straddle of the fellow, holding on to the spear, and passing down the river like lightning. I think if Mr. William Skakspeare had been present, he would have exclaimed, "Lo! a merman on a sturgeon's back!" If I could enjoy such sport now, I would willingly risk such a ducking every day.

White bass fishing in Michigan is one of the most quiet and interesting of sports. It is a common sight to see forty or fifty canoes, each one with two persons in it, with their lines thrown gracefully out, and floating silently on the smooth river at sunset—small pieces of red and white flannel, being the trifles which lure to death many thousands of these beautiful and sweet fish.

The white fish are caught with the seine, and abound in all the lakes surrounding Michigan. The celebrated Mackinaw trout, so called after the town, near which they are only found, is generally caught by the hook, and sometimes weigh ten and twelve pounds. When they are caught the water is so transparent that they may often be seen playing about at the depth of fifty feet.

How many long Saturday afternoons have I mused away "on the old wharf down the river!" How many sunfish, and perch, and black bass have I brought up from their pure element to spread upon my father's table! But this was long—long ago. Those days of innocence and youth have gone into their graves, bearing with them many blighted hopes and fond aspirations. Alas! they never—never will return!

Time was when the society of Michigan was not so mixt as it is at present. The French were the first who settled there, and at as early a date as 1620; and for many years they and the Indians were the sole inhabitants. Now people out of every civilized nation dwell within its borders. Detroit, on the river of that name, and Monroe, formerly French-Town, on the River Raisin, were both founded by the French. Here it is that the far-famed Jesuit Missionaries first pitched their tents in (what is now called) the U. S. The former of these is a flourishing city of fifteen thousand inhabitants. Its principal street is handsomer (though not so wealthy) than the Broadway of New-York. Its elevation is about sixty or seventy feet above the water; and looking from its streets, the eye wanders over a scene not unlike that seen from the

North River side of New-York. But in winter, it is a beautiful sight to see this same vast sheet of water frozen like marble, and on its surface a thousand sleighs and skates, gliding in every direction; while a chorus of bells comes faintly and sweetly to your ear. Monroe, as I have before said, is situated about two miles from the Lake, and is also a flourishing city containing about five thousand inhabitants—a goodly portion of whom are the descendants of the early settlers. A deep impression of their origin is still visible in these places. But instead of diminishing, these characteristics add much to their beauty and interest.

I look upon the old French farms in this vicinity as among the finest and most beautiful in the world. The front part is generally watered by some river, on which the farm-houses are mostly situated. They are about three quarters of a mile in width, and sometimes running back in a straight line to the distance of three and four miles, though two miles would be an average length. A description of one is that of many. Leaving the river and going back, you first pass through an orchard containing four or five hundred trees. Here a row of splendid pear trees, fifty and sixty feet high. There a regiment of old black apple trees, each one staggering under its weight of fruit like a laughing, fat, wealthy wanderer. Entering that little enclosure behind the barn, you will see fifty small light green trees, from under whose leaves an innumerable number of rosy-cheeked peaches will peep at you, reminding you of as many lovely country girls. That strange noise which you now hear is but the great screw of the cider-press. I see, kind reader, that your mouth is watering; come along then, and we will drink a glass of this American wine to the memory of those we love. A little farther on we come to a green pasture, where there are cows, oxen, sheep, and horses grazing. Onward still, and a wheat field yellow as gold meets the eye, bowing before the breeze; then a little brook goes by watering a rich meadow; then a cornfield, and still another wheat field; until, after a walk of a mile and a half, you find yourself in the forest, dark and gloomy. On just such a farm as this was it my happy privilege to spend the dawn and morning of life. Is it strange then, that a deep and holy love for Nature, should be firmly rooted in my heart!

I would dearly love to do it, but I fear to weary the patience of my reader if I linger any longer about my home. Therefore, let us away.

No one who has never witnessed them can form any idea of the exquisite beauty of the thousand lakes that gem the western part of Michigan. They are the brightest and purest mirrors that the virgin sky has ever used to adorn herself. Their banks are frequently dotted by human dwellings—the humble, though comfortable abodes of emigrants and farmers. Notwithstanding what has been so often



said by the artificial inhabitants of cities, concerning the hardships and ignorance of the "backwoodsman's" life, there is many a stout heart, exalted mind, and noble soul, whose dwelling-place has been for years on the borders of these very lakes. I *know* this to be true—for I have slept beneath their roof, and often partaken with them of their johnny-cake and fat quails. No—No. I love these men as brothers, and shall always frown upon that cit or dandy, who sets down aught against them—in malice or in ignorance.

Some of these little lakes smile in perpetual solitude. One of them is before me now. It is Summer. The sun is above its centre. Deep, and dark, and still are the shadows of the surrounding trees and bushes. On the broad leaf of a water-lily, a green snake is curled up, with his head elevated, and his tongue gleaming in the sunlight. He is the enemy of all flying insects and little birds, and if you watch him a moment longer, you will see some one of them decoyed to death by the power of his charm. Hush! there is a stir among the dry leaves. It is but a lonely doe coming to quench her thirst. Is she not the Queen of Beauty? There she stands, knee-deep in the water, looking downward admiring the brightness of her eyes, and the gracefulness of her neck. Vain creature, I love thee!

How Leigh Hunt would delight to be seated on this spot! His favorite flowers—the rose, the violet, the lily, and sweet-brier—would each sing him another song more soft and delicate than their first. What bright hue is that in the middle of the Lake? It is but the reflection

"— of a vapor in the sky,  
Thin, white, and very high."

A great proportion of Michigan is covered by *white-oak openings*. Standing on a gentle hill, the eye wanders away for miles over an undulating surface obstructed only by the trunks of lofty trees. Above you a green canopy, and beneath a carpet of velvet-grass, sprinkled with flowers of every hue and size. O! what a glorious sight it is to be in one of these open forests, and see the deer bounding away and the birds flying from tree to tree. "Earth has nothing to show more fair." The soil is a black vegetable mould mixed with gravel, and is considered the best for the production of wheat.

The *prairies* are another interesting feature of Michigan scenery. They meet the traveller at every point, and of many sizes, seeming like so many lakes; being often studded by wooded islands, and surrounded by shores of forest. Their soil is a deep black sand. Grass is their natural production, although corn, oats and potatoes flourish upon them. Never can I forget the first time I entered White Pigeon Prairie. Sleeping beneath the shadows of sunset, as it was, the effect upon me was

like that which is felt on first beholding the ocean—overpowering awe. All that the Poet has said about these "gardens of the desert" is true.

*Burr-oak plains.* The only difference between these and the oak openings, is in the character of the trees and the evenness of their surface. The soil is a mixture of sand and black loam. They have the appearance of cultivated orchards, or English parks; and, on places where the foot of the white man has never been, a carriage and four could easily pass through. They produce both wheat and corn.

The *wet prairies* have the appearance of submerged land. In them the grass is often six or seven feet high. They are the resort of water-fowl, muskrats, pike and pictuel.

A friend of mine, now residing in western Michigan, and who has spent several years in Europe, thus writes respecting this region:

"O, such trees as we have here!—Magnificent, tall, large-leafed, umbrageous. Valambrosa—the far-famed Valambrosa of Tuscany is nothing to the *thousand* valambrosas here! A fig for your Italian scenery. *This* is the country where Nature reigns in her virgin beauty; where trees grow, where corn grow, where *men* grow better than they do any where else in the world. This is the land to study nature in all her luxuriant charms, under glorious green branches, among singing birds and laughing streams; this the land to hear the cooing of the turtle-dove, in far, deep, cool, sylvan bowers; to feel your soul expand under the mighty influences of nature in her primitive beauty and strength."

The principal inland rivers of Michigan, are the Grand River, the Kalamazoo, the St. Joseph, the Saginaw, and River Raisin. The first three empty in Lake Michigan, and are about seventy miles apart. Their average length is about two hundred and fifty miles, and about thirty or forty rods in width. At present, they are navigable nearly half their length for small steam-boats and batteaux. Their bed is of limestone covered with pebbles. I was a passenger on board the Matilda Barney on her first trip—the first steamer that ever ascended the St. Joseph's. I remember well the many flocks of wild turkeys, and herds of deer that the "iron horse" frightened in his winding career. The Indian canoe is giving way to the more costly but less beautiful row-boat, and those rivers are becoming deeper every day. Instead of the howl of the wolf, the songs of the husbandman now echo through their vales, and on their banks are many comfortable dwellings. The Saginaw runs towards the north and empties into Lake Huron—that same Huron which will be immortalized by the young poet Louis L. Noble. This river is navigable for sixty miles. The River Raisin is a winding stream, emptying into Lake Erie; called so from the quantity of grapes that cluster on its banks. Its Indian

name is Numma-sepee, signifying River of Sturgeons. Sweet river! whose murmurs have so often been my lullaby, mayst thou continue in thy beauty forever. Are there not streams like thee flowing through the Paradise of God?

Notwithstanding the comparative newness of Michigan, its general aspect is ancient. The ruin of many an old fort may be discerned on its borders, reminding the beholder of "wrong and outrage," blood and strife. This was once the home of noble but oppressed nations. Here lived and loved the Algonquin and Shawanese—the names of whose warrior chiefs—Pontiac the proud, and Tecumseh the brave—will long be treasured in history. I have stood upon their graves, which are marked only by a blighted tree and an unhewn stone, and have sighed deeply as I remembered their deeds. But they are gone—gone like the lightning of a Summer's day!

It is a traditionary land. For we are told that the Indian hunters of old saw fairies and genii floating over its lakes and streams, and dancing through its lonely forests. In these did they believe, and to please them was their religion.

The Historian of this State thus writes in alluding to 'the times of the days of old.' "The streams rolled their liquid silver to the lakes, broken only by the fish which flashed in their current, or the swan that floated upon their surface. Vegetation flourished alone. Roses bloomed and died only to be trampled by the deer or savage; and strawberries studded the ground like rubies, where the green and sunny hill-sides reposed amid the silence, like sleeping infants in the lap of the forest. The rattle-snake glided undisturbed through its prairies; and the fog which hung in clouds over the stagnant marshes spread no pestilence. The panther, the fox, the deer, the wolf and the bear roamed fearless through the more remote parts of the domain, for there were none to dispute with them their inheritance. But clouds thickened. In the darkness of midnight and the silence of the wilderness, the tomahawk and scalping-knife were forged for their work of death. Speeches were made under the voiceless stars, which were heard by none save God alone and their allies; and the war-song echoed from the banks of lakes where had never been heard the footsteps of civilized man." Then followed the horrors of war. Then and there were enacted the triumphs of revenge. But those sounds have died away;—traced only on the page of history those deeds. The voice of rural labor, the clink of the hammer, and the sound of Sabbath bells, now echo in those forests and vales. The plough is making deep furrows in its soil, and the sound of the anvil is in every hut. Colleges and Seminaries of learning are there. Rail-roads and Canals, like veins of health, are gliding to its noble heart. The Red Man—in his original grandeur and state of nature—has passed

away; and his bitterest enemy, the Pale Face, is master of his possessions. I know that these reflections are tinged with sadness; but are there not shadows resting upon *all* the past? Let us then cheer up and smile, for there is a Star of Bethlehem above our heads.

O Michigan! "thou art my own, my native land," and I love thee tenderly. Thy skies are among the most gorgeous—thy soil the most luxuriant—thy birds and flowers the most beautiful—and thy animals the most interesting in the world. And when I remember that thou art but a single volume in His library, and that these things are but the handwriting of God, my affection for thee becomes still more strong. I believe thou art destined to be distinguished and honored by the nations of the earth. God be with thee, and crown thee with his blessing!

New York, Sept. 1840.

## HISTORIC SPECULATIONS.

Hume, when in the flood-tide of his skepticism—when he had, by his subtle syllogisms and mystifying logic, confounded the startled theologians and affrighted divines of the whole of Christendom—observed that he had reasoned until he began to doubt his own identity. The same remark may, with more propriety, be made by any one who has ever endeavored to reconcile the flat contradictions, and monstrous absurdities which deform the page of history. The vast herd which is employed in browsing the ample fields of history; or in other words, that immense mass of readers who are employed in "disporting themselves" in the contemplation of the varied and magnificent drama which history unfolds, may be divided into two classes. 1st. Those who are actuated by a mere *cacoethes legendi*—a mere book-worm propensity—to tickle the fancy by varied incident and thrilling narrative. 2nd. Those who drink rather deeper draughts of historic lore; who love history not because it is ancient, rare and antique, but because it presents an almost illimitable field for enlarged speculation; because the Humes of our day, the Livies of olden time, embody the spirit of the age in which they write, in the noble pictures which such pure intelligences so faithfully portray. To belong to either class is to inform the mind and, to a well-disciplined taste, to enable us to lap in an intellectual Elysium. To any one who has ever seated himself at the historic banquet, and partaken of the sumptuous viands which are served up in luxurious profusion by such caterers as Plutarch, Tacitus, Robertson and Gibbon, it must have occurred, that though such acute critics, such searching and analyzing friends of truth and foes of error, may avoid those monstrosities which shock credulity itself; yet that they have not always been



ready to pluck the hoary beard of time-honored error. It frequently happens, that facts which have been narrated by writers contemporaneous with the times they describe—facts which are the result of their own feverish and excited fancies—are handed down to after times as axioms—as fixed principles of historic truth—which are not to be controverted or disputed. He would be a benefactor to those who are anxious to drink from the pure well undefiled of truth, unadulterated in this department of literature, who would collate authorities and investigate the causes which may have given rise to the many palpable absurdities and impossibilities, shocking to common sense, and tending to produce that universal skepticism which is so apt to follow, when we see the rank weeds of exaggeration and obvious error growing luxuriantly in the fair fields of history, unmolested by the hand of the philosophic historian.

Xerxes, we are told (though he was, as most Eastern monarchs are, luxurious and effeminate) possessed a native nobleness of soul—a generous sympathy for the sufferings of others—which induced him to shed tears, when, beholding from his royal pavilion, the vast mass of congregated myriads who marched under his royal banner, and reflecting upon the short period in which they would all pass away from the face of the earth. If he was moved by emotions so refined, he was capable of a depth of benevolent sentiment which rarely “brightens and illumines the crest” of royalty. And yet we are told, that an old man applied to this humane monarch—one who could let fall the spontaneous tears of sympathy upon such an occasion as the one just mentioned—to beg that one of his three sons (who were all pressed into his service) might be permitted to remain with him as a solace to his declining years, and as a protection to his grey hairs. But alas! says the veritable historian: Xerxes inquired which son he preferred, and upon his being named, this monarch of the empire of feeling and sentiment, caused the body of the unfortunate young man to be severed in twain; and placed a moiety of his unoffending carcase upon either side of the road, through which his army defiled. What was the connection between the crime and the punishment, and what the object of this worse than inquisitorial cruelty, it is left to the sage reader to determine! Again we are told that this very consistent potentate, actually caused the sea to be whipped, and fetters to be thrown upon that refractory element, because it allowed the winds of heaven to visit its surface too roughly. And yet we are required to believe, that a man who exhibited so much moral sensibility, as is ascribed to this oriental autocrat, when he wept at the thought that men would die in the ordinary course of nature, was such a disgrace to the royal robes which graced his royal person, as to be guilty of acts evincing gross fatuity and hellish barbarity.

Some English writer has remarked, that there are some errors so “curiously indented, and whimsically dove-tailed” into the minds of the English nation, that you might by the most conclusive process of reasoning—by a course of argument approaching the precision of mathematical demonstration—show them to be utterly unfounded, to be the splenetic outpourings of passionate and prejudiced writers, and yet you would be deemed guilty of historical heresy if you dared to broach such an opinion. Queen Mary—the “bloody Mary” as she is familiarly called—has been held up to the execration of posterity as the most shocking compound of senseless bigotry, and cold-blooded, malignant cruelty that ever polluted a throne. Read the contemporaneous accounts of Protestant historians, and you are persuaded to the conclusion that no ray of pity ever illumined the dark caverns of this woman’s soul; no gleam of womanly tenderness ever flitted athwart the impenetrable recesses of her gloomy mind; brooding as it was over guilty woes. When reading the account of her last unhappy moments, we almost involuntarily exclaim with the poet—

“So writhes the mind remorse has riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven;  
Darkness above, despair beneath;  
Around it flame, within it death.”

And yet Mr. Lytler, an English author, in a collection of ancient letters which he has recently published, has given extracts from letters written by Mary herself, found among official state documents, which represent her in the most amiable light, manifesting an active benevolence—a kindness of feeling highly creditable to her head and heart. How then can we account for her active persecution of Cranmer, Ridley, Hooper, and a host of other canonized names? She was a superstitious woman, acting under strong religious influences, as all women do in a more or less degree. Now if Isabella of Spain, the noble consort of Ferdinand, (as great a woman as Elizabeth in all that constitutes true greatness, and in some respects far greater,) could countenance the establishment of the inquisition, with all its fiery horrors, its legion of “woes innumerable” in her dominions, simply because the promise was extorted from her in early childhood, by that arch-fiend and founder of the inquisition, Torquemada; and be still regarded as the very cynosure of surpassing female excellence; will we not accord to poor Mary the slight boon of being guided in her conduct by her ghostly advisers, who contrived to lend the sickly hue of deliberate and systematic cruelty to a mind somewhat gloomy and sombre in its character? But there is still another circumstance in the history of Mary, which goes far to soften the rigorous condemnation which has always been so unsparingly meted out to her by succeeding ages. This is not to be found in the history of Isabella. Mary

had determined to ally herself to Philip of Spain, one of the most morose, sullen and heartless of that catalogue of royal monsters, which has sullied the Spanish escutcheon almost from time immemorial. This gloomy inmate of the Escorial, whose heart was as cold as the marble floor of his own palace, was hardly the man to requite with affection the doting attachment of a woman, who was in the thirty-ninth year of her age at the time of her marriage, and had never been conspicuous for personal charms. From the time of her marriage an evident change came over the spirit of her fond dreams of reciprocated love and connubial felicity. The cold, saturnine, ambitious Philip, finding that his ill-weaved schemes of aggrandizement were shrinking into nothingness before the sturdy opposition of the sagacious statesmen of the time, treated her with cold, cutting contempt. Then it was, that the canker-worm of sorrow, of blasted hope and corroding grief, to which the female heart is so morbidly alive, preyed upon a heart already "bursting with accumulated woe." Her naturally superstitious but not cruel temperament easily fell a victim to the cunningly devised schemes of Bonner and Gardiner; and from all parts of her dominions the lurid glare of auto-da-fés, and the groans of agonized victims, attested the baneful influence of their ascendancy. That war of fiery purgation, against all that was excellent in virtue or lovely in piety, soon commenced which will ever remain a foul blot on the English character.

Now let us suppose that Isabella—whose beautiful simplicity and bold energy of character has been a fruitful theme of encomium—had been so unfortunate as to have been subjected to the zealous strictures of contemporary historians; that those historians had lived in her dominions, eye-witnesses of the barbarities practised in the name of religion; and that they had been Protestants—which is not supposing more than was actually the case with Mary—would not the idea handed down to us of Isabella's character have been far different? Would not the worthy historian have depicted to us in all the lights and shadows of apprehension for his own life, and heartfelt sympathy for the sufferings of others, a most indignant picture of the cold-blooded, systematic cruelty of the far-famed Isabella?

And thus it is by close inquiry into the traditional gossip of the time, by a consideration of the untoward circumstances which occasionally give a totally different hue to character, and especially to female character, we may frequently be convinced that sectarian animosity, political differences, and all the "huge army of the world's desires;" prejudices, affections, and sympathies, so color the microscopic glass, through which we survey distant events, that we should be induced to distrust our senses until by serious attention and laborious analysis, we have wiped away the mists and vapors which obscure our mental vision.

C.

## DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

### *Practical and Speculative Ability.*

A high degree of practical ability is much more frequently to be met with than eminent speculative power. Where there is one man capable of governing the empire of mind, there are ten who might sway the sceptre of States. In every political revolution there are thousands of active spirits able to lead and govern; while in all intellectual revolutions, there are but a few who make their influence extensively felt.

### *Jealousy.*

We should be especially careful to crush the feeling of jealousy in its incipient stages—while it is yet in its cradle. No man ever cherished it without loss to himself. It is the adder of human happiness, and will surely sting the bosom which nurtures it.

### *Conversation.*

A subject that is even paltry in itself, should not be contemned in conversation; for such frequently have connections with nobler things, as fools often have the honor to be related to men of sense.

### *The French.*

The French devote themselves to the present time, and do not suffer the disappointments of the past or apprehensions for the future to cloud their spirits. If France in her revolutionary movements, should ever renounce all allegiance to Christianity, and, following the examples of Egypt, Greece and Rome, establish a system of mythology, she would have no temples dedicated to Memory or to Hope, and the only fashionable altar would be that sacred to the Present.

### *Hope.*

Speaking of Hope, she is a most protean goddess, and assumes a thousand aspects. To the votary of intellectual ambition, she appears like a seraph, midway between heaven and earth, who with radiant brow and smiling lip and gorgeous drapery, points upwards to the Andes—like eminences in the world of mind; while, at the same moment, she pays her respects to the laborer in dishabille, and promises him as a reward for his industry, a neat house and a few homely comforts, and a pittance wherewith he can rear the ragged brats in whom his heart delights.

### *Selfishness of Wealth.*

There are thousands of men rich beyond all use, whose selfish love of money, causes them to be Ishmaelites among human sympathies. Their selfishness is so much greater than their philanthropy, that they would not part with a tenth part of their possessions, if by so doing, they could redeem our race from the bondage of evil, and introduce the millennial reign over the benighted kingdoms of the world.

### *Love.*

Before we love, and while we have many dear friends, the sky above is radiant with stars. When we love, up rises the moon, and the light of these stars is eclipsed in her incalculably greater splendor.

T. H. S.

Louisville, Ky., 1840.



## SUMMER MORNING.

Awake! slumberer, awake! Morning is come, bright and beautiful. What a gorgeous crown is that which she is now twining on the brow of departing night! The crowing of the cock comes to my ear most sweetly, from the hamlet beyond the vale. Hark! he is answered by another in the east—and still another from the south.

They have roused old William Wood from his peaceful slumber and pleasant dreams. There he stands in the door of his cottage, not quite awake, looking out upon the sky. I wonder what he is thinking of! I can almost hear him murmur to himself as he goes to the well—"We shall have a fine day after all; and I must mow the field beyond the hill, before the sun goes down." Old William, thou art indeed a happy man! Your industry and contentment have a more salutary influence upon my heart than I have ever gathered from books. The unruly passions of men do not affect you, and while conscious of your Maker's approbation, perfect happiness seems to be your lot. Live on, my friend, "and build your hope in Heaven." O, that I were not doomed to live a life so unlike that I love, so unlike your own.

But the echo of the poet's words are in my ear: listen and see how beautiful they are:

'Tis not too late,  
For the turtle and her mate  
Are setting yet in rest;  
And the throstle hath not been  
Gathering worms yet on the green,  
But attends her nest.  
Not a bird hath sought her young,  
Nor her morning lesson sung  
In the shady grove;  
But the nightingale i' the dark  
Singing, woke the mounting lark;  
She records her love.  
The sun hath not with his beams,  
Gilded yet our chrystal streams,  
Rising from the sea;  
Mists do crown the mountain tops  
And each pretty myrtle drops;  
'Tis but newly day.

William Browne.

The sun is up, and the earth, like a slumbering bride is awakened by his first warm kiss. How beautifully the mists roll upward from the lake! Slowly and gradually the beasts awake and hasten to their respective stalls to meet the giver of their food. The trusty farmer disappoints them not, but meets them with a healthy glow and smile upon his cheeks. The frugal wife is busy in her dairy. The boys and girls are engaged in their respective duties, while the babe is still asleep in the cradle. The lark springs from her retreat, and strains her little throat in singing praises to her glorious Creator.

"With gold the verdant mountain glows;  
More high the snowy peaks with hues of rose.

Far stretched beneath the many tinted hills,  
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills—  
A solemn sea, whose vales and mountains round  
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound;  
A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide  
And bottomless, divides the midway tide:  
Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear  
The pines that near the coast their summits rear;  
Of cabins, woods, and lawns, a pleasant shore,  
Bounds calm and clear the chaos, still and hoar;  
Loud through that midway gulf ascending, sound  
Unnumbered streams, with hollow roar profound;  
Mount through the nearer mists, the chant of birds,  
And talking voices and the low of herds,  
The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,  
And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell."

Who can read the above description, and not acknowledge Wordsworth to be one of the greatest poets the world ever saw? With what admiration, what reverence, do I look upon such a man!

Morning—beautiful morning, with thy smiles, thy golden hair and fragrant breath, I love thee more dearly than I do thy dusky sister—Evening! It is true there is a melancholy pleasure, in watching the shadows which attend her coming, because they remind me of "joys that are past," of the absent and loved, of boyhood with its sighs and fears. But thou, O Morning! thou fillest my soul with hope, and my heart with gladness. Thy presence upon the earth is welcomed by a thousand strains of melody. The trees, when fanned by thy cool breezes, whisper their enjoyment. The mountain rivulet bounds from its rocky home more joyful than it did when Night was upon the earth. The birds too, which were then so silent, are now singing their sweetest songs for thee. Unitedly, they all proclaim the truth, that thou art "beautiful exceedingly!"

How carelessly do the cattle wander from home, cropping the luxuriant grass as they pass along. About noon the cows and heifers will have found a cool resting-place in the shade of the woods, or under the willows in some wet meadow. The sheep too, will probably spend the day on some green and sunny lawn, where they can gambol and feed, unmolested by any noise, or worrying dogs.

But who are these now coming across that field, bearing upon their shoulders rakes, forks and scythes? They are the mowers, who intend improving the sunshine now streaming upon the earth. Before night, yonder field will be dotted by many a cock of sweet clover hay. Hear them as they whet their already sharp instruments. How they swing their arms with the measured stroke of a pendulum? Rasp, rasp, rasp—how the grass and the flowers fall before them! "What havoc have they made! how many fair daughters of the field have they prostrated! what hidden homes have they laid bare! haunts of the bird and field-mouse, unroofing the snug dwelling and leaving their little ones exposed to the covetous glances of the nest-

ing-boys. How like life are the flowers of the field! we gaze upon them as they fall before the scythe, and exclaim, "Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; his days are as grass; as a flower of the field he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone."

See, how the morning zephyr is sporting with the leaves of that birch tree, and with the thick hazel bushes beside that fence. It is the breath of the Earth, and upbears upon its bosom the dear little birds. How brilliant is their plumage! how their eyes sparkle! how sweetly do they sing! To inhale the pure air of heaven is their greatest luxury. Here, in this nest above me, the red-breasted robin is feeding her little ones; there on that decayed tree the wood-pecker is hammering away with his thick bill, ever and anon uttering a loud scream, as if he wished to make *all* the noise; within a few feet of me, a mocking bird is chattering loudly, mocking not only his companions, but myself too, as if he thought me an old fool; among the clouds the lark is pouring out the music of her heart; all, all the birds are out under the open sky enjoying their daily holiday.

The clouds—are they not beautiful, those morning clouds floating so silently in the calm ocean of the sky? They are forever changing, and every moment become still more beautiful. It would seem as if God had traced them with his own hand, that man might have a faint conception of the poetry of heaven. It may be they are the vehicles which angels employ when they wish to hover over our world, to weep for the wickedness of man, or rejoice at the triumph of virtue. It is indeed a beautiful superstition that would people the sky and the air and clouds with "beings brighter than have been." For my part, this would be a cheerless and sorrowful world, were it not that I can at times go out of myself, in imagination, and hold sweet converse and have fellowship with such beings. If the sordid and selfish among my fellows laugh at me because I love the clouds and the feelings they inspire—I would ask, why is it, that God has made them? Why do they meet our sight at morning, noon and evening? Give me a reasonable answer to this, ye worldly, and I will then acknowledge that it is folly to love the workmanship of God. I love the clouds because they are the shadows of heavenly glories.

The flowers;—are they not the smiles of earth? But if this is true, why is it that they are weeping, when everything around is so bright and joyful? 'Tis but the dew of heaven, in which they have been bathing all the night long. Here, at my feet a little blue-bell lies prostrate upon the damp earth. Some lazy ox has crushed it beneath his tread. I cannot—no, I would not banish the thought—it reminds me of a much loved sister, who was the companion and playmate of my boyhood. It reminds me of her, because

Her bloom was like the springing flower  
That sips the early dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek  
Just opening to the view.  
But love had, like the canker worm,  
Consumed her early prime;  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;  
*She died before her time.*

*Mallet.*

There is a deeper philosophy in the language of flowers than is generally supposed. Its foundation is based upon a motive more important than mere amusement. The life of every flower that ever bloomed, has power to bring instruction and pleasurable feelings to the human heart. I love them, not because of their beauty alone, but because they always remind me of a kind and merciful Creator. I love them, because they are the stars in the green firmament of earth.

How glorious does that distant mountain appear in the sunlight, as it rises from that silent sea of mist! Like a warrior clad in mail, it is wooing the virgin sky. Hark! do you not hear at intervals a sound as of a distant waterfall? Through the long still night that same cataract has been "blowing his trumpet from the steep." On the approach of morning the sound seemed to die away, so that now you can hear it only in the pauses made by the singing birds. But the brooklet and river that are near, glide past me as loudly and joyfully as ever. O, I love the music of the bounding streams, for they remind me of the happy laugh of innocent childhood. "But who the melodies of morn can tell?" Alas! it is not in the power of words, but when once *heard*, their echo will never pass away.

From time immemorial, poets have likened the beginning of life to the beginning of day, and how true and beautiful is the comparison! Morning is generally attended by sunshine, and earth rejoices in its youthfulness. So do hope and innocence bring gladness to the heart of childhood. The former is sometimes darkened by storm, and so does misfortune sometimes spread its dark shadow over the lovely and the young.

I never come forth to enjoy the bustling music of this hour, or breathe its wholesome air, and gaze upon its unnumbered beauties, without *feeling* most deeply the existence of a Supreme Being. The infidel *pretends* to disbelieve this truth, but he does not in reality. In the silent watches of the night, when he is alone and wakeful, like the lost in hell, he believes and trembles. There is a God! The flowers of the valley, and the oaks upon the mountain bless him. Earth with her thousand voices, the sun and moon and stars, all proclaim the eternal truth—there is a God! He is infinite in holiness, in power and love. Man with his boasted intellect cannot comprehend him. His dwelling place is the universe, and eternity is his lifetime. Who is it that regulates the beating pulses of eight hundred millions of human beings? Who is it that



holds the earth in the hollow of his hands! It is God. Go down into the cold blue halls of ocean, and you will find Him there! Go to the regions of the sun, and you will find him there. His frown penetrates the deepest hill, and the heaven of heavens is illumined by his smile. Ask the poor lonely widow, who it is that brings gladness to her desolate hearth, and she will answer—God. Ask the oppressed orphan who is his best friend; or the Gospel minister who it is that crowns his labors with success;—and they will answer—God. Ask the nations of the earth who it is that gives them peace, prosperity and happiness, and you will hear the echo of God's name in every valley beneath the sun.

I have been thinking what a magnificent series of pictures might be seen by a man standing on the highest peak of the Alleghanies, provided his vision was bounded only by the surrounding seas. Looking towards the source of the Mississippi, he might see the elk and the deer, and the bear, rise from their dewy couches, and quench their thirst in its pure waters. How sublime too would that queen of rivers appear, rolling onward through solitary woods, smiling valleys, and by the battlements of splendid cities, until it emptied itself in the lap of Mexico, with every tree and pinnacle upon its borders glittering in the beams of the rising sun.

Or looking to the west, he would see in some deep valley of the Rocky mountains, the Indian on his bridleless steed, in full pursuit after the buffalo. While dashing through thicket and stream, or over the plains, the shout of the hunter would startle the eagle from his eyrie. A moment more, and they are gone, and in their path no sound is heard but the dropping dew.

Turning south, his eye would rest with pleasure on the boundless fields of cotton and rice, gleaming in the sun, like snow; or upon hills and plains waving with the palm, the magnolia, the lemon and the orange trees. At the remotest corner of his country, he would behold stationed at that southern threshold, a noble city, the seeming guardian of her inland treasures.

And turning to the east, his eye would linger long on the Atlantic ocean, with the gorgeous cities and towns and villages on its western shore. A thousand floating palaces would meet his gaze, passing to and fro over its sleeping waves. Coming from every land under the sun, they would glide into their destined havens, those havens teeming with business and life and joy. "Tis but a dream," he would exclaim; but the recollection of his country's greatness would banish such a thought, and he would again exclaim—"a reality indeed!"

What land, O morning, hast thou ever visited more beautiful and glorious than America? Dear native land! I love every mountain and valley and river and tree and flower, that rest upon thy bosom, or smile beneath thy skies.

On the sixth morning of creation, when God called into being an immortal soul, how fresh, how beautiful beyond conception, must the earth have appeared to him! Was not that the hour, when the birds sung their first hymn in praise of their Creator? On that morning too, when Noah looked from the ark, and saw that the waters were subsiding, who can conceive the feelings with which he watched its advancement! As the tops of the mountains rose above the water, the rising sun dried them with his beams. The long night of desolation and woe was ended; the clouds that had obscured the sky were passed away, and it was now pure and tranquil as heaven itself. But enough. As the beauties of morning soon come to an end, though destined to return again, so must my rambling essay. As a reward for the reader's kindness, however, in reading it, I would quote the following unequalled lines, describing a Sabbath morning in the country. They are by a dear poet, and their burthen ought to be long remembered, for they have power to refine the heart.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!

Mute is the voice of rural labor, hush'd  
The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.  
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
Of teded flowers, mingled with the faded flowers  
That yester-morn bloomed, waving in the breeze.  
Sounds the most faint attract the ear, the hum  
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
The distant bleating midway up the hill.  
Caltness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.  
To him, who wandering o'er the upland leas,  
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;  
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark  
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the bubbling brook  
More gently down the deep worn glen;  
While from yon lowly roof, where curling smoke  
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals  
The voice of psalms—the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, peace o'er yon village broods;  
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din  
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.  
Less fearful on this day the limping hare  
Stops, and looks back, and stops and looks on man,  
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,  
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;  
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,  
His iron armed hoofs gleaming in the morning ray.

### TO MY MOTHER.

I think of thee, my Mother, oft,  
As round me moans the evening air,  
Soothing my heart with influence soft,  
Like breathings of a soul-felt pray'r.

I think of thee these moon-lit eves,  
As downward looks each holy star,  
While breezes stir the forest leaves  
With music passion cannot mar.

And as with trembling heart I look  
Upon yon glorious arch of blue,  
That single leaf of God's own book,  
With gleams of glory peeping thro'!

When standing at the gate of Fame,  
Thro' which I've hoped my way to win,  
And gazing on those words of flame,  
Inscribed above it—"enter in;"

I've thought of thee, and felt that thou  
Would'st smile to see the portal ope,  
To one who e'er has been as now,  
Lured on by one bright geni—Hope.

Vainly the laurel-crown were given  
To woman's brow, if love were not  
The holy star that gilds life's even,  
A part and parcel of her lot!

The violet might strive in vain  
To break its hood of em'rald hue,  
If glowing sun and gentle rain  
Help'd not the lovely flow'ret thro'.

So if love's pure and gentle beam  
Shone not upon the laurel wreath,  
How dark the gifted poet's dream—  
Vain were his gift—its wearing death!

I think of thee, as mem'ry flings  
Her light upon life's varied track—  
As with a gentle hand she brings  
The summer hours of childhood back,

Before the birds had left the nest  
Which sheltered them thro' sun and rain,  
To seek abroad that quiet rest  
Which they may never find again.

I think of thee this balmy June,  
For in the last I was with thee,  
Looking upon the gentle moon  
'Neath spreading vine and graceful tree.

And now, I can but watch its light,  
While gath'ring round my quiet home,  
Because it shines on them to-night  
Where tow'rs the proud and lofty dome.

And as my simple lay I sing  
That tells my thoughts are oft with thee,  
I ask of eld no magic ring  
To know thy heart is now with me.

Clark's Mills, Ohio, June, 1840.

EGERIA.

## THE MOTHERLESS DAUGHTERS.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

### CHAPTER III.

We must now ask the attention of our readers to a person who, although casually mentioned, has not yet been brought conspicuously forward in this narrative. We allude to the excellent Mrs. Turner. During the progress of the trial, and in the interval between the day of trial and that of execution, that amiable lady repeatedly sought an interview with her poor niece, but had been peremptorily denied admittance. The wretched victim of passion could not bear the sight of one, whose very presence was a cutting reproach. Yet the kind-hearted aunt did not resent this treatment; but understanding the motive of her misguided relative, made every effort

to overcome her obstinacy, but in vain. When the awful day on which Girard was to meet the penalty of the law arrived, Mrs. Turner had not spoken to his wretched wife, although she had gotten a glimpse of her while the trial was in progress. Although the old lady was deeply grieved at being thus cut off from all chance of affording consolation and assistance, she was determined to persevere to the last in seeking an interview. On the fatal morning she was just setting out towards the tavern at which Eliza staid, when she was met at her door by a servant girl, who bore an infant in her arms, and handed Mrs. Turner a letter, which she said had been just given her by Mrs. Girard. Her aunt, opening it hastily, read as follows:

"Dear Aunt:

"When you receive this, the hand which wrote it will be cold in death; the spirit which dictated it will be gone, ah! whither will be nothing, or the subject of everduring remorse and eternal torment. My prospects were once bright as heart could wish. I was born to wealth, to beauty, and to talent. Alas! what have they availed me? My riches exposed me to the sordid schemes and resentment of a base relative; my charms of mind and person have proved my destruction here, and perhaps through a dread eternity. I lost my mother in childhood; and in her, virtue, happiness, all was lost. Her's was the only hand which could have eradicated the evil weeds of passion that sprung up so luxuriantly in my character; and she might have been my directress in the paths of virtue and honor. But an evil fate denied me that blessing. In my childhood, the natural frailties of my disposition were uncorrected by my fond, but ill-judging father; and at a later period, my fiercer passions, my vanity, my depravity, rapidly gathered strength in the house of my debauched, mercenary, accursed uncle. My natural skepticism was hardened into positive enmity to religion, and I became familiarized with vice in all its forms. Your christian spirit will prompt you to say, that it is not yet too late to repent:—but repentance is not for such as me. My sorrow is not the effect of contrition, which might lead to reformation: it is the anguish of a mind at war with itself, and which feels that it can never, never be at peace. Existence here is so great a burden, that hell has no additional terrors for my soul. My soul itself is a hell. I fly to self-destruction in hope of annihilation; and if I should be disappointed in that desperate hope, no diabolical malignity can invent torments greater than I already endure. There is only one tie which binds me to life. It is affection for my child—born in shame, and the heir of dishonor. Often have I thought of sending it from this evil world in its time of unsullied innocence; but my heart, steeled to every other virtuous emotion, melts with maternal affection. The hand which I am just about to raise against



myself, is powerless for the destruction of my child. Will you be its mother? Will you bestow on it that guardian care, the want of which blasted the bright promise of my youth, and converted it into funereal blackness? Let it never know my crimes, and their dreadful consequences. May the God whom you adore, and whom I have offended past forgiveness, bless you, and yours forever, is the dying wish of

E. G."

Mrs. Turner was greatly alarmed at the contents of this note. She bade the girl who carried the infant give it to one of her own servants, and hastened to the tavern. On inquiring for Eliza, she found that she had gone to the prison. She followed her thither, anxious, if possible, to prevent the execution of her cruel purpose. But she was too late; the deed was done before she arrived; and she turned away with a sick heart, as the wounded and almost lifeless Girard was led out on his way to execution. She rushed into the jail, and stood over the bloody corpse of the once beautiful Eliza. As she wept bitterly over her miserable fate, she thought how much truth blended with despair was contained in her melancholy letter:—how the seeds of vice had been permitted to spring up, blossom, and mature in her disposition, for want of maternal care. As these sad reflections passed through her mind, she vowed that she would be a tender and watchful mother to the poor orphan committed to her charge. All that remained for the dead was a decent interment, and a hope that the remembrance of her crimes might be buried in the grave, and her misfortunes only recollected.

The infant which was entrusted to Mrs. Turner, under circumstances so touching to her feelings, was called Sylvia Howard. Under the indefatigable care and judicious management of her adopted mother, she improved rapidly in beauty and sprightliness. But desirable as those qualities were, they were, in the estimation of her aunt, subordinate considerations, when compared with the cultivation of her moral character. Mrs. Turner was admirably qualified for the task of forming the youthful mind to the love and practice of virtue. We have already stated that she had neither brilliancy of intellect, nor extent of information. But she had qualities far more valuable—the plain common sense which discriminates between right and wrong with unerring certainty, and the unostentatious firmness which pursues the right, when discerned, without regard to consequences. These virtues were sustained by an ardent piety, and adorned by the benevolence which always springs from genuine religion. This kind and conscientious woman was not slow to perceive that Sylva had inherited both the genius and temper of her unfortunate mother. Well aware that the former was a dangerous gift, unless the latter were well-regulated, she made the restraint of her impetuous passions

an object of assiduous care. Her own unruffled serenity and invariable self-command gave peculiar weight to her precepts, and to those acts of authority which were indispensable to the accomplishment of her object. All experience demonstrates, that to control others, it is necessary to command ourselves. The first step which Mrs. Turner took was to secure the affection of her little charge, and to convince her both by word and deed, that whatever restraint was put on her inclination, proceeded from no motive but a sincere desire for her welfare. It is by no means all who have the management of children whose motives are really so pure from the influences of passion and selfishness, nor is the infantile mind so slow, as some may imagine, in discovering the springs of action in their elders. But there was about Mrs. Turner a peculiar sweetness of manner and countenance which invariably won the hearts of all ages.

Under the guidance of so admirable a directress, Sylvia soon became entirely docile and obedient. It was true, that her natural irritability occasionally broke forth in bursts of passion; but she was soothed into composure without difficulty, by the irresistible influence which her aunt had acquired over her conduct and feelings.

This early training, however, might have eventually proved insufficient, if the child had been allowed to mingle freely and constantly with companions whose example and persuasions were such as to counteract those of her watchful guardian. The wisdom of age, and the authority of relations, are usually disregarded by youth, when brought in competition with the impulse of their own passions, and the suggestions of those who share their pleasures. Mr. Turner's household fortunately furnished no counteracting influence of that description. His son and daughter were as amiable and correct in their deportment as might have been expected in the offspring of parents so virtuous and judicious. They were devotedly attached to the little orphan, and made her the constant companion of their amusements and excursions. Satisfied with their society, she never was injured by contact with vulgar or improper associates, either at home or abroad. All her kindly feelings were cherished, while her bad passions were repressed. Her aunt and cousins instructed her in the branches of learning which were suitable to her age, and which she mastered with great ease and rapidity. Having teachers at home, at a period when female education was not so extensive, and I may add so superficial, as at present, she did not feel the need of a school, but was considered a prodigy of genius among her acquaintance.

Sylvia was a blooming girl of ten, when Mr. and Mrs. Cushing—a clergyman and his lady from Massachusetts—settled in the town where she resided. This pair was a fine specimen of the population to be found in the land of the pilgrim fathers. Mr.

Cushing was a graduate of Harvard University, of extensive information, polished manners, and sincere piety. His wife was worthy of such a husband; graceful in person, well-educated, highly accomplished, benevolent and religious. Belonging to the same religious sect with Mr. and Mrs. Turner, the new comers quickly became intimate with that family. They were much struck with the unaffected modesty and excellence of the whole household; but the surpassing loveliness, the sprightliness and warm affections of Sylvia, attracted their particular admiration. They soon won the esteem and confidence of Mrs. Turner so completely, that she conversed freely with them on every subject which interested her own feelings, and communicated to them the origin of Sylvia, which had been always carefully concealed from herself. If she had mingled more freely in promiscuous society, or if she had been less beloved, it would have been impossible to keep her in ignorance of a fact so notorious: but in the limited circle of her acquaintance, there was not a human being that would have wounded her feelings by an allusion to the character and horrible end of her parents. When Mr. and Mrs. Cushing heard all the circumstances of the dreadful narrative, the interest which they already felt in the lovely girl was greatly heightened by tender compassion. They promptly offered their efficient aid to Mrs. Turner in the laudable task of forming her moral and religious principles, and enlarging her mind by knowledge. Under their tuition she made rapid progress, acquiring some knowledge of the elements of science, a familiarity with several of the modern languages, and a very extensive acquaintance with history and elegant literature. She also employed a portion of her leisure in music and painting, in which Mrs. Cushing was a proficient.

When Sylvia had arrived at the age of seventeen, her beauty, accomplishments, and fine temper, were the pride of the town in which she lived. Her unfortunate parentage, indeed, caused her career to be watched with peculiar interest; but although the village had increased into a town, and its society was much more refined than in former days, it was not yet fastidious enough to exclude Sylvia from its best circles. In these she occasionally met with a Mr. Winston, son of the most eminent advocate in the town. This young man had a singularly elegant person, mind and manners, and bade fair to sustain his father's high reputation. Being at first captivated with Sylvia's beauty at a party, he had sought her acquaintance, and found that the divinity within was worthy of the temple in which it was enshrined. He mentioned her in terms of warm admiration to his father, who had such a horror for female frailty, that he had refused to have any intercourse with the amiable Sylvia. Entertaining the most fastidious sense of honor, and setting the highest value on reputation, he was horror-struck

with his son's incipient passion for this lady, whose birth was stained by illegitimacy, and by the deep criminality of her parents. He most affectionately warned him not to allow his admiration to become a serious attachment. But warnings of this sort often serve with the most affectionate and obedient sons to produce the very opposite effect from that which is intended. This is more especially the case where any injustice appears to be done to the object of the youth's admiration. It seemed to young Winston ungenerous in the extreme to visit the sins of her parents on the innocent and unoffending Sylvia. His feelings of course revolted against his father's advice in this matter, although he was disposed to pay him the most implicit deference on most occasions. The next time that he met with Sylvia, without being aware how rapidly and deeply he was falling in love, he paid her the most delicate and devoted attention. Their meetings were afterwards frequent, and his attachment more and more manifest. It was also evident to those who had an opportunity of observation, that he had made a sensible impression on the heart of Sylvia.

This love affair being carried by rumor with the rapidity usual on such occasions, reached the ears of old Mr. Winston, and of Mrs. Turner. Both were grieved at the intelligence; but for very different reasons. His humanity was grieved at the real or imagined necessity of thwarting his son's wishes, and of wounding the peace of a young lady whose conduct was entirely blameless. Blended with these good feelings was another of more selfish character. He knew that opposition to his son's connexion with Sylvia Howard would seriously injure his own popularity. In that new country, the democratic spirit, the idea that every person's elevation in society must depend exclusively on his own conduct, was carried to its greatest excess, and he was aware that so wide a departure from it would bring on him popular odium. Mrs. Turner shrank from the painful task of making known to Sylvia the secret of her birth, which she had hitherto concealed. But whether Mr. Winston was willing or unwilling to the marriage, she felt that she should do her niece great wrong, if she permitted her to become a member of another family in total ignorance of her own descent. She had accidentally heard of Mr. Winston's inflexible resistance of his family's inclination to associate with Sylvia, and anticipated the most violent opposition from him, when he was apprized of the state of his son's heart.

Things were in this situation, when our last war with England commenced. No positive declaration had been made by young Winston; but Sylvia was fully aware of his attachment, and he had reason to hope that it was returned. This mutual consciousness rendered their society embarrassing, although delightful to each other. They often met, usually at the house of some mutual acquaintance,



and walked out together to admire the beautiful scenery around the town. Their favorite resort was the bank of the large stream which ran near, at a point remote from the haunts of business—in the summer covered with flowers, and at all seasons with beautiful evergreens. One warm evening in the month of May, they were standing in this spot, enjoying the delightful breeze which came up the river, and a more delightful conversation. Ever and anon one made the other observe some peculiarly striking object in the landscape—some bright, variegated cloud—the golden glow which the sun gave to the water—or coming nearer, some of the lovely flowers which crowned the bank at their feet. On one of these occasions, Sylvia being in pursuit of a wild-flower which took her fancy, approached too near the bank, which crumbled beneath her, and suddenly precipitated her into very deep water. She sank at once, but, as she rose, was caught by Winston, who had instantly followed her. Although he found it very easy to keep her above water, yet it was a very difficult task to bring her safely to land. The banks were precipitous, especially below, and the current very strong. He saw at once, that if they went down the stream they would inevitably be lost, and therefore determined to attempt the hazardous exploit of swimming against the current. Notwithstanding his great strength and dexterity as a swimmer, he did not succeed in reaching a place where they could land until after an arduous struggle, and several times giving himself up as lost. Panting and exhausted, he laid his precious and almost insensible burden on the sand, and rested her head against his shoulder. As consciousness of her danger and of her rescue returned, the tenderness which she had long concealed in her heart, overflowed. She involuntarily leaned harder against him as he supported her—and he, overcome by an irresistible impulse, pressed her to his bosom, and imprinted an ardent kiss on her lips. The barriers of reserve were completely broken down from that moment. As soon as she recovered sufficiently, they proceeded homeward; and as they went, poured out their hearts to each other. When he handed her in at Mr. Turner's, dripping with water, and told of her escape, her aunt, grateful as she was for his generous exertions to save her niece, could not help grieving that he had been her preserver. She foresaw the probable consequence of such an event in hastening the disclosure of their sentiments, and dreaded being compelled to make the painful communication, which she should esteem necessary in that case. Young Winston now visited Sylvia constantly, and was generally understood to be a happy lover. As soon as this rumor came to the ears of old Mr. Winston, who had been for some time very uneasy on his son's account, he called him into his study, and addressed him in the following manner:

"William, I think you have no reason to complain of my harshness. I have never interfered with your pleasures, where they were not likely to affect your permanent happiness. I have always granted you every innocent indulgence which I was able to bestow. I do not boast of this, for it is nothing more than my duty. I mention it now, because I am impelled by an imperative sense of duty to you and to myself, to say what may grate very harshly on your ear. Rumor tells me, that heedless of my solemn warnings, you are the accepted lover of Miss Sylvia Howard. I wish that young lady no harm; I hear and believe, that she is amiable, intelligent, well-raised, and highly informed. But there is a blot on her name and family which oceans of virtue in herself cannot wash out. My son, my only son must not ally himself to dishonor. In the sanguine period of youth we believe that virtue alone should be considered in forming connexions of this sort. But sad experience convinces us of our mistake. We find, that the world attaches vast importance to matters which we conceived to be of little moment. We find that the finger of scorn is pointed at the descendants of the base, although themselves clothed in a robe of spotless innocence. This is emphatically true of females; the slightest taint on female character continues for generations. Are you willing that your children should blush at the name of their grandfather and grandmother? Are you willing to take to your bosom one liable to be called the daughter of a murderess? Reflect on these matters, my son, before it is irrecoverably too late. Fly from the presence of this young lady, and endeavor to shake off this attachment, which to a person of your sensitive feelings must inevitably end in unhappiness."

This address moved William deeply. He knew his father to be a man of the strictest honor, the nicest sensibility, and the most excellent judgment. He had always been treated by him with the most affectionate tenderness and indulgence. Could he go counter to his advice, so solemnly urged, and supported by reasoning of such strength? Could he, on the other hand, abandon the woman whom he loved, whom he knew to be worthy of his love, whose admirable qualities his father himself was compelled to admit? The struggle between these contending duties and feelings was violent, but short-lived. Love, as usual, triumphed. He told his father that he was deeply grieved at the idea of distressing or offending him; but that his honor had been irrevocably pledged to Sylvia, which placed him under an obligation too solemn to be violated from any earthly consideration. But, although he would not promise to break off the engagement, or to fly from the beloved object, yet he agreed not to hasten the marriage.

About the time at which this interview took place between old Mr. Winston and his son, Mrs.

Turner had also drawn from the blushing, ingenuous Sylvia, a confession of the engagement. Reluctant as the old lady was to wound the feelings of her amiable niece, she could no longer postpone making her acquainted with the story of her birth. A communication so horrible, and so unexpected, was too much for the sensitive heart of the poor orphan. For a day or two afterwards her life and reason were thought to be in great danger. Even when she became more calm, there remained a settled gloom on her countenance, which greatly alarmed her anxious friends. She asked her aunt, whether her lover was acquainted with the circumstances of this horrible narrative. "They have long been known to every one in the town except yourself, my dear niece."

"Then I have the consolation of believing that he loves me for myself, and in spite of my disgraceful origin. Yet I cannot abuse his generosity; I cannot bring dishonor on his family. I must break this engagement, although my own heart may break in the effort."

"It was because I knew these would be your sentiments, my dear Sylvia, that I made this painful communication. The father of young Winston considers your birth as an insuperable objection to your visiting his family. Have you not yourself observed that his is the only genteel house in the town to which you have not been occasionally invited? You seal your own wretchedness, if you thus intrude yourself into a family against its inclination, and with this unfortunate stain on your birth."

"Spare yourself any further words, my dear aunt; I will never form this connexion. My decision is made. I will write to Mr. Winston this very day, for I can never speak to him on this dreadful subject; I will tell him, that it is impossible for us to enjoy the happiness which we once promised ourselves, and that the delightful dream must be forgotten."

Prompt in the execution of all her resolves, Sylvia penned the following note to Winston that very evening:

"Dear Sir:

"You cannot be more surprised at receiving this, than I am shocked at finding myself under the necessity of writing it. When I encouraged your addresses, I knew not the secret of my birth. I know it now; and must beg you to consider every thing which has passed between us as consigned to oblivion. Believe not that I have taken this resolution without a struggle; but duty must be performed, whatever anguish it may cost. Your father considers me unworthy even to come under his roof. Can I then marry his son? Let us fly from each other, and endeavor to forget all our endearments—all the promises which we have made to each other. Although my heart bleeds at the

thought, I must bid adieu and forever to one I love so dearly.

S. HOWARD.

"P. S. Do not mistake the emotion, which I have not thought it necessary to conceal in this letter, for indecision. My resolution has been deliberately taken, and must remain unalterable.

"S. H."

When Winston received this note it drove him almost frantic. While it betrayed the unabated attachment of his mistress, it elevated his opinion of her disinterested virtue to such a pitch, that he could not bear the idea of being separated from her forever. He flew to Mrs. Turner's, and begged an interview. But Sylvia knew her weakness too well to expose herself to so sore a trial. The old lady with tears in her eyes assured him of the deep grief which it occasioned her; but told him, that she could never consent to a connexion which would entail misery if not dishonor on all concerned. He begged, he entreated her to change her cruel purpose—to spare two persons whose attachment was so sincere and so innocent. But she remained inexorable, and Winston was compelled to retire in despair.

His eagerness and the melancholy of Sylvia convinced Mrs. Turner that the lovers must be separated. She feared that if they met, the resolution of Sylvia, perhaps even her own, might be overcome. She therefore determined to send the unfortunate girl to a distance, with a hope that absence might calm the tumult of her feelings, and reconcile her to the sad fate which forbade her union with one so congenial and so much attached.

A very suitable opportunity offered itself for the execution of this plan just at this time. Mr. Cushing, to whose kind instruction Sylvia had been so much indebted, had a year or two before become highly interested in missionary efforts among the Indians, and had taken up his residence at Fort Harrison, on the Wabash. As no danger of Indian hostilities was apprehended at that time, Mrs. Cushing had accompanied him, and indeed assisted him very much in acquiring an influence among the savage tribes. When the Indian war commenced, the hearts of this excellent couple were so deeply interested in the scheme of benevolence which they were pursuing, that neither the persuasions of their friends, nor the opinion of the garrison in which they were residing, could induce them to abandon their position. But they had paid a short visit to their former residence during the present summer, and were on the point of returning to Fort Harrison, when they were informed of the attachment between young Winston and Sylvia, and of Mrs. Turner's wish that her niece should absent herself during a considerable period. Entirely approving the determination, they proposed to carry her with them to the banks of the Wabash. Under other circumstances they might have hesitated to expose



a friend to a danger which they were willing to brave themselves. But considering the happiness and reputation of their dear pupil as more important than even her life, they pressed her to go with them, hoping that her ardent mind would become interested in their own pursuit, and thus relieved from the load of anguish which now weighed it down. Mrs. Turner acceded to the proposal from similar motives, and greatly to the joy of Sylvia, who was much attached to her old instructors, and would have gone with them to the end of the world. But when the hour of departure came, her heart swelled with bitter anguish at the thought of being thus compelled to become an outcast from home, friends, and above all, from her beloved. But she had the melancholy consolation of knowing that she was innocent of the slightest impropriety, and that she was nobly sacrificing her own feelings to the happiness of others, and to her own love of virtuous independence.

The party, and the escort of soldiers under which they travelled, arrived speedily and safely at their destination. It was then late in August, and shortly after their arrival, the country around the post began to assume the beautiful and variegated appearance which American scenery always borrows from the tints of autumn. Sylvia, who was a great admirer of nature, would have delighted to wander over the neighboring forests and prairies, and revel in the wild luxuriance of that fertile region. But she was warned that such excursions might be attended with serious danger, and therefore never went far from the fort, nor even to a short distance without being well guarded. While thus deterred from the indulgence of her fancy, she found ample employment for her humanity in nursing the soldiers, who suffered greatly from sickness during that season. If she had been allowed to wander at leisure, and without fear, amid the lovely scenes of nature, she would have been too forcibly reminded of the never-to-be-forgotten walks which she had once taken with her beloved; and the sorrow which was preying on her soul would have settled down into a confirmed melancholy. But while engaged in performing kind offices for the sick, she left herself no time to brood over grief, which is always best alleviated by constant and virtuous employment.

A few days after their arrival, the garrison became seriously afraid of an attack from the Indians. On the third of September two young men were killed near the fort, and about the same time Capt. Taylor was warned by some friendly savages, that danger was at hand. Thirty or forty Indians indeed appeared the day after the murder, with a white flag and a request for provisions. But the commandant was too well acquainted with savage treachery to rely on peaceful appearances. He assembled his small force, reduced by death and sickness to eighteen effective men, and saw that their

arms and ammunition were ready to repel the assault which they anticipated that very night. He addressed the soldiers, and told them that nothing but the utmost caution and courage could save them from destruction, as the works were almost indefensible. On their part, they seemed to be fully aware of the peril to which they stood exposed, and being long trained to border-warfare, roused all their energies to meet and repel the expected onset. Night came down exceedingly dark on the wilderness, and the sentries that were posted near the breastwork could see nothing ten feet before them. The whole garrison slept on their arms, and the women and children were kept awake by fear. The early part of the night passed away without any sights or sounds calculated to increase the alarm. But about eleven o'clock one of the block-houses at the corners of the fortification was discovered to be on fire; and as it began to blaze, the shouts of the savages were heard accompanied by the reports of their rifles. One of the sentinels was killed at the first fire; the others, with the rest of the garrison, placed themselves in safe positions, and began to prepare themselves for a desperate defence. But two of the soldiers, considering it impossible to escape immediate destruction, and hardly knowing in what direction they were going, rushed out into the neighboring forest, and were immediately cut to pieces. Mr. Cushing and his wife, with Sylvia, being suddenly roused by the alarm, and infected by the panic of these two men, fled with them into the woods. Mrs. Cushing shared the fate of the soldiers, being immediately killed; Mr. Cushing and Sylvia were saved by the interposition of a chief, who had them bound and secured during the continuance of the conflict. The garrison fought with undaunted bravery, saving their barracks from conflagration by unroofing them, and throwing up a breastwork behind the destroyed block-house. Such was the precaution, or such the good fortune with which these manœuvres were executed, that the garrison lost none in addition to those that had already perished. Some few of their soldiers were wounded, but they succeeded in defending themselves until morning, when the light enabled them to drive off the Indians with considerable loss. But although able to repulse, they did not venture to pursue the enemy. Mr. Cushing and Sylvia were therefore carried off in his flight by the chieftain who had saved them from immediate death.

The Indians marched with extreme rapidity, and without halting until evening, by which time the two captives were completely exhausted. They were tied to trees, and the savages after a slight repast betook themselves to rest. In spite of fear, of their unpleasant situation, not being allowed to lie down, and of the ideas of escape which crossed their imagination, Mr. Cushing and Sylvia slept soundly, and did not awake the next morning until

they were roused by the rude blows of their captors, who were eager to press forward. They continued to advance northwards for several days, during which the two captives were completely worn down with fatigue, and their feet became so sore that they could scarcely stand. At last they reached a village where a considerable number of Indians were assembled, and where the tale of defeat, which was carried by the returning party, was received with evident tokens of disappointment.

Considering the present situation of the prisoners a sufficient guarantee against their escape, they now permitted them to lie down without being tied, and in a position where they could enjoy the repose which they so much needed. The next morning they were roused from their slumbers, and conducted to the presence of the chief of the village, a wild and eccentric-looking personage, to whom his followers paid the most profound deference. As soon as Mr. Cushing, with whose character he seemed to be acquainted, was brought into his presence, he thus addressed him :

"Art thou the pale-face that would introduce thy religion among us? Not contented with robbing the red man of his lands, wilt thou make him cease to worship the Great Spirit that loved his fathers, and gave the great forests and wide prairies in which they hunted? Thy people are bad friends; they give us the fire-water that makes us brutes; they learn us to lie and steal. Many winters have passed over my head, many a white man have I seen, but never one true to his word, never one who did not thirst for Indian land, as he who passes through the prairie does for water when the sun scorches him with his beams. Thou must die, unless thou canst show thyself to be the true friend of the Indian."

Mr. Cushing, much surprised at being recognized and accosted thus, yet did not hesitate for a reply.

"If my life depends on the sincerity of my friendship for the Indians, it is safe. I am the friend of all mankind. The religion which I preach is not the religion of the white man alone, but of all colors, whether white, black, or red. That religion does not sanction robbery or treachery practised on any man of any color, but on the contrary denounces everlasting punishment against all guilty of such acts without repentance, and reformation. I wish to make the white man and the Indian brothers. I quitted my home where I was safe and happy and came among you, where my life is in danger, to persuade you to bury the tomahawk forever. Ask the Indians who came to the fort at which I resided, if I deceived, or insulted, or defrauded them; if I was not always anxious to relieve their wants. Let my acts speak instead of my words; by my deeds I am willing to be judged."

"Your words are fair, O stranger, and I have heard that you treated the red man more kindly than your white brethren. But the war-pole is now

raised, and you must remain among us a prisoner, but unharmed."

So saying, the Indian bade his followers show the prisoners a wigwam, in which they would be accommodated comfortably according to the notions of the savages. This chieftain was the prophet, (Elkswatawa,) the brother of Tecumseh, who had actively coöperated with that famous warrior in stirring up the Indians to hostility. The place where they now were was the prophet's town, from the circumstance of that singular character's having made it his residence. His threats do not appear to have been made in earnest, but to have been intended to try the courage, and draw forth the sentiments of Mr. Cushing.

We shall for the present leave the two persons, who were fortunate enough to be spared by so rare an exertion of his clemency, and tell our readers what befel young Winston, after his father's fastidiousness, combined with Mrs. Turner's high sense of propriety, had so completely checked the current of his affections. When Sylvia left Kentucky to avoid him, he was for days the picture of despair. But it was fortunately for him a period, when the calls of their country left western young men no leisure for the indulgence of private woes. Catching a portion of that warlike spirit, which then pervaded the whole region, Winston became one of the volunteers, who were enlisting in such numbers, and joined the army of General Harrison. His father urged him to take this step, believing, that in the dangers and excitements of war, he would find relief from the anguish of private disappointment. But there was another motive which operated more strongly on him, than patriotism or respect for his father's wishes. The news of Sylvia's capture reached him while irresolute, and made him to decide to join the forces of the government, as the best means of effecting her liberation. He knew that he should encounter the Indians, who were acting with the British army, and might thus learn something of the fate and situation of her whom he valued above all earthly objects. To have set out alone, and unassisted in search of her, although he would cheerfully have encountered the danger of such an expedition, must have proved a fruitless undertaking. He therefore marched with the Kentucky volunteers to the American camp, determined to spare no exertion which could possibly lead to the discovery and release of his mistress. He was one of those stationed at Fort Defiance, on the Miami, under the command of General Winchester, in the absence of General Harrison. Three months had elapsed, and December had arrived without his hearing any thing which could relieve his anxiety concerning Sylvia. The situation of the frontier at that time was calculated to excite the most dismal apprehensions concerning her fate. The revengeful spirit of the Indians, which had been already excited by the intrigues of



Tecumseh and his brother, was now raised to the highest pitch, by the burning of their towns and corn during the preceding summer, and the consequent want of provisions which had compelled them to take refuge at the British posts. Woe to the white of whatever age, sex or condition, who fell into their hands while in this temper. It may well be imagined that this melancholy reflection, which disturbed many a noble bosom in the border states, preyed with peculiar intensity on the spirits of poor Winston. While his brother-officers were enjoying profound repose after the arduous labors of the day, his pillow was unvisited by sleep. He lost his appetite, became exceedingly emaciated, and would at once have sunk into a mere invalid, if his weak frame had not been supported by the excitement of his mind. About three weeks after his arrival, information was brought to General Winchester, that a combined force of British and Indians under General Proctor was about occupying Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, with a view of intercepting the United States troops on their projected march to Detroit. The Americans who inhabited Frenchtown, were greatly alarmed at the prospect of its being occupied by the savages, and sent to beg General Winchester to advance to their rescue. Such a step was contrary to the orders of General Harrison, but was warmly urged on Winchester by some of the generous spirits who composed his detachment. An appeal for succor from defenceless women and children was too strong for their sense of military obedience. Among the foremost of those who besought their commander to send forward at least a portion of his force, was Lieutenant Winston. After much hesitation, General Winchester granted their request, and pushed forward a detachment with the intention of following with his whole force. Winston sought, and obtained a place in the party which marched towards Frenchtown about the middle of January, a season at which the weather is exceedingly inclement in that northern region. The commanders of this party were ordered to await the advance of the main body at Presque-Isle; but when they reached that place, they learned that the enemy had already occupied Frenchtown. Fearing that the object of the movement might be entirely defeated, if they strictly obeyed orders, the officers determined to make an attack on the party of the enemy now in possession of the village.

It is not my intention to invade the province of the historian, by describing the manner in which the successful assault was made, nor the subsequent arrival of a British and Indian force which doubled that of General Winchester, who had now arrived in person. Neither is it my purpose to speak particularly of the circumstances which led the American troops to a reluctant surrender on terms which were wantonly and barbarously violated. The conduct of the Bri-

tish commander on that occasion is one of those unfortunate circumstances, which sometimes alienate and embitter two nations, whom blood, language, laws, customs and mutual interest, should unite in the bonds of an indissoluble brotherhood. When we hear of such acts, we are apt to forget our obligations to the land of Chatham, who once so indignantly denounced the employment of savage "hell-hounds" against us,—to the country from which we derive our love of liberty, our literature, and our popular eloquence.

Young Winston was one of the fortunate few among the American officers who escaped unhurt, both in the battle and in the massacre which afterwards followed. The Indians supposed from his appearance and equipment, that he was wealthy and could pay a large ransom; as he was unwounded, and would give them no trouble on their march, they therefore spared his life, and carried him with them to their encampment. Believing that his relatives would inquire after him, and pay a high price for his restoration, they spared him the degradation of being hawked about the streets of Detroit, which was inflicted on some of his companions. The party of Indians which captured him, united with that of the Prophet and Tecumseh, then in the neighborhood of Detroit. A number of Indian women, as well as men, were collected, and the eyes of Winston were directed with peculiar interest to that part of the encampment where the squaws were assembled. His own hardship and danger were as nothing in his eyes, when compared with the chance which captivity among the Indians gave him of discovering the object of his anxious search. Here were Indian families which probably came from Indiana, where Sylvia had been taken prisoner. His heart beat high at the thought that she might be among them. During that and the succeeding day he watched in vain for some indications which might encourage his hopes. He himself was bound, and not understanding the language of his captors, could make no inquiries. On the third day however he saw an old white gentleman come into the camp, whom he immediately recognized as the excellent Mr. Cushing. The sight of one who could certainly give him some information concerning his dear Sylvia, excited him to such a degree, that after several fruitless attempts to make himself understood by the savages around him, or heard by Mr. Cushing, who was some distance off, he broke his bonds by a sudden exertion, and ran towards his venerable friend. Several Indians, who had observed his motions, and supposed that he was attempting an escape, gathered around him with their tomahawks, and would have despatched him on the spot, if it had not been for the timely interference of Tecumseh, who was passing at the moment. This chieftain, with all his hostility to the whites, had some traits of generosity, and sometimes spared those whom his more brutal companions would have

delighted to butcher. Suddenly, stopping Winston, he addressed him in the only words of English which he had heard for days.

"Young man, art thou weary of life, that thou provokest my red brethren to slay thee? Knowest thou not it is impossible to escape through forests entirely unknown to thee, but every foot of which is known to thy Indian pursuers? Rest quiet, and thy relatives will ransom thee unharmed!"

Turning around to see the person who thus addressed him in his own tongue, Winston was struck with admiration at the appearance of the chieftain who stood before him. He was evidently one of nature's noblemen, preëminent above his followers not only in stature, but in all the external qualities which could command respect. He was tall, and finely formed, dignified, and commanding in carriage; his eye, which was black and fierce like the Indian's, had a thoughtful intelligence about it, seldom seen in that of the savage.

"Chief," said he respectfully, "I do not desire to escape, but simply to speak with a dear friend who has long been a prisoner among you, and whom I now see yonder."

"Do you mean that old man? He is the friend of the red man, and remains among us voluntarily."

"Let me see and converse with him, and I promise to submit to any bondage, however severe."

"Go then, and learn how the red man treats those who love him."

Winston thanking him hastily for the permission, advanced eagerly to the place where Mr. Cushing was watching his approach with surprise and anxiety. The young man was so much altered by sorrow, fatigue, loss of flesh, and the length of his unshaven beard, that the old gentleman did not recognize him as the blooming youth from whom he had parted three months before. As Winston drew nearer, however, and held out his hand, addressing him by name, he knew his voice, and warmly embraced him.

"Tell me," said Winston, "where is Sylvia? is she here? is she alive?"

"She is alive," he replied, "and but a few miles distant. She is kept constantly with one tribe, while I am allowed to wander about at pleasure."

"Thank heaven for her safety. But cannot the influence which you appear to possess with the Indians procure her release?"

"Be assured, that if it could have done it, she should long ago have been restored to the bosom of her family. But the truth is, there is a chief who desires her to become his wife, and pretends that such a marriage would tend to establish the connexion and friendship which I desire to see between the Indians and whites. In vain have I met his feigned reasons by showing that this step will exasperate the whites. He who is governed solely by inclination, will of course never listen to argument; and I have this day come over to see the

celebrated chief with whom you have been conversing, and who is said to be bitterly opposed to all intermarriages between the two races. I think that I can prevail on him to interpose his authority, which is deservedly very great among all the tribes."

Horror-struck at the idea of the woman whom he had hoped to make the beloved partner of his bosom, becoming the inmate of an Indian wigwam, the young man begged Mr. Cushing not to delay one moment his intended application to Tecumseh. They accordingly approached that redoubted warrior, who had seated himself with his immediate followers in a circle around him. Mr. Cushing, who was well acquainted with him, made a respectful salutation, which was returned with a dignity and courtesy which would not have disgraced the *grand monarque*.

"I come," said Mr. Cushing, "to ask your aid in the preservation and protection of a friend—a helpless woman. Enemy, as I know you to be of the whites, I know also that it is the race, and not the individuals of it, that you hate. A girl whom I have dandled on my knee in infancy, whom I have taught and loved from her childhood, is in the lodges of your red brethren. One of your red brethren loves the pale-faced girl, and says that she must be his wife. He will not listen to my prayers, that she should be restored to her own people and her home. I ask you, the great chief, to protect a woman who has never injured you nor any of your race. The Great Spirit who made both white and red, will bless you for this act of humanity."

"Brother, say you that she has never injured me or mine? Her accursed race is the enemy of all who with dusky skins roam through the forests of America. They rob the Indian of his lands—they sell him the fire-water which deprives him of the sense which the Good Spirit gave him—they teach him to cheat and lie and murder, and then punish him for doing what he is taught. I will make my people cease to do these things, and they will no longer be the slaves of the white man. But I love you; you are the real friend of the Indian: the girl shall be sent back for your sake, but not now. My red brother who loves her bright eyes will be angry, if I take her away, and will not raise his tomahawk in the day of battle. When the battle is fought and won, the young woman shall see her home."

"But in the meantime," exclaimed Winston, "she will become the wife of this chief whom she hates, and will die of a broken heart."

"Fear not; no marriage shall take place between the two races which I can prevent. A mixture of your blood can only pollute ours, as the turbid Missouri pollutes the beautiful and placid Mississippi. This girl shall stay under my care, and be safe from all annoyance."

So saying Tecumseh despatched one of his at-



tendants to bring Sylvia, and the chief of whom Mr. Cushing complained, before him. After an hour or two the messenger returned, and to the inexpressible joy of Winston, Sylvia accompanied him, bearing marks of exposure to the weather, but looking far better than his fears had suggested. Springing forward, and forgetting the barrier that existed between them, and indeed all the ordinary rules of decorum, he clasped her to his breast, while she, overcome with surprise and delight, made no effort to extricate herself from his embrace. Suddenly recollecting himself he released her, and said that in spite of her commands that he should endeavor to forget her, he had joined the army, principally with a hope of rescuing her from the Indians. That he was now a prisoner like herself, but with the assistance of Mr. Cushing and Tecumseh, he hoped to be able soon to effect her liberation. The party then went towards the chief, who gazed steadfastly at Sylvia as she approached.

"Daughter of the white man," said he, "thou shalt be free when I no longer fear to displease my brother who desires thee to dwell in his wigwam. My friend here has asked it, and my own heart warms as I look on thy form and features. Eighteen winters ago, I was hunting south of the great Ohio with five others of my tribe, when we saw alone in the woods one as like thee as one drop of water to another. She was fair as the lily, but the hand of misfortune seemed to be laid on her, and she was bowed down with grief. My companions proposed to take her home, as a present for the chief of our tribe. But I pitied the beauteous stranger, and said we should not harm her. They would not listen to my entreaties, but seized and were carrying her off, when a party of hunters fired on us, and killed all except myself, who, wounded and weak, reached the village of my tribe. Tecumseh loved that black-eyed stranger, and he has never loved woman since. His heart is now hard on every other subject but the welfare and freedom of his race. But none shall hurt a hair of thy head, because thou art like the bright dream of my youth."

This allusion of Tecumseh to circumstances so similar to those of her mother's capture by the Indians, reminded Sylvia that she had not before seen Winston since she was informed of her parent's dishonor, and made her turn away in shame and tears from his ardent gaze. Winston divining her thoughts, endeavored to divert them from these painful reminiscences by congratulating her on the prospect of speedy deliverance. But her melancholy was too deeply seated to admit of this consolation. Life or death, freedom or slavery, were comparatively of little consequence to one who was borne down by the consciousness that she was cruelly degraded in the eyes of her fellow-creatures, by the conduct of others, before she came into existence. The tender thoughts of parents,

which to others were a source of gratification, had to her become a fountain of bitterness. She thanked her lover for his zeal in her behalf, but requested permission to withdraw for the present, and was accordingly conducted to the lodgings of Tecumseh, who, although he disclaimed love, had yet married from policy.

The chief who had been taken with Sylvia's beauty, when he received Tecumseh's message, was alarmed lest that powerful leader should be offended with him for desiring to violate one of his favorite maxims, and had therefore refused to make his appearance.

From that period the three prisoners were treated with respect and kindness, and, with the exception of Winston, were promised a speedy liberation without ransom.

The Indians were now collecting their forces for the final struggle, which took place on the Thames. Tecumseh exerted all his remarkable eloquence, and employed all his arts of insinuation to rouse the energies of his people, and induce them to put forth their whole strength on the occasion.

The Indians crossed over into Canada and joined Proctor's army, under the sounding title of his British majesty's allies. Early in the following October, General Harrison's army having also crossed to the northern side of the great lakes, overtook the combined force of the British and Indians on the river Thames, in Upper Canada. On the morning of the memorable 5th, Tecumseh, as if he had a presentiment of his approaching fate, went around among his warriors, and addressed them with peculiar solemnity and earnestness. He told them that he and many others might fall on that field, but that their hatred of the whites, their love of liberty, their determination to resume the simple habits of their fathers, should never die. On the contrary, it might happen that on this day they could avenge the many injuries which they had received from their enemies, and recover at least a remnant of their ancient independence. For his own part, he should go to battle with the determination to conquer or die.

The conduct of this remarkable chieftain and his followers in the ensuing conflict, showed how sincere he was in his declarations, and what an impression his exhortations had made upon his army. It is well known that while the British regulars, usually esteemed the best troops in the world, were broken by a single charge of mounted riflemen, and compelled to lay down their arms at once, their savage allies fought with the most determined gallantry, and did not fly until after the fall of their heroic leader. During the battle the three captives were stationed with the Indian women and a few old warriors at a short distance from the field. When the Indians were routed and flying in confusion, those who had charge of the prisoners joined the crowd of fugitives, and left the three whites at

liberty. They were found by the United States troops in pursuit, and conducted to the quarters of the general, who received them with his usual affability and courtesy.

As some of the volunteers from Kentucky were about returning home, the captives were put under their protection, and after a fatiguing but safe travel, reached the town where they had all resided, to the great relief of their friends. Old Mr. Winston, who had been brought to the verge of the grave by grief for the supposed death of his son, could scarcely bear the revulsion of joy when he saw him return safe, although greatly wasted away by fatigue and anxiety. In this state of feeling, the old man could not find it in his heart any longer to oppose the marriage of William to one of whose noble conduct he was now informed. He allowed his fears and scruples, although such as must have been entertained by a prudent and conscientious man, to be overruled by the peculiar excellencies of Sylvia, and the hope that her remarkable popularity would shield her from the taunts of malevolence. Old Mrs. Turner too, happy at the safe return of her darling niece, and having had no objection at the commencement except the opposition of old Mr. Winston, when that was withdrawn, joyfully assented to the connexion. The pair were accordingly united, and enjoyed as large a share of happiness as ever falls to the lot of mortals. He in time became one of the leading orators and statesmen of his native state, and one of its most honored representatives in the halls of congress. Sylvia was in Washington the ornament of the society in which she moved, as she had been always the pride and boast of her native town. She was equally distinguished for the spotless purity of her conduct—the simple dignity of her manners—her wit, and elegant acquirements. But it was not in the gay circles of fashionable life that she found her greatest pleasure, or displayed her excellence to most advantage. A throne would have had less attraction for her than the domestic hearth, when surrounded by her husband, children, and select friends. It was while enjoying the tranquil and innocent gratification which such a scene only can afford, that she often ascribed to her good aunt, next to heaven, her exemption from the evils and temptations which too often beset a Motherless Daughter.

#### TO THE MOON.

Art thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different birth,—  
And ever changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?—*Shelley.*

#### ALMEETA.

She sat within the prison-cell—  
She of the charmed and gifted lyre,  
Whose song had often serv'd to quell  
The heart's deep grief and passion's fire;

She, who had hearts in thralldom kept,  
And held dominion over power,  
Within that lonely prison wept  
That Nature gave her song for dower.

Upon the damp and stony floor,  
Her dark hair falling round her feet,  
Almeeta sat, admir'd no more,  
The victim of a wild conceit.

Alas! that Superstition's hand  
Should thus despoil the Christian's wreath—  
That she should wander thro' the land  
With such a foul and chilling breath,

To stir up strife amongst mankind,  
Or turn astray the warning bark—  
To throw a pall upon the mind  
Which was not made by Nature dark.

Full many a victim hath indeed  
Been laid upon her blood-stain'd shrine,  
Trampled as if a worthless weed,  
With none to notice its decline.

But never victim wore a form  
More angel-like than she who bow'd  
So meekly to the coming storm,  
With beauty's ev'ry gift endow'd.

They told of many a fearful thing  
Which she, by aid of magic, wrought:  
How often life's pure healthy spring  
Had been with bitter poison fraught;

Of love turn'd into deep disdain,  
Of sweet turn'd into bitter words,  
Of foul ingratitude and pain  
To stir the coldest spirit's chords;

Of many a heart smote to the core  
By some mysterious mildew-blight—  
Forms that had been all health before  
Shrouded at once in Death's dark night:

That like the sorceress of old  
She call'd up spirits to her aid—  
Unholy things, unseen, untold,  
All under her dominion laid.

Alas! for her, she knew no arts  
Save those which Nature had bestowed,  
To waken joy in human hearts,  
Or lighten them of sorrow's load.

She might not choose but pour the lay  
Which bird-like in her heart was kept,  
Nor all her gentle words unsay  
E'en tho' the tempest o'er her swept:

Oh! if the bright and lovely throng  
That rests within the poet's heart,  
So faintly shadow'd in his song,  
Could, from their resting-places, start;

Full many a bright and beauteous dream  
Would haunt the hearts of those on earth—  
But 'tis like wrestling with a gleam  
Of sunshine, to produce their birth!



Bright thoughts will leap up from the fount—  
Like exiled angels seeking rest,  
Still up towards heaven they strive to mount,  
Tho' soil'd each wing and shining vest!

Almeeta wept as if the springs  
Within her heart were broken up—  
How dark is grief when first she brings  
To youthful lips her bitter cup!

She ne'er had read a single leaf  
Save in life's bright and joyous book,  
And now the first time lonely grief  
Her pure and gentle spirit shook.

A footstep came along the hall—  
A step none other would have known;  
For those who once had lov'd its fall  
Were cold beneath the burial stone:

And then it seem'd as if the worst  
Of every grief on earth drew near,  
For from her heart a wild cry burst—  
A wail of agony and fear.

"Alas! my Mother, is it thou?  
"Thy feeble step I know too well,  
"Com'st thou to gaze upon this brow  
"Where shame and death so soon must dwell?"

The heavy bolts were drawn aside,  
And o'er the threshold of the door  
Pass'd one bow'd down by sorrow's tide,  
Whose last sweet hope on earth was o'er!

A woman, leaning on a staff  
With which she found the weary way,  
Unmindful of the jeer and laugh  
Of those who knew not feeling's ray.

Light sprang the captive to her side  
And round her neck in silence hung,  
Whilst blessings like a ceaseless tide  
Fell from that aged mother's tongue:

"Weep not, my child! I came not here  
"To make thee sadder than thou art;  
"I came to strengthen and to cheer  
"With hope thy young and fainting heart:

"While life is ours, hope is not vain,  
"And so, despair is madness now,  
"For hope and happiness again  
"May brighten on thy youthful brow.

"And if there be no hope on earth,  
(She paused and rais'd her eyes to heaven,)  
"There is a hope which has its birth  
"With HIM on high to mortals given!

"Look up, and listen—age has done  
"Its work upon this form of mine,  
"And friends, and kindred, have I none  
"Save thee, to cheer life's dark decline.

"My staff and cloak will shield thee well—  
"They do not gaze when age goes by—  
"And I will stay and bide the storm,  
"And trust to HIM who rules on high!"

The mantle, quickly was unclasp'd,  
But ere withdrawn the act was stay'd,  
As the sad captive gently grasp'd  
Its folds, and in a sad voice said—

"Too well, my mother, do I know  
"How sad and lonely thou wilt be,  
"But think'st thou I have sunk so low  
"As thus to bind my fate on thee?"

"No, life is dear, but I could die  
"The shameful death to which I'm doom'd,  
"If 'twere not that my mother's eye  
"Must see me early thus entomb'd!

"*There is no hope!* I know the grave  
"Will wait me ere to-morrow's sun,—  
"To ONE alone—who now can save,  
"I look—on earth hope have I none!"

Her head dropp'd on her mother's breast,  
Clasp'd in each other's arms they stood,  
While in each pure and trembling breast  
Deep feeling pour'd a lava-flood.

Again the mother's lips essay'd  
To speak the words that swell'd her heart—  
"Is thine oblivion's darkest shade,  
"So young and noble as thou art?

"Wilt thou throw by the laurel-wreath  
"Which thou hast proudly, nobly won,  
"To sleep the dreamless sleep of death,  
"Ere half thy glorious work is done?

"Earth's joyous voices call thee back—  
"Her velvet turf, and lovely flowers,—  
"The stars, from their unfading track,—  
"All speak to thee of other hours!

"Forgive me, dearest! for I see  
"The flush upon thy pallid brow;  
"Ah! if thou wilt not live for me  
"All else must fail to move thee now!

"And now, together let us kneel  
"And lift our mournful hearts above,  
"And humbly ask that HE will send  
"Unto our hearts the Holy Dove."

And there they knelt, that mournful pair,  
With arms around each other twin'd—  
Age, with its white and silver'd hair,  
And youth, with its aspiring mind.

And earnestly they pray'd for those  
Who sought to steal the boon of life,  
That *they* might never feel the woes  
With which *their* path had been so rife:

They pray'd for their beloved land,  
That she might soon regain her trust—  
That Superstition's bloody wand  
Might soon be broken in the dust;

And ask'd death might not come before  
Their hearts were purified from sin,  
That Heaven's eternal, guarded door  
Might ope and let their spirits in.

Slow waned that weary night away  
With its all-glorious watching stars,  
Looking with calm and chasten'd ray  
In pity thro' those prison-bars

Upon that mother and her child,  
As, pillow'd on that aged breast,  
The captive slept a sleep as mild  
As ever youthful eyelids blest.

How often she had watch'd before  
Above the sleeper's placid brow,  
Ere the cold world's bedimmed lore  
Was written legibly as now!

When dreams like angel-thoughts arise  
Within the warm heart's crystal spring,  
And from our young and eager eyes  
We throw sleep's soft and zephyr wing:—

How different, in after years,  
When first we meet the unwelcome light,  
Our eyes perchance all wet with tears,  
From some dark vision of the night!

The dawn unseal'd the captive's eyes,  
But dreams of beauty had been her's—  
Dreams of Eternal Paradise,  
And all its angel-worshippers!

Her arms were round her mother's neck  
While murmuring of the things she dream'd,  
No cold reserve was there to check  
Communion which like angels' seem'd.

"Sweet mother! 'twas a dream could not  
"Its holy radiance round me fling,  
"Had it not been some angel's lot  
"To bear it hither on his wing:

"Methought we roam'd thro' lovely flowers  
"Which sent up Eden's own perfume,  
"They did not blow and die like our's,  
"But wore an everlasting bloom.

"The trees were bending low to kiss  
"The gentle streams that murmur'd by,  
"And all things breath'd of perfect bliss—  
"A bliss that could not ever die.

"And He was there—the Spirit-Dove—  
"Filling with holiness the air,  
"And melting every heart to love,—  
"Love was the only feeling there!

"The fount of tears in every heart  
"Was dried by an all-glorious sun,  
"We were together—ne'er to part—  
"Our spirits mingling into one.

"Dear mother! bless me, and if word  
"Or act of mine has griev'd thy heart—  
"I know too well I oft have err'd—  
"Forgive me them, ere I depart!"

The wither'd hand was gently placed  
Upon the youthful victim's head—  
"I bless thee child, o'er life's dull waste  
"So much of radiance thou hast shed:

"I bless thee as thou shouldst be bless'd,  
"For all thy tenderness and love—  
"For few there are but leave the nest  
"And soon forget the parent-dove.

"A little while remains to thee  
"Ere all life's visions will be o'er,  
"Then keep from earth thy spirit free,  
"Lest gleams of heaven should come no more."

She ceas'd to speak—her spirit pass'd  
Away from earth in one low moan:  
Those words of blessing were her last—  
Almeeta was on earth alone!

Her heart could not survive the stroke,  
Which robb'd her of the only gleam  
That with a gentle shining broke  
The mists upon life's turbid stream.

The sun look'd in upon the dead  
And shone among the frosted hair,  
And then towards the lowly bed  
Almeeta bow'd in voiceless pray'r;

She wept no more—she knew the sod  
Would soon be on her own warm brow,  
And felt that an unerring God  
Was dealing kindly with her now.

That He had spared a mother's heart  
The fiercest pang that Nature knows—  
To see a treasur'd child depart  
Amid the scoffs and jests of foes!

'Twas evening, as a fragile bark  
Swept down the blue Ohio's stream;  
It seem'd as if some fairy's bark  
Had come to meet the Star's first gleam;

For naught like life save that was there—  
The trees that bent on either side  
Were looking on the tiger's lair,  
Or on the river's crystal tide:

Or if perchance the leaves were stirr'd,  
Some Indian waited for his prey,  
With gleaming knife and mutter'd word  
To smite the traveller on his way.

The wild flowers in luxuriance grew,  
And look'd down in the limpid wave,  
Until their leaves some zephyr threw  
Into their cradle and their grave:

And Heaven has spared the captive girl  
For some wise purpose of its own,  
And as she sees the bright waves curl  
Around her bark with gentle moan,

Her eyes are dimm'd with precious tears—  
For memory the tear-cup fills;  
Her thoughts are with her childhood's years  
Among her own New England hills.

A manly form is at her side,  
Who points to the all-glowing West,  
Where they, tho' good or ill betide,  
May in each other's love be blest!

Softly she speaks—"I would forget  
"That there are lovelier, bluer skies,  
"But on my heart a bann is set—  
"My mother's grave beneath them lies!

"One lovely hope is left for me—  
"The hope to meet when life is o'er—  
"And I will keep my spirit free  
"Lest dreams of heaven should come no more!"

Clark's Mills, Ohio, July, 1840.

EGERIA.

## MYSTERIES OF THE BIBLE:

AN EVIDENCE OF ITS AUTHENTICITY AND INSPIRATION!

"Within this awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries!"—Byron.

The Bible never has been, nor can it ever be, too attentively examined, or too highly commended. The obligations of the world to it are beyond the powers of any pen or pencil, of man or angel, to describe. It is the 'Book of Books;' a specimen of unrivalled literary excellence, and a compendium of the sublimest truths; the lustre of which, like that of the 'Orb of day,' in respect of the hosts of stars, that glitter on the brow of the firmament, throws every other volume into impenetrable shade. There is reason to rejoice in every effort, provided it be made with even ordinary ability, to urge any of the countless evidences, of its real character upon the attention of men. This



consideration it is, that has induced me to contribute the arguments, which follow, in defence of the authenticity and inspiration of the 'Word of God,' notwithstanding the striking and admonitory lines of Milton—

"None,  
But such as are good men, can give good things;  
And that, which is not good, is not delicious  
To a well-governed, and wise appetite."

For, in the wild whirlwind of passion, in the reckless conflicts of party, in the eager pursuits of unhallowed ambition, in the all-absorbing devotedness of spirit to the acquisition of wealth, amid the gaiety of fashion, and the zest of pleasure, through the complicated bustles and turmoils of life, the 'still small voice' of this great Teacher is too little able to be heard. But to our theme!

The truth and inspiration, of the 'Old and New Testaments,' are beautifully confirmed by the sublime mysteries in which they abound. This important consideration is not often adduced in evidence, and, at a *prima facie* view, it may appear to disprove the very position it was designed to establish. Indeed the enemies of revelation, for centuries gone by, have wielded it, and, in their own opinion with remarkable dexterity, as an unanswerable argument against the *whole system* of religious belief. The course of reasoning they have employed on this subject, is precisely such as we should expect from the crafty and cold-hearted infidel. And it is indispensably requisite that this *main* argument, of the opponents of Revelation,—this front pillar, that supports the tottering fabric, in which they seek to shelter themselves from the sacred influence of inspired truth, should be fully and fairly tested, in order that its extreme weakness may more manifestly appear.

The fact, therefore, which it will be the object of this paper to substantiate, is that the mysteries in question, instead of impairing, in the least degree, their authenticity, constitute irrefutable proof that the Bible is the Word of God, and not a mere fable of human device. In order correctly to examine the point at issue, and thus to develop the truth of our position in the clearest light, it will be well to ascertain whether there exist any analogies within the circle of our knowledge, which will afford us aid in arriving at a correct conclusion! Is the 'Book of Books' the only volume, with which a beneficent Providence has favored the family of man? Most certainly not! Even the unlettered rustic, whose science and whose wishes are circumscribed by the narrow limits of his paternal home; who has only learned in the school of stern experience to "drive his team afield," and perform the other menial offices of his lowly lot; even he, content in his happy ignorance, has read page after page of, at least, two other volumes, which the objector himself admits to have been derived from God, and, which abound in 'things hard to be un-

derstood.' Need it be said that reference is had to the volumes of *Creation* and of *Providence*.

In order that a perfect analogy in this respect may be visible, it is necessary to examine each of these departments of knowledge in detail. Glance an eye then, for a moment, over the book of Nature or Creation. Survey, with the most minute inspection, the countless varieties of inanimate and animate matter with which it teems, from the atom, that floats in the sunbeam, to man—the noblest handiwork of his Creator, and the most exalted link in the vast chain of the Deity's terrestrial works; and then say—are there no mysteries above, or around, or beneath us? Can the most profound scholar in Natural Science, or the most extensive proficient in Metaphysics, understand and explain a solitary leaf in this sealed book? The multifarious changes and operations of matter and of spirit, have they ever been developed to the acutest intellectual discernment? Who can comprehend the law of gravitation, which governs the fall of an apple, which guides in their orbits those worlds of light, that are scattered with such magnificent profusion through the wilds of immensity, and preserves in such constant and unvarying harmony, the 'chiming spheres?' Whose eye, gifted with power of vision so acute, has penetrated the secret recesses of repulsion? Who can describe in what manner the cold earth, and the beaming sun, and the 'soft, refreshing rains' cause the tender herb to spring up, and ripen to maturity? All, yea! *all* is wrapped up in the impenetrable folds of mystery.

The physical and intellectual constitution of man are embraced within the ample pages of the book of Nature. It is a sublime truth, which the 'Monarch Minstrel' has so happily and elegantly expressed, that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." Who can comprehend the admirable organization of the human system, with all its surprising and complicated machinery? That individual has never yet lived in 'the tide of time,' who could fully elucidate its arrangement of parts, and point out the intimate connexion, that subsists between it, and the immortal spirit. The astonishing symmetry and perfect proportion of our entire physical system, and the consummate adaptedness of every part—of bone, and muscle, and sinew—to answer the purposes of its creation, is a theme of delightful contemplation. But to comprehend and to explicate its construction, is beyond the utmost ability of any created intelligence. The most severe and protracted researches in this field of investigation are utterly abortive. Its very entrance, like the gate-way to the garden of Eden, is guarded against the inquisitive intrusion of man by the 'Cherubim and flaming sword.'

And the Mind—the immortal mind!—upon this subject, 'clouds and darkness' emphatically rest. When we approach a subject so intricate and so

spiritual, the recollection should force itself upon the mind, which rested with such awful solemnity upon the mind of the Patriarch as he gazed upon 'the burning bush,' that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. Not one of the numerous Philosophers, who have labored and speculated upon its essence, until 'their locks were silvered o'er with age,' has been able to *approximate* a knowledge of its mysterious constitution; not one has been able to clear of obscurity its curious and intricate mechanism; to expound the laws of memory and suggestion, of dreaming and somnambulism; to dissipate the shades that conceal from view those disturbing causes, that destroy the equilibrium of the mind, and reduce the image of God to the level of the brute; or to unravel the countless other phenomena of our intellectual being.

On the pages of the same volume—the volume of Nature—is enstamped in dark and illegible characters vegetable and animal life—and how remarkably apposite this in illustrating the subject in question. The vital spark that preserves, by its astonishing energy, all animate matter from decomposition, and clothes it with unequalled symmetry and beauty; what are its constituents? The wisest Naturalist upon whom the sun ever looked; he who has engraved his name the deepest and fairest on the roll of immortality, is altogether incompetent to return a satisfactory answer to this interrogatory. Darkness, deep and palpable as enshrouds the grave—the darkness of a seven-fold night surrounds it. Some of the mightiest intellects, whose memories are embalmed in the records of history, or the treasures of song, have tried, and tried in vain, to pass the threshold of that glorious temple, within whose portals are garnered up all knowledge of this subject. Thus it is plainly apparent that mysteries are thickly strewn over the entire volume of Creation, and although much more is concealed than unfolded, yet enough is clearly manifest to enable us to secure the great interests of our present condition.

Providence is a book, on the most of whose pages are inscribed, as with a 'pencil of light,' dispensations at once mysterious and perplexing. By the term Providence, in this connexion, is meant that divine superintendence, that pertains to communities and families, to nations and individuals, nay, more! to every occurrence, even those of the slightest importance. The Deity exercises his supervision over the most minute, and the most stupendous affairs of creation, and that supervision is constant and perpetual. The most insignificant events then no less than the most imposing that transpire around us, are overruled in their consequences, by a presiding 'Divinity, that shapes our ends.'

That in the book of Providence may be found the most inexplicable mysteries, it will require no labored process of ratiocination to establish. It

will be alike entertaining and instructive to examine a few of those mysteries, which have exceedingly perplexed the best of men.

And the greatest source of wonder, as must appear to every contemplative mind, is the admission of moral evil into our world. This mystery might be contemplated in relation to the apostacy of the Angels. Why was it, we might inquire, that the tallest Seraph, that burned before the throne, was permitted to assume the attitude of rebellion, to introduce discord among the shining ranks above, and be hurled, with his base confederates, for high treason, to remediless perdition. This truly would be a fascinating theme, but it comes not within the scope of our subject. That moral evil has been suffered to enter *this* world, as it came fresh and joyous from the forming hand of its Creator, and deface its beauty and loveliness is too evident to admit of question. And the inquiry occurs spontaneously in every mind, whence came this mighty moral miasma? Nor is it enough to return the oft-repeated answer, that the 'Arch-Angel ruined' introduced it—that it is here solely through his instrumentality. Such a reply will not, cannot suffice; it can never relieve a single anxiety, it can never satisfy a single doubt. For then, with propriety, the question recurs—why was he permitted to accomplish so ruinous a work; why was he permitted to pluck this 'new star' out of the hand of its glorious Architect, and quench its light well nigh forever? The only answer, that can possibly be given, may be appropriately expressed in the sublime language uttered, in relation to the Deity, by the 'Man of Uz'—"He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his cloud upon it."

There is something perplexing, too, in the fact, that moral evil was not only allowed to *enter* the world, but also to *continue* in it, and that its votaries have, hitherto, constituted so large a majority of mankind. This enemy, of all goodness, might easily have been restrained in its death-bearing march. After it had made its first incursion, with a single volition Omnipotence might have arrested its progress, and swept it from the earth. He might have caused the fair fruits, it had nipped, to bloom again; the flowers, it had blighted, to diffuse as sweet a fragrance as before; and instead of the blazing Guards, that protected the gates of Paradise, he might have placed, once more in the garden, Angels with smiles of love, and accents of celestial joy. If then this smiling garden of the Lord might have been preserved from the mildew and the blight, why has it been visited with such fearful devastation.

The Providence of God is dark and inscrutable, likewise, in elevating the *worst* of mankind to wealth, to honor, and to power; and in leaving the virtuous and the upright to obscurity, and subjection and want. In every period of the world's history, the correctness of this position has been verified.



The dissolute and abandoned—those, who have plunged the deepest in the turbid waters of iniquity—have been crowned with riches, and prospered in their households, and raised to authority and distinction; while eminently pious and devoted men have been obliged to pass through an almost uninterrupted scene of suffering and trial; this world has been to them, indeed, ‘a vale of tears.’ “I have often,” was the remark of a refined and educated Heathen, “been at a loss to determine whether God or chance presides over the destinies of men, since the good fall into misfortunes, which overwhelm them, and persons, of an opposite character enjoy, in their families, a brilliant prosperity, contrary to all expectation.”

Why were Nebuchadnezzar, and Antiochus, and Herod permitted to desolate the earth, and revel in luxury, and sweep over the countries they ruled like whirlwinds of wrath; while good men, of the same period, were pining under poverty, subjected to reproaches, and exposed to every species of torture a refined ingenuity, quickened by the deadliest malice, could invent. Why lived Nero and Caligula and Domitian, and why was the infant church subjected to their cruel persecutions, and its innocent members compelled to meet death in every appalling form? Whence all the untold severities of the ‘Papal Hierarchy,’ which continued through a thousand years of more than Egyptian darkness? Why was this ‘Apocalyptic Beast,’ in the shape of the Spanish Inquisition, raised from the bottomless pit, arrayed in a scarlet vesture, and sent forth to scathe the soil of Europe with the blood of the saints? Why were the bloody Mary, the haughty Elizabeth, and the dissolute Charles allowed to pursue their disastrous career, and inflict tortures upon good citizens, and loyal subjects, the bare recital of which must *chill* us with horror? These things were so. You must commit all history to the flames, before you can controvert these startling facts. Is there no God, that rules the affairs of men—why then does he permit these awful enormities? Surely his dealings with man are inexplicable!

The circumstances, which attend the commencement and the close of life in respect to many individuals of the human race, are among the Arcana of God’s providence. How frequently is a large retinue of offspring born to persons of vicious habits and pursuits—to those, who will exercise over the ‘young immortals’ committed to their care an influence pernicious to the last degree. Thus, at the very starting point of their existence, they are involved in circumstances, whose chief—may it not be said, whose *only* tendency, is to give them a wrong direction, and set them out on the great *thorough-fare* to ruin. This fact is too familiar to need confirmation, and it furnishes one of the darkest pages in the book of Providence.

The same thing is observable at the termination of this mortal scene—at the winding up of the

great drama of human life. When the ‘grim messenger of death’ is sent to execute his commission upon any of our race, he often passes by the useless, and even those, who are perpetrating actual wickedness, and summons away those, who are replete with usefulness, or replete with promise to the world. Here a good husband—the prop and glory of a dependent family—is rudely assailed by the ‘King of Terrors,’ and his wife and little ones are thrown upon the cold charities of an unfeeling world; while he, who is sunken in abomination, and leprous with crime, is suffered to survive, a withering curse to his family and friends. On this hand, a mother, rich in all the qualifications of that important relation, is removed in the midst of her days, and when her services are most required; while, she, who is dissolute, and abandoned, and steeped in infamy is left behind. Here falls the lovely youth, in the midst of beauty and promise—his sun has set ere it reached its meridian, and when it was careering with unclouded splendor, and there the hoary-headed blasphemer lives on to utter still his horrid imprecations. Verily the dealings of God are perplexing. He cuts short the life of usefulness, he prostrates the ‘pillars of the church,’ he removes the brightest ornaments of the state. What vacancies he creates! what bereavements he causes! what disappointments he occasions! what heart-bleedings and heart breakings! “How frequently he strikes just where we think he should not, and nothing in the Universe can ward off the blow! And yet, how strange! how inexplicable! he often spares the wretch, who bares his bosom to the stroke, and begs that he may die.” The world is full of such mysteries, and they all belong to the book of Providence. Enough can be seen, it is true, to illustrate the benevolence of the Deity; but far the greater part is involved in impenetrable obscurity. Before we can understand the *whole*, we must wait until “we see, as we are seen, and know, as we are known.”

Thus have the volumes, of Creation and of Providence, been opened, and a few leaves been hastily turned over for examination; and who can fail to perceive that mysteries *abound* through the pages of each of them. If now, when the eye is directed to the word of inspiration, not a shade of uncertainty should be found to obscure its contents, while both the other books, intended for the same object, and derived from the same ‘great Original,’ are shrouded in darkness and doubt; would not the infidel himself maintain, in supercilious contempt, that the same glorious Being would never conduct so contrary to himself—that he would never be guilty of so palpable an inconsistency as, when he had given to man *two* transcripts of his will, which were *crowded* with ‘things of undecipherable import,’ to give him another for the same purpose, from which every thing deep and inexplicable is excluded. Nor could such reasoning, on any cor-

rect, philosophical principle, be satisfactorily answered. But, thanks to God! the Bible is precisely analogous with the other volumes, which were written with the finger of Divinity; it has the same impress and superscription, and contains therein strong presumptive proof of its authenticity. It matters not how numerous, and how various may be the passages that are fraught with mystery, provided they are not absurd or contradictory, and provided also sufficient truth is unfolded to our view. And such is, indeed, the fact. For as in Creation, sufficient light beams upon man to enable him to supply the pressing wants of his current existence; so in the volume of Revelation enough, and more than enough, is intelligible, to instruct him how he may fitly prepare himself for future and unending being. The Bible, then, with its sublime mysteries, and its elevated character, possesses the strongest evidence of its authenticity and inspiration. And unless it can be proved, that these mysteries are absurd or contradictory, it will remain, through all time, an undisputed monument of Divine benevolence. Then

"Here let us breathe; and happily institute  
A course of learning, and ingenious studies."

W. G. HOWARD.

*Chillicothe, Ohio, July 28, 1840.*

## THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

Thou wert heard by the calm sea-side, of yore,  
In wildering strains from a shell to pour;  
Flinging thy tones of magical sound  
Joyously forth to the elements round—  
The waves to thy cadences rose and fell,  
And the wild winds listened—then caught the swell,  
And out over valley and hill-side fell,  
Bore gladly the echoing melody.

Thou wert there, at the stately banquetings  
Of the bygone days, in the halls of kings;  
Where, from fretted ceiling and pillar'd wall  
Streamed gorgeous light on the festival;  
And incense, and perfumes were floating round,  
From censers, and wine cups with garlands crowned—  
With chords loud pealing, and flute-notes low,  
Mingling with song in inspiring flow.

Where banners abroad to the winds were flung,  
'Mid the flash of spears, have thy trump-notes rung;  
And the loud war-song, like a spell of power,  
Hath nerved arm and sword in the perilous hour—  
Thy wail hath gone forth o'er the foughten field,  
For the conqueror cradled upon his shield;  
And at funeral rite, through arched aisles dim,  
Thou hast hymned for the parted, a requiem.

At the knightly board, thou wert heard to pour  
From the thrilling harp of the troubadour;  
And under a vine-wreathed lattice high,  
Swelled thy passionate lays, 'neath a moonlit sky—

Thou art sounding at eve by the peasant's cot,  
To the bounding dance—making glad the spot;  
And the mariner out on the stormy sea,  
Wiles the long night-watch with thy melody.

They are past, the days of the stately yore,  
With all of pageant and pomp they wore;  
And the harp is silent in hall and bower,  
Yet earth still holds thee, her own blest dower—  
Still the heart leaps to thy magical sounds,  
As a freed bird flies, or a loosed steed bounds;  
Or sweetly is borne with thy strains along,  
To sadness or mirth, on the notes of song.

*New York, 1840.*

## LITERARY RECREATIONS:

BY ANAGRAM FERRAN.

### PREFACE.

The pieces which are to follow under this general title were written for the author's recreation when he was fatigued with professional labors, and mostly when bad weather did not permit him to seek refreshment in the open air. Since they have served to "smooth his wrinkled brow of care" during their composition, they are now presented to the reader that they may do the same kind office for him. Every man needs recreation of some sort; for "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Light literature, especially amusing stories, have an appropriate place in the economy of human life; and are used with profit, when judiciously selected and not suffered to interfere with one's regular employments, or with the acquisition of sound knowledge. Too many give their leisure hours wholly to this sort of reading. But the abuse of a thing is no sound argument against its use.

The writer felt bound to guard his pen against every thing of immoral tendency, and to make his lighter compositions, either directly or indirectly, conducive to the purification of human life; but he has not interlarded the pages, designed for recreation, with dry prosings on abstract morals and religion. He trusts rather to the general tenor of his pieces, than to particular passages, for whatever good impression they may make. Such as they are he gives them freely to the public, little caring whether or not they shall rank highly as compositions, provided only that the reader shall not regret the time occupied in the reading of them.

A. F.

## MODERN MAGIC.—No. I.

The belief in ghosts, witches and the black art, has almost faded away from the minds of our population. Few above the condition of slaves are so ignorant as to cherish these ancient superstitions. If any have retained a lingering fancy for them, they are the uneducated part of the German Americans, who have been cut off, more than others, from the benefit of schools and the general diffusion of knowledge. But even among them, the grosser forms of superstition are nearly worn out. Some of them may yet harbor a strong suspicion, that the Devil and the witches do sometimes play malicious pranks on poor mortals; and generally the agricultural class, like many others of the same class in this country, do firmly believe in the moon—attributing to that mottle-faced luminary, the changes of the weather, the growth of potatoes, and the shrinking of boiled beef, besides various other things which one would hardly



suspect that cold lumpish follower of the earth to be capable of doing. So freakish, too, is the sort of government, which she is supposed to exercise over the changeable affairs of this world, that one might suspect her of being as mad as the lunatics, whose brains she is, or at least was, accused of cracking.

Early in the present century, while ignorance and her daughter superstition yet reigned over many in our German settlements, a certain German family in Pennsylvania was wofully plagued by some unaccountable doings, which, to their minds, bore infallible evidence that the evil spirit was yet a frequenter of the earth, and as ill-natured as ever.

To make the history more intelligible, we must begin some twenty years further back.

Hans Bergman had lived with his father and mother, laboring on their rich farm and carrying its products yearly to market, until he came insensibly to be an old bachelor, when his father died leaving him the farm. Still Hans raised great crops and sold them, without imagining that he was born to any other end, until his mother died and left him without a housekeeper. Now, for the first time, it occurred to Hans's mind that he wanted a wife. So he began to look around for a help that should be meet for him. He found her in the person of Katrina Spiegler, who was a blue-eyed beauty of four and twenty: but Hans married her neither for her youth, nor for her beauty. She was, moreover, a modest, sensible, kind-hearted woman: but neither for these qualities did Hans desire to have her; his own mother had been such, and he supposed all women to be, so far, alike. But Katrina Spiegler was, moreover, a most housewifely maiden; strenuous, handy, and indefatigable in milking, churning, washing, scouring, baking, boiling, spinning, weaving, knitting, sewing, and twenty other domestic accomplishments, so rare and so useful, yet so despised, among the piano-thumping, novel-reading, and tight-lacing misses of these days. Now we have given the reason why Hans Bergman loved Katrina Spiegler and offered her his brawny hand: he wanted her industrious hands in his kitchen and dairy. Another reason had considerable weight: old Frederic Spiegler would leave Katrina a large quantity of rich lands, fat cattle, and well-stuffed money-bags. Hans knew the value of these things in connection with a wife. Therefore he the more willingly asked Katrina if she would come and keep house for him on the plan of a partnership for life.

Why Katrina accepted the offer, is not so easily explained. She may have considered, that although Hans was elderly, yet he was a good, quiet man, and had a fine farm: to which consideration it must be added that Katrina thought it full time to be married and have a house of her own.

Katrina became the mother of three children, two of which died in their infancy. The eldest, Katrina, named after herself, was much like her in person and temper. But she had the misfortune to lose her good mother when she was three years old. She was then put under the care of a brawny hired woman, who was employed as housekeeper and nurse, during the mother's long and mortal sickness. For awhile the little orphan was kindly treated by this broad-backed wench, whose name was Molly Steinbrecher. But through bad luck, or bad judgment, or some malignant influence of the stars, Hans took it into his head to marry this same housekeeper. As she proved to be a sturdy hand at house-work and field-work, and was too, for some reason on her good behavior while she was a hireling to a rich widower, Hans seems to have thought it good economy to marry her, and thus secure her services without wages. It is not easy to assign any other motive for his conduct, seeing that he was almost sixty years old, and Molly was the model of a supereminently coarse and ugly wench.

She was however a prolific mother, for in two years she

presented Hans with two additional heirs to his estate; but only one of these survived the period of infancy.

No sooner was this done than Hans left the estate to his heirs. He had in the two short years of his second marriage, lived long enough to feel, and that sorely too, what he had never learned from theory or observation—namely, that there is an important difference in the temper of wives. Molly had done what perhaps not one woman in twenty could have done for him; she made him willing to die, much as he delighted in raising good crops. But before he died, he took care, by making a will, to secure to his little Katrina the inheritance of all her good mother's rich dowry, besides an equal share in the rest of his estate; so that little Katrina became the richest heiress in all that part of the country. But the unfortunate child gained nothing, during her earlier years, by the wealth to which she was entitled.

Hans was scarcely cold in his grave before the widow married a burly fellow, who had for some years labored as a hireling on the farm. It had been whispered through the neighborhood, that Molly had a suspicious fondness for this lusty clown before Hans's death. A new and more numerous brood soon followed this marriage with Stophel Seidenstricker. Now the stingy crossed-grained stepmother commenced a course of unfeeling oppression towards Katrina, and carried it on from bad to worse as her own progeny increased, and took up more of her care and affection. She first neglected the orphan, then she began to hate her for being chief heiress of the estate, while she and her spouse and their offspring were but tenants on the widow's dower. She and Stophel, who were congenial spirits, resolved that as they did not own the estate, they would make the most of it while they had possession, in order to gain an inheritance for their young Seidenstrickers. They compelled Katrina to work like a slave from her earliest years. They denied her the privilege of going to school, and seldom permitted her to amuse herself with childish sports, or to visit her little neighbors, from whose society she might have derived pleasure. By some evil fate Seidenstricker was appointed her guardian, so that no one had a legal right to take her out of his hands.

At last when Molly's own children—namely, Lizzy, daughter of Hans, and the young Seidenstrickers, Stophel junior, Molly junior, Adam, Eve, &c. grew large enough to go to school, the selfish couple were persuaded to join in employing a teacher who came highly recommended. But lest their patronage should cost money, they made it a condition that the teacher should board with them. Thus they could pay for the schooling of their family in sourkrout, krout-salad, schmeerkaes, and other cheap productions of the farm. Katrina, now fifteen years old, was, for shame, permitted to go one winter to school with the younger children.

The schoolmaster was a young man of German extraction, named Frederick Winkelman, a self-made scholar, well acquainted with both English and German, imbued with an ardent thirst for knowledge, particularly for natural philosophy and chemistry. He had a fine mechanical genius, and a ready hand, as well as a ready wit, for all sorts of ingenious contrivances.

He soon discovered that Katrina was not only a blue-eyed beauty, as her mother had been, and endued with the same sweetness of temper, but that she had an uncommon capacity for learning. Hence he took great pleasure in teaching her; besides the daily lessons recited at the school-house, he assisted her to improve every spare hour at home, and was rewarded for his pains by her grateful docility and extraordinary progress. In six months she had learned to read both German and English. The latter language she could scarcely speak at all before she went to school: now she could pronounce it correctly, and understand the greater part of what she read. She had also made some progress

in writing. Had her cross stepmother and churlish guardian favored her studies she could have learned more; but they kept her employed in some drudgery at home during most of the time while she was not in school.

When the warm weather returned, and the labors of the farm thickened, the school was suspended, because the thrifty farmers of the neighborhood could not spare their children from the works of the farm and the house. Then the teacher disappeared until the return of the frosts enabled him to collect his school again. Winkelman spent his summers and his gains in Philadelphia, living cheaply in a garret, that he might pursue his studies under the best teachers in the city. When he resumed the school, upon the same condition of taking out Seidenstricker's tuition in sourkrout, he found to his sorrow that Katrina was not to be a scholar. In vain he represented, that more schooling would be of great benefit to her; that her fondness for learning ought to be encouraged; and finally, that he would rather teach her without pay than see her left destitute of a good education.

"She is too big to go to school," said Molly; "she has larnin enough."

"What is the use of grammar and geography, as you call 'em?" said Stophel.

"She can't make any thing by all this larnin that you want to give her; she had better stay at home and larn to weave and make butter and cheese, that will be of some use," said Molly and Stophel both; so Winkelman had to give up the point.

Katrina was now a valuable drudge about the house, and could help to make a fortune out of her own property for Stophel's children—namely, Stophel junior, Molly junior, Adam, Eve, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; for it seemed as if all the patriarchs were coming into the world again through Molly senior, and that they would eat up this new Canaan which Hans had prepared for their sojourning. There was another motive which determined Stophel and Molly to keep Katrina at home: she was evidently a favorite with her teacher, and was every way superior to their own lubberly offspring. Envy was therefore added to avarice; both united to fix the churlish hearts of Stophel and Molly in their opposition to Winkelman's kind intentions.

But Winkelman was not of a temper to be easily baffled in a favorite pursuit. He was fond of Katrina, and had resolved on giving her a good education. He was conscious of no other than disinterested motives in forming this resolution; but perhaps, if he had searched the secret corner of his heart, he might have found a lurking Cupid there, yet unhatched in the shell, but already so much alive as to add sensibly to the warmth of his feelings towards the amiable Katrina.

He endeavored to teach her by night and whensoever at other times he could find opportunity. But the jealous and ill-natured Molly, when she found that Katrina was still learning diligently from Winkelman, set herself to counteract this scheme, of snatching an education, by keeping the poor girl constantly at some drudgery whenever Winkelman was in the house, and cuffing her cruelly whenever she caught her reading or writing. But in spite of this ill usage, Katrina, aided by Winkelman's advice and instruction, stole no small amount of knowledge in the course of the winter. Many an hour did she study while the family slept; and many were the ingenious devices which Winkelman resorted to, that he might hoodwink the dull eyes of Molly and her spouse for Katrina's benefit.

Again, at the usual season, the winter and the teacher disappeared; and again, when the north-winds began to whistle for old winter to return, Winkelman answered the summons, and took up his board at Seidenstricker's without invitation and without welcome: not because he loved the sourkrout, or any other of the coarse viands which he

got there, but because he loved Katrina. This growing passion for the sweet blue-eyed beauty, so improved his digestion, that he could have lived all his days on sourkrout and krout-salad and schmeerkaes, if seasoned by her honied smiles and ministered by her gentle hands. The envious pair would doubtless have denied him the privilege of eating their delicacies with Katrina, if avarice had not conquered envy; but new patriarchs were coming into the world, and three or four of the elder children, including Adam and Eve, needed schooling; so that unless Winkelman boarded in the house, either money must be paid, or Adam and Eve could not learn to read and write, which were branches of learning that even Stophel and Molly thought to be worth acquiring if they could be got cheaply.

But poor Katrina! they would not listen to her when she asked to go one more winter to school. She ventured to plead even with tears for this boon: Winkelman joined her and plead with reason and eloquence. But what were the orphan's tears, and the scholar's reason and eloquence to Molly, with the broad back, and Stophel, with the bottle-nose? Pearls before swine.

Winkelman was not disappointed in the result. He applied himself with renewed zeal and contrivance to teach Katrina by stealth. The sour stepmother and her churlish husband were not less vigilant to keep her day and night at her work; and such work, too, that she could have little opportunity to connect study with labor. So the opposite games were played until Christmas. Winkelman and his dear pupil gained some advantages; but not such as to satisfy the teacher. He had before devised a scheme, which he now resolved to put in execution, as the only way left to obtain relief for his orphan sweetheart.

The night of Christmas Eve had set in bitterly cold. All the neighbors felt more or less merry, and the young people met in parties to spend the evening sociably. But at Seidenstricker's there was nothing of this sort, except that Molly's children were indulged with a romp, and some dough-nuts and cider, to make merry withal. Katrina and Winkelman had been invited to spend the evening at Dr. Spelman's, a mile off, and the most genteel house in the neighborhood. Instead of being permitted to go, poor Katrina was ordered to sit by the kitchen-fire and attend to the mush-pot, in which the family supper was being boiled, while she plied her spinning-wheel to fill up the time. Winkelman sent an apology to Dr. Spelman and staid with her. He sat by the kitchen-fire and read to her, often stirring the mush himself, while he commented on what he had been reading. Sometimes Katrina was so interested by what she heard, that she would stop her wheel a moment and listen. No sooner did Molly discover this clever management of the young couple, than she came in from the adjoining stove-room, scolded like a fury, and sent Katrina, with a violent box on the ear, to spin in the stove-room where the children were rioting, saying that she would mind the mush-pot herself. So she stirred the pot awhile and then left the room a few moments to see about something else. The instant she was gone, Winkelman stepped briskly into the yard and returned immediately with something which he silyly covered up with hot coals in the midst of the fire. When Molly returned, he was sitting as before, reading, with his back to the fire, while Katrina's wheel, in the other room, mingled its low whir with the riotous mirth and angry squalls of the older and younger brats, who were now growing obstreperous with their Christmas treat. Molly again commenced the operation of stirring the mush to prevent it from being burnt: while she was working over the pot, sweating and glowing with heat, a low whizzing sound began to be heard in the coals under the pot. At first it was so much like the whizzing of a green log in a hot fire that it excited no attention. But in half a minute it had grown so sharp and strong, that Molly



looked into the fire to see what caused this unusual sound. She could perceive only a blast of wind, or something like it, issuing from the coals as if the old boy were underneath with his bellows. While she looked, the whizzing increased to a sharp and powerful hissing blast: the coals and ashes began to fly: the sharp hiss soon sharpened into a shrill and shriller whistle—such as the north-wind in his angriest mood produces in the ragged eaves of an old house in a windy mountain-gap; or such as the boatswain in a man-of-war makes, to pierce the stunned ears of the seamen, during the thunders of the battle.

Ere it came to the worst, Molly started back and gazed into the fire as if her eyes were fascinated. She saw the slender, steamy blast shooting like fury amidst flying coals and clouds of ashes, and reaching quite into the chimney flue, where it dislodged the soot and brought a constant stream of it down into the pot.

"Was ists? Was ists?" cried Molly in German, with her wide eyes directed to the object, but seeming to appeal for information to Winkelman, who had turned round and was looking the same way.

"It is something in the fire," said Winkelman, with affected simplicity; "I'll soon see what it is." So he took the tongs and began cautiously to poke among the coals from which the whistling blast proceeded. In a moment the blast changed its direction, and now shot its hissing stream, with a new cloud of coals and hot embers, directly at Molly's broad front. Winkelman was the first to exclaim—"Der teufel! Der teufel!"

Molly thinking it was indeed the Evil One, took up the cue and screamed out—"Der teufel! Der teufel!" pitching at the same time with all her might towards the door of the stove-room.

Now it so happened, that Stophel, who as usual had been dozing by the warm stove, was roused first by the hissing blast, and then alarmed by the screams in the kitchen, just in time to reach the door in the one direction, when Molly, coming full tilt in the opposite direction, encountered with her massive body the equally massive body of Stophel; but Molly coming with double the velocity of Stophel, it necessarily came to pass, according to the laws of *dynamics*, (the branch of natural philosophy that treats of bodies striking against one another,) that Stophel's body should yield to the impulse of Molly's, and be driven backwards as fast as it had before moved forwards. Stophel was lodged, with his back on the floor, about six feet from the place of encounter, and Molly, still retaining the half of her former velocity, tumbled on him and rolled over him. Nor was this the final effect of their powerful collision; for the romping party of juniors had been also alarmed by the noise in the kitchen, and seeing their father moving that way they hurried after him; and like nine-pins, struck by a well-aimed ball, they were knocked over and scattered by the heavy fall of their father and mother—Stophel junior, Molly junior, Adam and Eve and another young patriarch or two were thus overthrown. To make the catastrophe worse, Winkelman, who seemed to be as much frightened as the rest, came dashing on close behind Molly; and when Stophel fell, and Molly fell on and over Stophel, Winkelman fell with all his might upon them both; and in his attempts to scramble up, from the confused heap on the floor, he caught hold of whatever came to hand—Stophel's foot and Molly's hair—and thus made confusion worse confounded, and increased the groans and screams of the frightened Seidenstrickers. The terror was no little aggravated by the total darkness in which they were unaccountably enveloped, and the suffocating effect of the smoke and hot ashes which the fire-fiend blew after them into the stove-room. To the ears of the fallen, this angry demon seemed to be in the midst of them, spitting hot embers into their open mouths, so sharp and ear-piercing had his whistle become. The united screams

of old and young however soon drowned even this fiendish sound, and all was uproarious terror for several minutes.

When at last the mass of tumbled and tumbling bodies had somewhat disentangled itself in the dark, and some had got upon their legs again, they were somewhat relieved to find that the fire-devel had ceased to whistle and spit. When the noise in the stove-room ceased, the kitchen appeared to be perfectly still. On looking into that lately terrible apartment, they saw nothing but a lurid glare, from the half-extinguished fire, giving a dim perception of the cloud of ashes and smoke which still floated in its quiet atmosphere.

When Winkelman proposed to light the lamp, he and all the Seidenstrickers were surprised, and some of them dreadfully frightened at their not being able to find it. They groped in vain about the place where it had hung as usual by a string fastened to the ceiling. Winkelman brought a candle from his own room, and, having lighted it in the kitchen, he enabled the bruised and frighted family at last to see their condition, and comfort themselves with the discovery that none had been killed or carried off by the spit-fire demon. But still the lamp was missing, until old Stophel found it in his bosom, with the oil spilled and firmly lodged in his garments, which were soaked through and through about the region of his stomach. Now the wonder was how the lamp got into Stophel's bosom. Stophel and Molly both thought that the fire-devil must have put it there; and this would have been the settled opinion of the family, and an established fact among the miraculous events of the evening, if Katrina had not mentioned a circumstance which gave a different turn to the affair. Stophel, when he started to go into the kitchen being but half awake, ran against the lamp and extinguished it. She saw no more; but as Stophel had his capacious bosom open for the convenience of scratching, it was natural enough that the lamp should be caught and the string broken.

Things being at length set to rights, all except the burns and bruises and frightened spirits of Stophel and his spouse, Katrina was ordered to attend to the new pot of mush—the former having been spoiled. She and Winkelman retained quiet possession of the kitchen during the evening. No other soul of the family would venture near them, lest the fire-devil should blow again. As to Molly and her husband, they had to keep their beds for the most part of two days. Their foreheads had each a bruise upon it, caused by their striking against each other, like rams' heads, in their headlong impetuosity of motion; and Molly's naturally red skin was now more fiery red and blistered from the contact of hot steam and embers; while Stophel had a large blister in his bosom where the burning lamp had been lodged.

The next day, Winkelman and Katrina had the kitchen to themselves, no one else venturing near that dangerous fire until evening, when Stophel, who was in a very surly humor, left his bed and came in growling like a bear about the waste of fuel; for that Christmas Day was very cold, and Winkelman kept up a good fire. Katrina had been ordered to do the cookery that day, because the hired cook and milk-maid had gone to visit her friends. Molly also crawled with cautious feet into the kitchen, eyeing the fire suspiciously: her object was to order Katrina out to milk the cows. Katrina performed all the drudgery of the house without a murmur and without assistance, although Molly junior was large enough to have taken part. But Molly was Molly's Molly.

After supper, Stophel again entered the kitchen, groaning with pain and growling with ill-humor. He took the water-bucket and emptied it on the fire, saying that they should not keep a spark in the kitchen, lest the evil spirit should get into it again. All had now to sit in the stove-room, except Winkelman who made a fire in his own room upstairs. He then came down and asked if Katrina might go to his room and sit till bed-time?

"No; she must mend Stophel junior's trowsers, that had a hole in the knee."

"Well, Mrs. Seidenstricker, if you will let her sew in my room I can read to her, and I promise that the work shall be done before bed-time."

"No; she must sit in the stove-room, and mind the child while she sews."

"If I hire Miss Molly to mind the child, may she come then?"

"No; she shan't go at all;" so there was an end of the matter." Winkelman returned to his own room and seemed to be deeply engaged in his studies.

When Stophel the night before had broken the string, by which the lamp hung from the ceiling, a part was lost, and the lamp had to be set on a shelf. This evening at dusk, Winkelman, in consideration of Stophel's burns and bruises, kindly undertook to fit up a new string, which he tied to the same nail to which the former string had been attached. The ceiling consisted of bare joists and a plank floor. The nail was driven into one of the joists, and the lamp-string was about six feet long. The lamp was lighted and hung by a hook, inserted into a loop of the string, as usual.

Half an hour after, Winkelman returned to his room,—Molly lying, sore and sour, on her bed in the stove-room; Stophel dozing in his great arm-chair, sore and surly; Katrina sewing quietly; the children playing boisterously; the lamp begun to swing backwards and forwards, gently at first, then with some rapidity.

"Quit shaking the lamp, Katrins," said Molly junior; "it a'most struck my arm."

"I have not touched it, Molly," said Katrina.

"I know better, you did," said the girl; for all the step-dame's children had learned from her to speak rudely to Katrina as if she were a servant in the family.

This dialogue drew Molly's attention to the lamp. When she saw it swinging like a pendulum, she scolded Katrina as the cause of its motion, and commanded her to steady it. Katrina laid down her work, and taking the string in one hand she steadied the lamp with the other: which being done, she moved her chair farther from the lamp to avoid suspicion, and resumed her work.

While old Molly still looked on, the lamp began to vibrate again without visible cause—making first very slow and short swings, but regularly increasing both in extent and swiftness. The vibrations were soon half a yard long, soon after a yard, ere long two yards, and still more wide and rapid at each successive stroke. Amazement took hold of all except perhaps Katrina, who moved her chair still farther off and looked on more calmly than the rest. Suddenly the lamp changed the direction of its swing and struck Molly junior a smart rap on the mouth; then it flew up to the ceiling and was suddenly extinguished by striking one of the joists.

Young Molly cried out with pain and terror as soon as her mouth felt the blow of the greasy lamp; Stophel junior, Adam and Eve, began to cry at the same time. Stophel senior was fully roused and began to stare at the mad lamp, and Molly senior had already started up with affright and was exclaiming, "Was machts? was? was?" when the lamp struck the joist, spilled the oil on Stophel and two or three patriarchs, and left them all in pitch darkness; which made it a clear case that the fire-devil had returned to play this new trick upon them. Half-uttered exclamations of terror from old and young soon filled the room; "'Sist der teufel! Ach Herr! Der teufel! Was soll wir thuen," &c. Suddenly every voice was hushed by a strange apparition. A stream of brilliant light flashed across the room and fell on the white-plastered wall next to the kitchen, illuminating a space about two yards in diameter. At first confused images of things danced across this brilliant space, fixing every eye in the room. Then the images began to

exhibit some distinctness of form. Soon after a procession of wild beasts marched in upon one side and out upon the other—lions, tigers, and huge serpents, bringing up the rear. Then all was dark for an instant; when the light flashed upon the wall again, dreadful was the apparition that presented itself! Two figures in the exact shape and the usual dress of Stophel and Molly, were led in chains towards a burning pit, by a horned, fire-eyed, long-tailed, cloven-footed devil, who drew them to the mouth of the burning pit, and plunged with them into the flames. Instantly the room was left again in pitch darkness. A shriek from the females, especially old Molly, and a groan from Stophel, announced the effect of the exhibition.

A minute afterwards, Winkelman was heard on the stairs coming down with his candle. He entered the room and saw the family in a state of speechless terror. Stophel's eyes had a staring wildness such as they never had before: Molly lay on the bed fetching convulsive sighs: and the younger people seemed to be all scared out of their wits except Katrina, whose teary eyes indicated more compassion than fright. He asked in a natural tone of surprise, what was the matter with them all, looking at Stophel for an answer? but Stophel only stared at him without seeming to understand the question. Stophel junior being next inquired of, put his fists to his eyes to stop the tears that began to burst forth, and answered—

"The devil carried daddy and mammy into a big hole full of fire."

"No, Stophel, that cannot be! your daddy and mammy are here yet."

"Yes, but he is going to do it, and he came to show us how; we all saw it."

This assertion was verified by the groans and lamentations, that now broke from the daddy and mammy in question. After they became more quiet, and Katrina gave a distinct account of the whole matter, Winkelman observed that it was very strange, and he did not wonder that they were frightened.

"There must be something very wrong among you," said he to Stophel and his spouse. "You had better ask yourselves if some deadly sin has not brought this upon you, and take warning by what has happened. If you do not repent of your sin, whatever it is, you have reason to fear something worse. So look to it, and mend what is wrong, and that soon; for now the devil has come twice to warn you. Beware of the third time." Winkelman uttered these words in the solemn tone of a preacher, and never did so short a sermon make a deeper impression.

From this night, during a full month, Stophel and Molly seemed to have changed their nature. They knew that they had treated Katrina with cruelty and injustice. They gave her a decent suit of clothes, which they had never done before: they exacted less drudgery from her; permitted her to take a daily lesson from the teacher; and even promised to let her go to school after awhile. But after awhile, as the evil spirit ceased to visit them, their terror began to wear away. They did not send Katrina to school, but were falling gradually into their old habits of maltreating her, when a new visitation revived their superstitious fears.

They had gone to bed in the stove-room at the usual hour. Winkelman had kept his room closely all the evening. Katrina once stole up slyly out of curiosity to see what he was about; for she could hear from the room beneath that he was busy with some manual operation. When she knocked at his door, he half opened it cautiously and told her that he was trying some chemical experiments, which he would explain to her at another time. "If you hear any disturbance to-night, Katrina, be not frightened, for nobody will be hurt." Katrina on hearing these words returned to the stove-room, and presently went to bed, full



of curiosity to know how the demon would play his pranks next. She could not sleep for thinking of what was to come.

All the house was still, and its inmates, two excepted, were as usual wrapt in dark clouds of slumber. Just as the old clock began to strike the witching hour of twelve, there broke out in the stove-room a strange noise of boisterous merriment. Peals of laughter, shouts of mirth, and the sound of feet capering over the floor, and stumbling over the furniture, resounded through the house. Katrina sprang up immediately, and having hastily put on her gown, she took the lamp which she had left burning in the chamber where she slept and ran down to the stove-room. Here she saw one of the oddest sights that was ever seen. The broad-shouldered Molly was literally dancing over the room, uttering exclamations of delight, and clapping her hands gleefully, like one in the first stage of the merriest intoxication. Never had she been seen to leap so high, and to be so full of a jovial spirit. When she saw Katrina, she sprang to her with the agility of a mountebank—caught her in her arms—hugged her and flew about the room with her—till she saw Winkelman enter with his candle. She then let Katrina go, clasped him in her arms and led him a dance over the floor, laughing and shouting obstreperously all the while. Then as others of the family, wakened by the sound, came hurrying in, she caught them, whether male or female, hirelings or children, and gave them the like proofs of her riotous affection.

Meanwhile Stophel, who on the entrance of Katrina was prostrate on the floor, having fallen over a chair in the dark, had gotten up, after rolling about like a crippled bear, and was standing by the wall: one while uttering loud *ha-has*, wagging his head, and lifting first one foot, then another, as if he would dance, did he know how; then he pitched forward like one playing at leap-frog; then he would stop, twist himself about, and, flinging out his arms, uttered such loud guttural brayings, as none but himself or a jackass could make.

When this merry couple saw that none joined them in their frolicsome capers, and that most of the spectators looked frightened, they began to reprove them in a much better humor than was usual with them.

"What makes you look so sour? you aint afraid, are you? Come dance: come, why don't you laugh? Well, if you wont laugh, why don't you sing? Look at you there, Winkelman, you aint glad. You, Josh Krebs, what are you scared at, you fool? Haw, haw, haw-w-w. Hurra-w-w for our house," bellowed Stophel. "He-he-he—eh-eh!" tittered Molly, with her broad mouth; then she ran about the room, jumping up at every step with the agility of a cow, while the collapse of fat on her hips quivered at every caper.

What made this scene more irresistibly ludicrous, the burly performers were dressed only in their night-clothes; that is, they were not half-dressed—the single garment which covered them being too short to impede the motion of their lower limbs in dancing. This circumstance made Katrina retreat to her room, as soon as her first astonishment would permit her to think of it. As she went out, she trod upon something at the foot of the stairs. She picked it up and wondering what it was began to examine it, when Winkelman saw her and taking it quickly out of her hand folded it up and thrust it into his bosom.

"What is it?" asked Katrina.

"Only a gas-bag," whispered he: "say nothing about it; to-morrow you shall know all."

It was two o'clock before the merry couple had so far recovered from their frolicsome mood, as to go back to their bed and compose themselves. Two or three times they had lain down and started up again and frisked about the room, until at last the labor and sweat of the exercise exhausted their strength, and they went to sleep.

The next morning, they looked wofully sheepish. The younger children who slept in the room with them asked so many questions.

"La! daddy and mammy, what made you *hollar* and jump so last night?"

"Hush your tongue, Isaac, we didn't jump about; we were only dreaming."

"Yes you did though," said the pertinacious Isaac; "we all saw you: Katrina, and Winkelman, and Josh, and Becky Feuerbuch, all saw you running, and jumping, and laughing and hugging."

"Wont you hush?" said Molly, interrupting the young patriarch with a cuff on the ear that made him change his tune.

But cuffing the children could not conceal the fact, nor clear up the mystery of this strange freak. They could imagine no other cause than witchcraft, under the instigation of the same devil that had plagued them before. But what a whim of the Old Boy was this? To make people jump out of bed at midnight in a fit of high jollity, and make them cut such capers as they never before, whether drunk or sober, either had cut or could have cut. Long and sorely did they puzzle their brains to conjecture who was the witch, and what the witches master, old Satan, could mean by playing them so pleasant a trick; for never had they felt so happy as they did in their gambols on that night. They could only conclude that this merry freak was designed as the prelude to something more terrible than they had yet experienced. They could not think that the Evil One could do otherwise than mean mischief in all his pranks, and he had evidently chosen them as objects of his malice, and intended to persecute them until they made some atonement for the sin which exposed them to his malice. Hence they lived in nightly dread of some awful visitation. Their spirits fell; and while a consciousness of wrong done to Katrina made them believe that they suffered on her account, the conviction made them hate her the more as they felt the greater need of doing her justice. So they struggled awhile against their alarmed consciences, showing their ill-humor, by occasionally scolding and abusing Katrina; but some alarming circumstance on the third night so overpowered their fortitude, that they told Katrina to go to school, since the devil would have it so. As a great favor, they would exempt her from work, except at night, and on Saturdays, when there was no school. Winkelman was for compelling them to yield more; but the gentle Katrina begged him to accept the compromise, and he acquiesced.

About the first of May the school was suspended as usual, and on the first of November again as usual resumed. As no witchery had occurred during nine months, the remembrance and the terrors of the last winter had faded away sufficiently to let Molly and her spouse recover their wonted ill-nature. They had indeed allowed Katrina some opportunity to read the books which Winkelman left her, and had permitted her a few times to visit the more intelligent families of the neighborhood. But such indulgences were too much against the grain of their tempers to last six months. They restricted her more and more each successive month; and when Winkelman returned, they positively refused to let her attend the school.

She was now almost eighteen years old, well-grown, handsome, intelligent, and as refined both in mind and manners as any one in her circumstances could have been. With increase of years and mental refinement, her feelings revolted more and more against the sort of life that she was compelled to live, with her coarse, ill-tempered stepmother, and her rude, boorish guardian. Though chief heiress of the estate on which these people lived, and from which they derived large profits yearly, she was treated as a slave, and was daily subjected to the rude insolence of the young Seidenstrickers, as well as the ill-natured tyranny of their

parents. Even her half-sister, four years younger than herself, was brought up to deny her even the respect of an equal, much less the affection of a sister. She was taught to hate Katrina, under the pretext that she would be robbed of half her rightful inheritance by the elder daughter of Hans, because the father had willed to her the whole of her mother's rich dowry. Many a time did poor Katrina, during this weary summer, weep in secret for her hard lot among such a brutal set; and great was her joy to see again her dear teacher, who had taken such pains to raise her mind and her condition above what her cruel oppressors would, without his interference, have made them.

When she told Winkelman on his return, that Stophel and Molly had lately become as churlish and cruel as ever, he answered—

"Weep not, my Katrina; this shall not continue another month. The brutes! I'll teach them better manners. They shall be so tormented by the devil—the superstitious fools!—that they will be glad to liberate you from slavery to get deliverance for themselves. Since they have no fear of God in their souls, they shall be wrought upon by what they can be made to fear—the witches and the evil spirits."

Winkelman was too little acquainted with the laws of the land, to know that an appeal might be made to the courts of justice against such an oppressive guardian. He thought not of this; and had he known of the remedy, his indignant feelings would have disposed him to resort to it, in preference to his own skill, in working out deliverance for his Katrina, whose ripening charms made him now impatient to take her under his own exclusive guardianship. His scheme was to marry her that winter, and to rescue her large fortune from the avaricious grasp of Seidenstricker and his cross-grained spouse. He knew that he could not legally consummate the marriage so soon without the legal guardian's consent. To extort this consent and Molly's too—without which that of Stophel could hardly be expected—was now the object of his contrivances.

Katrina gave a blushing but not a reluctant consent to the matrimonial scheme: she had all the reasons in the world to love Winkelman, and no reason to love any body else. She acquiesced also in the scheme to extort the surly guardian's consent by magical operations, but compassionately desired that no bodily hurt should be inflicted upon her cruel tyrants. The magician assured her that if any bodily harm resulted from his operations it would be accidental, and could hardly affect life or limb in such callous and tough subjects as those whom he had to work upon.

He took possession of his room again according to a contract made the preceding spring. Neither he nor Katrina applied this time to the guardian to let her go to school: at which both Stophel and Molly rejoiced no little, thinking that they would now get a profitable winter's work out of her; she being now an expert and industrious hand in all sorts of domestic labor.

While they were yet chuckling with delight at the termination of Katrina's school-days, and the anticipated profits of her labor, they were astonished above measure when Winkelman came to them, and, after declaring the mutual affection between himself and Katrina, respectfully asked their consent to the marriage. Neither the hissing of the fire-devil, nor the apparition on the wall, terrible as they were, had made so profound an impression on the muddy brain of Stophel, or caused so deep a fermentation in the acid pool of Molly's heart, as did this most unexpected application of the schoolmaster. What! Katrina get married!—Katrina cease to drudge for them!—Katrina become independent of their sway! And worst of all, Katrina's large property to be accounted for and to be given up to herself!—Katrina to become a rich lady, and they, with their numerous brood, to become mere tenants on the widow's dower! The

thought had never before occurred as a reality to their minds; and when it was thrust into their noddles by the schoolmaster, who, as they began shrewdly to suspect, was a wizzard, and therefore not to be trifled with, what a progeny of fearful misshapen images of disastrous results did it forthwith breed in the slime and vinegar of their souls! Stophel dumbly stared at Winkelman with expanded eyes, as if he saw a ghost. Molly's ample frame began to bloat, and heave, and drive the fiery blood into her face, as if her insides were fermenting and generating volumes of gas. A baleful fire shot from her eyes. It were hard to say, whether rage or terror predominated in the workings of her human nature. When she was so full that she could hold no more she exploded with a snort: then stiffening her arms, and clenching her brawny fists, she opened her mouth and uttered from the lowest deep of her lungs in broad guttural Dutch—drawing up to her breast and jerking down her fists at every repetition of the words—"She shan't!—she shan't!—she shan't, I tell you!—She shan't!—No, she shan't! Begone!—she shan't; the nasty slut!—she shan't! Get out, you Winkelman!—she shan't!—you put it into her head. But she shan't! This comes of her going to school—she shan't!—No, you shan't neither, with your devil-larning, you wizzard!" Thus she raved until her strength failed and her words stuck in her throat or gurgled out with inarticulate puffs of wind. Nothing restrained her from a personal attack but a superstitious dread of his magical power. She had seen him do various things the last spring, which, to her mind, savored of witchcraft; and she believed that he had some connexion—she could not imagine what—with the devil's doings, from which she had suffered so much. She stood in such awe of him, therefore, that even in the full tempest of her rage, she durst not provoke him to the utmost.

When he turned to Stophel, who was beginning to recover from his mute astonishment, and to feel his phlegm rising, Winkelman again asked him coolly, if he would consent to the marriage? This made the phlegm swell with double energy.

"No!" said he, raising his fist to his ear and plunging it down into the air; "Donner and blitz! No; I say no! Do you hear? I say, donner and blitz, no!"

His voice rose as he proceeded; he literally bellowed out the last words, and closed them by knocking down a chair with a violent fling of his fist.

"Yes, I hear you," said Winkelman, in a temperate but decisive tone of voice, as he turned and left the room.

The enraged pair had a vague presentiment, that the devil would visit them in some shape for their ill-natured refusal: but although they dreaded Satan and the witches, yet such was their horror at the thought of Katrina's marriage, that they could on no account bring themselves to consent.

During the ensuing evening they sat by the stove in sullen silence, dreading the consequences of their refusal, and watching every token about them. They went to bed at a late hour; they lay for hours awake in restless apprehension of danger. But as the night passed away without any unusual occurrence, they were confirmed in their opposition to the marriage; so that when Winkelman renewed his application the next day at dinner-time, they gave him if not as passionate yet as rude a refusal as before.

The evening of that day, and the first hour or two after they went to bed, passed off as quietly as ever; and they went to sleep greatly relieved, and even hoping that no witchery would come that winter. But they were mistaken. The night was very dark and calm. They had been during an hour steeped in a happy oblivion of both the marriage and the devil, when they were suddenly startled out of their slumber by a shock which made them yell with affright. What had happened to them they could not ima-



gine;—it seemed as if some witch or demon had gotten within them and given their limbs and insides a shake hard enough to crack both sinews and bones. Yet they felt no bruise nor particular soreness; but only a strange sort of quivering in their wiry nerves, as if these tough strings of their corporeal machinery had been overstretched.

After much wonder and quite as much terror, seeing that all was still and no great harm done, they lay down again; concluding that they must have dreamed of fighting, and thereby jerked one another in their sleep. Having therefore laid down again, they gradually sunk into that dozy forgetfulness, which shuts out the world of facts, and opens the gate of dream-land. Their disturbed minds were soon visited with demons of various terrific forms, hissing in the kitchen-fire, dragging them bound with chains into the burning pit, and shooting them through and through with lightning. Presently a rumbling in their ears made them sensible of a sonorous impression from the outer world; and audible words mingled with the fading images of the dream-world. They heard a moaning voice slowly pronounce the words—"My poor orphan child, Katrina! will these wicked people never cease to wrong her?" "They shall do her justice, or I'll break every bone in their bodies with lightning," replied a gruff, angry voice. No sooner were these words uttered than Stophel and Molly did feel as if a streak of lightning had been driven through them, and had shivered them like a thunder-struck tree in a field. They bounced up to a sitting posture, with a shriek on Molly's part, and a yell on Stophel's. They were too much stunned and frightened to see or hear whether any person except themselves and three sleeping children were in the dark room. Now they felt sure that old Hans Bergman's ghost had brought Old Nick to punish them for oppressing the orphan Katrina. What to do they knew not. Experience had made them afraid of both fire-devils and lamp-devils: and now even total darkness was full of danger. To go to the kitchen-fire would not do, for the fire-devil would be sure to blow hot embers at them—to light the lamp, would anger the demon to swing it up to the ceiling, and then to fill the room with fearful apparitions. They thought it best therefore to give no provocation, but to keep themselves quietly in bed—hoping thereby, so far to appease the demon, that if he played any other trick that night, it would not be another shake, but rather the merry-dancing exercise, which had made them so strangely happy for the time. They lay awake several hours, suffering great fears, occasionally starting with alarm if either happened to stir hand or foot; and two or three times near morning when drowsiness came upon them, starting more violently with a shriek or grunt, by reason of some dreamy apparition, or some jerk of their agitated nerves; for they had nerves, though tough as leather. Thus the night passed.

The next day Molly's eyes were dull, and her naturally red skin had taken an ashy hue. Stophel was as sulky as a dog-driven swine, and uttered nothing but growls. His phlegmatic churlishness was aggravated to the utmost; but Molly's quicker fires were almost subdued. Her voice had lost its hautbois\* tones, and was softened into such a bleating gentleness as it never had before.

At breakfast, Stophel and Molly cast many stolen looks at Winkelman and Katrina—looks of curiosity, of suspicion, of hatred: often a sigh would start convulsively from Molly's deep and wide breast; but Stophel only muttered a word now and then, with his face bent to his plate, and his marble eye-balls turned up occasionally, so as to bring Winkelman's face in the line of his vision beneath the shaggy penthouse of his contracted brows. He watched for some token of Winkelman's knowledge of the last night's visita-

tion. He suspected him of raising Hans and Satan against them by sorcery, and his phlegm boiled at the thought. But Winkelman seemed as unconscious of the deed as a sucking child. Stophel could make out nothing: still he suspected, and growled inwardly.

Evening came without bringing Winkelman any overture from the distressed pair. But as the witching time of night approached, Molly's face became more ashy, blue and white, and her bursting sighs more frequent; Stophel's face only gathered a darker scowl, and his compressed lips stuck farther out. Bed-time came, and horrible anticipations came with it. Molly started several times as if she already felt the evil spirit within, preparing to shake the life out of her. She had laid aside her shoes and neck-handkerchief, when such a terror seized her at the thought of lying down, that she could bear it no longer. Gathering breath until she had distended her capacious breast to the utmost, and holding it in for half a minute with a sort of death-struggle, she blew it out with a loud "Ach! A-ach! A-a-ah!" When this gale was over, she turned to Katrina, who had risen to go to her bed-room, and said to her with a mournful accent—

"Ach, Katrina! what for you want to get married?"

Katrina was so confused by this unexpected question, that she only blushed and hung down her head.

"Do you want to get married very much?"

This question was as difficult to answer as the former: she only replied—

"I don't know what to say."

This answer suggested to Molly the hope of settling the matter and pacifying the evil spirit, by negotiation and compromise.

"You are too young to be married, Katrina; you wont be eighteen till next month; and I was more than twenty-eight before I got married. If you'll promise to say no more about it for two years to come, we'll let you get married then;—wont we, Stophel?" said she, addressing her spouse in a coaxing manner, intended to soothe both him and Katrina.

"Der teuhenker! No; I wont, I tell you!" growled Stophel, whose mulish obstinacy was now wrought up to perfection.

His refusal was the beginning of a debate which soon rose to a quarrel between the amiable pair; Molly insisting on her offer of compromise through fear; Stophel refusing all terms through phlegmatic stubbornness.

Meanwhile, Katrina had met Winkelman at the head of the stairs, and told him of the wonderful though partial conversation of Molly, and the dogged obstinacy of Stophel.

"I shall bring him to reason—fear not," said he: "and mother Molly is but half-taught yet. They must both have more schooling; but Stophel needs the most impressive lessons. Fear not, my Katrina; they shall let you go as surely as Pharoah had to let the Israelites go, even if I have to bring all the ten plagues upon them."

"Be merciful," said Katrina, smiling as she passed on to her bed-room.

Winkelman after a few minutes reflection, walked down to the stove-room. Molly was in bed, trembling with fear of the nocturnal visitation, and just concluding her last speech in the debate. Stophel sat in his chair by the stove, leaning forward, with the palms of his hands upon his knees, looking sullenly on the floor with frowning brow and pouting lips.

"Mr. Seidenstricker," said Frederick respectfully, "Katrina has just told me something that makes me hope we shall yet obtain your consent to our marriage. I have come to ask if you are now more disposed to grant my request?"

"In two years," said Molly, speaking first from the bed.

This was a double provocation to Stophel—Winkelman's renewed application and Molly's intrusion of an answer—

\*The hautbois is the shrillest and harshest instrument in the band. It is not generally used in this country.

while he was chafed by the recent dispute with her. He rose from his chair in a buff, his eyes still on the floor; raised his clenched fist aloft, and slung it violently down before him; at the same time, stamping with his right foot and bellowing tremendously—

"No! Teuhenker!—No! Die zaubern mögen zu hölle gehen: I tell you no! donner and blitz."

While he was raving, Winkelman returned to his room. Presently Stophel resumed his seat, and seemed resolved to keep it all night. In truth he was afraid to go to bed, and preferred to meet the devil openly on the floor by lamp-light. After awhile drowsiness overcame him: he began to nod: several times he roused himself; but Morpheus was too hard for him; his head fell over upon his shoulder; and the sound of his nose (for he had a very sonorous nose) gave evidence that he was decidedly asleep. His nose played with increasing length and fulness of note until midnight. The lamp had gone out; the moon had gone down; and the stars were hidden by the clouds that filled the atmosphere; and a soft drizzling rain made so gentle and uniform a sound, as to render even more audible the jarring swells and occasional snorts of Stophel's bottle-shaped wind instrument.

Just as the old clock in the corner had struck the twelfth blow of its hammer, a deep-toned, unearthly sort of voice, sounded close to Stophel's ear—

"Awake!—arise! Sleep no more, Stophel Seidenstricker! awake and hear the voice of the dead: Hans Bergman calls thee."

The snoring ceased almost immediately after the first outbreak of this startling salutation; and before the last words were uttered, a growl from Stophel gave notice that his ears were open. When the voice declared that the speaker was Katrina's father, Stophel, with more courage than belongs to common men, replied in the surliest manner—

"Was wollst?"

"You must let my poor Katrina get married."

"Teuhenker! Washaftig!—no! Blitz and donner, I tell you, no!"

"You must."

"I wont."

"But you shall."

"But I shant, I tell you,—Teufel! Blitz!"

What more he would have said in the vehemence of his wrathful determination we cannot tell: the violent agitation of his phlegm had started him to his feet. As he was pronouncing the last word, his fist came down with a tremendous swing; and his raised foot, being advanced a short step towards the voice, was brought to the floor with a powerful stamp—when, to the surprise and terror of the enraged guardian, an explosion, almost as loud as a pistol, drove his foot up from the floor; while the flash that accompanied it, gave him a glimpse of a figure, standing about two yards from him, shrouded in white—the face like that of a skeleton—and looking over its right shoulder, a huge black face, with a fiery grinning mouth, shining red eyes, and a pair of horns resembling those of a bull. The first glimpse, momentary as it was, showed enough of these particulars to make the explosion and the apparition sufficient to start Stophel from his position. He sprang off to the left, frightened in spite of his bullying humor. No sooner had his foot touched the floor than another flash and explosion made him spring farther the next time. But to his utter astonishment and confusion, he could hardly set his foot on the floor, but it was repulsed by a new explosion under the shoe-sole, as if the floor were covered with gun-powder devils that burst and flare out whenever he touched them. He was kept by these in constant activity, (if a fat ox may have activity,) jumping every way to avoid the cracking fiends, and seeming to multiply them by his efforts

to avoid them. Two or three more glimpses of the ghastly apparition, and its frightful companion, still increased his terror: but soon he saw no more of them; they seemed to vanish by the kitchen-door just as he stumbled in one of his leaps and fell flat upon the floor, which he no sooner struck, than a dozen explosions at once, under every part of his body, seemed almost to have blown him into the air. He uttered a sound between a groan and a yell, and rose to a sitting posture without moving farther for a minute. To his great relief all was still, except the sobs and groans of Molly in the bed. Of late, none of the children had slept in this room. He was beginning to congratulate himself at the departure of his supernatural visitors, and to feel stout-hearted again, when lo! to his unspeakable horror, a flaming ball, about nine inches in diameter, suddenly appeared near the ceiling on the kitchen side of the room, as if it had come out of the wall. It swung backwards and forwards in mid air a few times, flaming more and more as it moved; then it began to sparkle and whiz, then it dropped upon the floor, where it lay and grew less flaming and bright, only sparkling and flashing every second or two, as if it were dying away; when suddenly it shot forth a stream of fire half across the room, bounced and rolled about the floor, flinging its fire-jet in every direction, and flaming out all over more and more brilliantly the more it danced and whirled about; till presently a smart explosion interrupted the continual stream of fire, but dispersed a thousand blazing fragments over the room.

The first sight of this ball of flame had started Stophel to his feet again. He stood and gazed until it bounded towards him and drove him from his position. Now he found that the cracking fiends were still on the floor, bursting under his feet wheresoever he ran to avoid the blazing and hissing fire-ball. After the explosion, the ball lay still a half minute and became black and red as if it were dying out. But then little flashes broke from it; these became sharper and more frequent; then the ball suddenly shot forth another hissing jet of fire, and rolled and bounded over the room more violently than before, blazing and brightening, till the room was brilliantly illuminated. Stophel could stand it no longer. He ran first to the one door, then to the other, that he might make his escape. They were both fast. Now he began to bellow like a bull—

"Ach Gott! Hollo there, Krebs!—Der Teufel! Hallo, Winkelman, Katrina!—Ach! Ach! was sol ich thuer? Barmhezeger Gott!—Heh, Becky, why don't you come? Blitz!"

Some of the family had come to the door, but could not open it because it was fastened on the inside, nor could they make Stophel understand them in answer to his call; so completely had he been frightened out of his dull wits, and so great was the noise within from his exclamations, Molly's screams, and the whizzing, cracking, and bouncing of the fire-ball, and the little demons on which Stophel still happened to tread as he capered about, trying to dodge the blazing ball in its rollings and boundings.

Molly had begun to scream as soon as the explosions began: interlarding her outcries with the words—

"I told you so, Stophel—I told you so!"

Then after the fire-ball came, she began to scream out—

"Let her get married, Stophel! Yes, she shall get married—she shall—she shall!"

Finally, her terror so overcame her when the ball bounced upon the bed, and then rolled off again, that she covered up herself, head and ears, with the bed-clothes, and screamed incessantly until her breath was exhausted, and she lay uttering only inarticulate groans.

After some minutes, Winkelman and Josh Krebs—a hired man—went round and got in by the kitchen door just as the fiery-ball after twelve minutes action, during which it grew less and less, finished its work by a tremen-



dous explosion which filled the room with burning and hissing fragments, and left the air charged with the suffocating vapors of brimstone and asafotida. This explosion gave the finishing stroke to Stophel's fright. He was found standing in a corner of the room, with his arm stretched out before him, and his broad palms presented, as if to shield his face; his eyes ready to start from their sockets; his mouth open and grinning; his breath wheezed in his throat; and his chest heaved and labored like a blacksmith's bellows. When first spoken to by Winkelman, who asked him what was the matter, he seemed insensible to present objects, and continued staring wildly on vacancy. When the question was repeated in a louder voice, he started, and without seeming to recognize any one present, cried out like one afflicted with the night-mare—

"What do you want, Hans? Let me alone." Then he relapsed into silence.

Leaving him, Winkelman turned, with his lamp towards the bed, to see what condition Molly was in. He found her covered, head and all, with the bed-clothes, quivering with fright. When he drew back the bed-ticking, stuffed with feathers, (the usual winter covering of German beds,) so as to expose her face, she uttered a fearful scream, and then exclaimed—

"O, Hans, don't carry me off; I will never beat Katrina any more! She shall get married to-morrow; she shall—yes, that she shall."

The other door had just been opened by Krebs; Katrina had come in with Becky Feuerbuch and some of the children. The tender-hearted girl on hearing these expressions of her now humbled stepmother, burst into tears, and coming to Winkelman, she said earnestly—

"O, Frederick, try to comfort my poor mother; she is greatly distressed." Then turning to the bed, she fell on Molly's neck, kissed her, and said in the most soothing tones—"Dear mother, comfort yourself; I forgive all that is passed." Then she wept and kissed the miserable woman again.

The poor wretch was not only soothed by this undeserved kindness, she was touched in her heart: for avaricious and ill-natured as Molly was, she still had human feelings.

Winkelman had now returned to Stophel, being fully satisfied with the state of Molly's mind. He again asked him what was the matter?

"Ha!" said Stophel, now recognizing him, "you sent old Hans and the devil here to shoot and burn and spit fire at me. Yes, blitz and donner you did, you devil wizard, with your larnin. You want Katrina, do you? I reckon they'll carry me off to the burning pit next time. Take her then, you cursed wizard. Take her, I say—Donner and blitz—take her and let me alone, you devil conjurer."

"I am glad to have your consent at last. I hope you will not forget that you have consented to my marriage with Katrina."

Stophel only muttered in reply—"Take her, and go about your business."

On attempting to kindle the lamp which hung in the room, and had somehow been extinguished before the magical operations began, it was found to burn dimly, and with much flickering and sparkling, and now and then a small explosion. After watching and wondering at this awhile, the party from other rooms began to retire to their beds again; most of them with fear and trembling at what they had seen and heard. Stophel seeing how the lamp went on, after calm observation, and a brown study during twenty minutes, muttered this sage result of his cogitations—

"Ah, you black devil, you had to hide in the lamp when you burst out of the fire-ball, and could not run out of doors for the people. You can't hurt me now, since old Hans is

satisfied." So he resumed his chair, while the rest of the company retired to their beds.

Just at the dawn of day, Stophel having fallen into a dose, and the lamp having burnt down into its bowl for want of oil, he was startled again by a hissing sound from the lamp, followed in a few seconds by an explosion which scattered the contents of the lamp over the floor. Stophel was scared at first, but an idea struck him and changed the fright into a triumph.

"Aha! old boy," said he, "you had to break and run when day-light came. You are scared, I see; you are done with me now, since Hans and that devil-conjurer are satisfied."

Winkelman delayed not to improve the advantage gained by his magic skill. The day which had dawned upon Stophel's conversion was Saturday. After breakfast, the joyful youth asked Stophel privately, if he still consented to the marriage? The answer was gruff and rather equivocal. Stophel was evidently in a very ill-humor; his face was as black as a thunder-cloud; his mind was apparently occupied with hard and sour thoughts. Winkelman rightly conjectured that now, when his fright was past its crisis, the unwelcome consequences of the marriage again returned to view and made him hesitate. No time was to be lost. To make all sure, Winkelman rode to the country-town, ten miles off, and consulted a lawyer on the steps necessary to legalize the marriage. The lawyer drew him up a paper for Seidenstricker to sign before witnesses.

"If you can get him to sign this (said he) before two men who will testify the fact, you are safe; he cannot retract after that."

When he got home, Winkelman found it too late to bring the witnesses whom he desired; he had therefore to postpone further action until Monday.

On Monday at noon, Dr. Spelman and another neighbor dropped in as by accident. Winkelman now introduced the subject with Stophel in their presence, and reading the paper requested his signature. He was not greatly disappointed when Stophel refused:

"Did you not tell me over and over last Friday night that I might take Miss Katrina?"

Stophel had studied the subject maturely during the two intervening days; the more he studied the more averse did he feel to give up Katrina and her estate. Finally he resolved to compound the matter with Winkelman; he feared the devil too much to refuse altogether, and he loved the profits of Katrina's lands and labor too much to give them up while he could safely retain them. Therefore his answer to Winkelman's appeal to the promise was—

"I did not tell you to take her now; in two years you may take her."

In vain Winkelman and his friends tried to reason with him. The more they argued with him the more obstinate he grew, until he at last settled the point by giving his fist a powerful sling, and pronouncing his emphatic "Donner and blitz, I tell you, no, I won't."

"Well, gentlemen," said Winkelman to his friends, "I am sorry to have troubled you so much for nothing. Mr. Seidenstricker is not in a good humor for signing to-day; but after he has slept another night and dreamed about it, he will change his mind. If you will favor me so much as to call to-morrow morning, I give you my word that he will sign this paper: I think he will put his hand to it before sunrise, and you will have only to witness his acknowledgment."

The gentlemen took their leave, promising to call as requested. Stophel seemed to be much troubled at the insinuation in this speech of Winkelman, and muttered something to himself about Hans and the devil; but he seemed resolved to defy them all, for he gave his fist a sling of defiance as he walked out of the room muttering.

The appearance of the heavens had during the day prognosticated a November storm, which commenced in the evening. Ragged clouds came flying and boiling through the welkin, leaving crevices here and there through which the moonlight struggled for admission to the earth, and mottled the dark clouds with streaks and patches of silver. The family had collected in the stove-room with hearts and faces somewhat gloomy, from the portentous aspect of the out-door world. When they had seated themselves at the supper-table, the increased uproar of the elements caused divers remarks of a saddening character. Winkelman, whose extensive and multifarious reading furnished him with abundant materials, had often amused the family on these occasions with stories and anecdotes, selected on this evening a harrowing tale of shipwreck, piracy and murder, which seized so strongly upon the imaginations of his auditors, that every sudden noise startled them. They had not risen from the table, when a loud report like that of a gun was heard in the kitchen chimney; followed instantly by a cloud of soot and ashes which soon filled the room. A dozen shrieks were uttered at once by the women and children; and every soul sprang at the same time for the stove-room: old Stoppel bellowing out—

"Blitz and donner! There he comes, sure enough!"

They had scarcely reached the stove-room, before a second explosion was heard in the same chimney. Unfortunately the lamp was on the supper-table in the kitchen, which was now more densely filled with smoke, soot, and ashes. Winkelman had gone up to his room, and no one except Katrina would venture to fetch the lamp. She returned to the kitchen, but all was dark there; and she was unable to find the lamp which had been somehow extinguished. While they were all huddled together in the dark stove-room, a succession of loud reports was heard in divers parts of the house. One seemed to come from the cellar under the kitchen—another from the kitchen-loft—a third from the garret of the house—a fourth from the closet under the stairs—and several more from other places.

Before these alarming sounds had ceased, a tempestuous wind accompanied with rain, began to sing about the eaves of the house, as November winds are wont to do. But this usual song of the winds was now accompanied by music so extraordinary, that the excited minds of the household plausibly conceived it to be supernatural. Before the blast of wind grew violent, a plaintive note, varying every second, came nobody could tell whence: when a sudden gust of wind struck the house, this note of lamentation instantly changed to a shrill scream. This was immediately joined by another scream on a sharper key, and apparently in a different quarter: then a third and fourth; presently several others struck in, as if the air about the house was filled with shrieking ghosts. As the fitful gusts of wind varied, so did these unearthly sounds; when the storm lulled a moment, they softened down to notes as sweetly musical, as a concert of melting voices in a dirge: but when the storm raged again, they instantly changed to the shrillest screams of agonizing terror.

While the family stood shuddering, and some of them screaming in concert with the storm-spirits, Winkelman came down with his large lantern—for the house was so full of wind, that a common light might have been blown out on the stairs. This lantern was close, having only a glass-door to let the light issue; and this was now so nearly covered up by a metal-door fitting over it, that it shed but a faint glimmer through the room.

"Who are they that scream so about the house," said Winkelman: "I never heard such screams; what is the matter?"

Becky Feuerbuch, a superstitious old maid, had been looking through a window into the tempestuous atmosphere, and had her answer ready for Winkelman's question. She

pronounced in accents of terror, that the storm had raised the ghosts out of the grave-yard, and that she saw them flying about the house and screaming in the wind. Josh Krebs then looked through the opposite window next to the high-road, but soon drew back in a great fright, saying that he saw murder going on in the road, and that the screams proceeded from the ghosts of the murdered, which were taking refuge in the house. He was in earnest; for he took his lantern, lighted its candle, and retreated to the barn on the opposite side from the murder-stained road. Thus he hoped to avoid the ghosts. Katrina followed him into the kitchen; and finding the lamp on the table, kindled it: but when she brought it into the stove-room it increased the fright of the family; for it burnt with a dull blue flame and emitted a strong odor of brimstone—a sure sign that the devil was in the house. But even this sort of light was afforded but a few minutes, for it gradually faded into utter darkness.

No sooner were they left in the dark again, by Winkelman's return to his room and the dying out of the lamp, than a voice issued apparently from the wall of the room, in tones as loud and deep as thunder. Even the piping wind and shrieking ghosts seemed to hush at the sound. At first it was like the continued roar of a lion in the midnight forests of Africa. Presently it began to assume a degree of distinctness; in a few seconds more, the ears of the listeners thought the changing volumes of sound began to form themselves into words, and that the same words were often repeated. As they grew more distinct, the word Stoppel was first recognized; then the complete name, Stoppel Seidenstricker; finally, Stoppel himself, who had been sitting in mulish sullenness on his chair, had his listening ear impressively filled with the words—

"Stoppel Seidenstricker sign the paper; Stoppel Seidenstricker sign the paper:" and winding up, after seven repetitions, with the awful annunciation—"If you don't sign the paper, I will carry you off to-night and put you into the fire-pit." Then the voice ceased, and the wind and the shrieks resumed their violence.

Winkelman came in, a moment afterwards, bearing his lantern closed as before. After asking who had been shouting with such a terrific voice, and how they came to be all in the dark again, he set his lantern upon a shelf on one side of the room, opening the door of it, so as to let the light shine over the company. They were startled by the dazzling brilliancy of the light, and by the singular impression that it made on the eye. It was a strange sort of light, and most unaccountably strange was its effect. The dazzling effulgence of the lantern was reflected from every object in the room, in one uniform bright yellow. No other color was seen. All things were yellow, frightfully yellow. Every face shone with a cadaverous, and more than a cadaverous yellow. Clothes of every hue had changed into a yellow, brighter than saffron dye. The black stove was yellow; the dingy white wall was yellow. Stoppel junior's sky-blue linsey coat was yellow; Becky Feuerbuch's flaming red handkerchief was yellow; the green coat of Winkelman; the brown coat of Stoppel; the many-striped gown of Molly—all were yellow, yellow as hickory leaves in October. Dismay filled almost every heart in a moment; Becky, and half a dozen others, uttered a scream.

"What is the matter?" asked Winkelman, who had his face towards the window and seemed not to have noticed the phenomenon.

"He-i-i-ih!" screamed Becky again: "Gracious me! Don't you see that we are all dead corpses? He-i-i-ih!"

Stoppel looked at Molly: Molly's naturally red face was now so yellow, that never was pumpkin yellower. Molly looked at Stoppel; Stoppel's brown knotty visage—eyes, hair, teeth, tongue, (for his mouth and eyes were both wide open,) were more than ochry, more than carrotty yellow.



Not long afterwards Josh Krebs came running in from the barn, where he had taken shelter from the ghosts, with the candle of his lantern almost burnt out. The light issued through narrow slits, as is usual in tin lanterns, and gave a streaky appearance to objects near at hand. When this streaky light mingled with the yellow glare of Winkelman's lantern, a new wonder presented itself. All the objects around were now striped and mottled with their natural colors, yellow being still the ground of all. Stophel staring yet at Molly with stretched eyes, beheld one side of her face assume its natural color. Molly, while her eyes were yet fascinated by Stophel's change of color, saw his nose turn brown again, and a streak diagonally cross his cheeks of the same natural hue; while the corners of his face were as yellow as ever.

While several voices were remarking on this new phenomenon, Winkelman observed that the world seemed to be coming to its right color again, and that he would return to his room. So he picked up his lantern, closed its door so as to dim the light, and went out as if going to his room. Now the affrighted family saw every thing of its right color again. Some of them had wit enough left to conjecture that the yellow was caused by Winkelman's light.

"As sure as the world," said Becky, drawing a long breath, "Winkelman's lantern is bewitched." To this observation several assented.

Stophel was so stiffened with dread that he said nothing, until he saw that all was right again and he began to recover from his fright. The wind and the screaming ghosts were now silent, and no sound was heard but the well-known murmur and pattering of the rain.

"Hu-uh!" grunted Stophel, "he hasn't got me yet:—I still say, no! Donner and blitz, no!" And he gave his fist a dig into the air; but his voice and action both were rather feeble, as if he were not yet sure of his safety. He had not spoken these words more than ten seconds before Josh's candle began to flicker in the socket, and the light in the room to grow dim. This was all perfectly natural, for it was the low state of his candle that drove Josh from the barn into the house; he thinking that the ghosts would surely follow him to his refuge if his light failed.

This circumstance however of the gathering darkness seemed portentous. Trial was made to rekindle the lamp; but more than a minute was spent in vain, when with a dying puff the candle went out in fetid smoke, and left them palsied with fear in total darkness. All were motionless and silent; nothing was heard but the monotonous trickling of innumerable rain-drops, and the short, hard breathing of the company.

Suddenly a light flashed through the room, no one knew whence, and then vanished as suddenly. There had been no thunder during the storm, and this flash was neither like lightning, nor followed by a report. All stared and some shrieked. In a few seconds the flash was repeated: then strange unearthly voices began to be heard, squeaking and gibbering one instant, rumbling and reverberating deeply, as if from a cavern the next instant; then a gradually swelling and continuous rumble, and a discordant mixture of sharp notes and hissing blasts, as if there was some heterogeneous and noisy company of strange beings approaching. Then a lurid gleam of light appeared; then a cloud of smoke became dimly visible in the room. The light increased and spectres of various and ever-changing shapes—some large and of horrible aspect—danced and flitted about in the smoke, squeaking and chattering in language that no one understood. At least such sounds were heard, and they seemed to proceed from the dancing spectres. After this scene had continued a few minutes the shrill and tinkling voices ceased, and hoarse bellowings, with angry vociferations, were heard as if at a distance. Instantly the spectres vanished and all was darkness again.

It should be observed in explanation, that the staircase was separated from the stove-room by a board partition, and under the staircase was a closet, entered by a door in the outer room. To Katrina's less frightened senses the sounds appeared to come from that closet, and the light also by a hole eight or ten inches wide in the partition. This was in the remotest corner from the stove, and opposite to the one which the bed occupied. An old bureau stood against the partition near the door, so as to hide in part from most eyes in the room, the place where the hole was, and where no hole had been seen before.

Soon a brilliant light shot into the room through this hole. The smoke had ceased to rise, and the smoke spectres appeared no more; but in their stead, when the light shone out, a spectre of human shape and size stood out in the floor, with its face directed towards Stophel's chair. It stood still, and was soon recognized by Stophel and Molly to be old Hans Bergman. The features were somewhat obscure and death-like, but the shape and dress were perfect. They doubted not that it was his veritable ghost.

"Stophel Seidenstricker! Stophel Seidenstricker!" said the ghost in solemn sepulchral accents, or seemed to say—for the words were real—"you must sign that paper."

Stophel stared with glazed eyes and open mouth at the apparition. But though Stophel was frightened half to death, Stophel's obstinacy was yet alive; his brows began to contract into a frown, and his half-raised outspread hand began to contract into a fist of rage and stubbornness, when, to his horror, a monstrous black-faced, red saucer-dyed, grinning devil, with horns like a bull, put his head out from behind the bureau, as if to see what he was going to do. Neither Stophel's frown, nor Stophel's fist was finished. On the contrary his brows flew up, and his hand flew out. He groaned, and exclaimed—

"There he is!—Don't carry me off!—Don't."

"Will you sign the paper?"

"Humph!" said Stophel, turning his face to the floor, as if his phlegm was still not quite subdued, and he hesitated.

"Will you sign or not?" now smote his ear in a voice of thunder.

Stophel started at the sound; he saw the black-faced demon staring at him from behind the bureau. He grumbled out in a low voice, speaking to himself, "Donner and blitz! I suppose I must." Then looking up at Hans's ghost, and glancing at the ugly demon by his side, he drawled out in Dutch—"Ya-ah, Ich will;" then casting down his eyes, he muttered and groaned out "Teuhenker! I wish I had never seen that devil-conjurer. He has done this: Teuhenker, blitz and donner!"

"Will you sign now?" said the voice, less loudly.

"Ya-ah," muttered Stophel, pouting his lips, frowning and clenching his fist, as if he meant to nail his consent with a fling.

"Then I'll step aside with my companion here, and wait till you send for the paper and sign it. Make haste, we must have you or your signature within five minutes." Instantly the room was dark again.

Molly cried out to Katrina, who witnessed all this, and told her to run for Winkelman. She groped her way out, and in a minute returned with Winkelman, who bore a light, the paper, and pen and ink. With much ado, Stophel made a blot for his mark, pouting, frowning, and grumbling all the while. Josh and Becky were too much paralyzed with fright to do more as witnesses, than to say that they saw him put his hand to the paper.

Stophel might, if he had known or dared, have contested the validity of this act before a court of justice, since his consent was enforced, sorely against his will, by witchcraft, ghost-craft, and other sorts of craft. But the strong spirit of Stophel was now broken. Never did mule, or jackass, or dogged swine, hold out with more fortitude

against man and beast, than did Stophel Seidenstricker against wizard, ghost, and devil. But having at last suffered enough to know that he could not contend with the hosts of darkness, he grounded his arms and surrendered what he could not keep.

The next day the written consent was formally acknowledged and witnessed. Three weeks afterwards, on Katrina's birth-day, Winkelman led her blushing to the church, and they were married. Thus did he complete the victory which he had so gloriously won. Shortly afterwards the rich farm, with its valuable stock, which descended to her from her grandfather Spiegler, was delivered to her new guardian. Stophel was made to account for its proceeds during his guardianship: but the portion which fell to her from her father's family, she left partly in the hands of her stepmother, above her legal claim to dower. Nor did Katrina's unmerited kindness stop here. Yearly on the anniversary of her marriage, she sent a valuable gift to her stepmother, her half-sister, and Molly's other children, down through all the young patriarchs and matriarchs. Wonderful to tell! Molly and all her children learned in two years after they lost the power of oppressing her to love Katrina, and even Stophel himself was heard at last to say that if it were to do over again, he would not fight the devil-conjurer so hard to spite poor Katrina. Thus ends our tale.

*Reader.* This is a strange sort of a tale: pray, Mr. Author, what is its moral?

*Author.* Moral! Ah, you are one of the few readers who think a tale should have a moral. Well, my moral is that ignorance is no match for knowledge. Is it not a good moral?

*Reader.* O yes, it will do. But Mr. Author, do you pretend that such wonders as you have related are all performable by natural means?

*Author.* Certainly.

*Reader.* How?

*Author.* Some of them are easily understood by persons of common intelligence, who will think a little of the ways and means; and as for the rest, if you wish to understand them you must learn chemistry and natural philosophy. Brewster's entertaining little book on Natural Magic will explain several of them.

## THE CHANGE OF THE VIOLET.

"As the skies and as the snow,  
Blue and white the violets blow,—  
Which is purest, who may know?"

A violet, on her natal day,  
As white as the snow that had passed away;  
Was wondering much of the world around,—  
For many an odour and many a sound  
Came breathing and murmuring to her cell,  
From what or whence,—how could she tell?—  
And wondering full an hour lay she  
Before she dared to look and see.  
Then, timidly peeping her pearly head  
From the quiet shade of her low, green bed,  
She almost drew it back, in awe  
Of the new and marvellous things she saw.

The bees were draining the honey-wells  
Of the scarlet columbine's trembling bells;  
And the star-like wind-flower, fragile thing!  
Bent meek at the brush of the butterfly's wing;

And the convalaria dangled her seal,  
In wrath, to be spurned by the grasshopper's heel;  
And the golden-club, like a giant tall,  
Stood guarding flowers and insects all!

Then, gathering courage, she stole a look  
Up at the trees;—the aspen shook,  
With a gentle sway, her graceful crest,  
In thousands of downy tassels drest;  
And with haughty air the maple swung  
His boughs with purple and crimson hung,—  
And well he might!—'twas rare that a tree  
Could show as regal a robe as he!  
But while the floweret peered and gazed  
In her curious face the sun out-blazed,  
And, nearly blinded and all amazed,

She shrank to a shadow deep;—  
What could the glittering wonder be?—  
No bird it was, nor flower, nor tree!—

And she ventured again to peep;  
And found it was *that*, that gave the sheen  
To the dew, and changed to gold, the green  
On the plume of the humming-bird, and lit  
The foam of the brook, that, in fretful fit,  
Was whirling and tossing, as if its ire  
'Twas spattering out in sparks of fire!

Alas! Alas! for the violet!—

That her ire should ever its glare have met!  
She looked and looked till she felt the smart  
Of jealousy in her simple heart;—  
"Why should yon thing have been placed on high,  
The mark and wonder of every eye,  
With a dazzling face that holds the power  
To gild and light bird, stream and flower;"—  
She murmured out with a sigh profound;  
"While I was thrown on the dark, cold ground,  
That over me foot and wing might pass  
And heed me no more than the homely grass,  
And with never a color my front to crown  
More than that wandering flake of down!"  
When, lo!—as she sadly shook her head,  
A dew-drop over her petals spread,  
And smoothly mirrored upon them lay  
The delicate tints of the sky of day,  
And scorched by the feverish breath she drew,  
Her heart was marked with a yellow hue!

"Joy! joy!" in her glad surprise she cried;  
"Though I may not reach its throne of pride,  
My breast and my leaves have as beautiful dyes  
As it, and the field on which it lies!"  
And she raised on her stem with her aspect strange,  
Her neighbors to taunt with the glorious change.  
The silly flower!—she little dreamed  
How low in their honest eyes she seemed,  
Till they told her the hue on her bosom seen  
Was that of a passion base within,  
And that all, by her azure-garments taught,  
Would the object know of her evil thought!

The violet humbled, in shame and grief,  
Sunk down to the shade of a broad, green leaf,  
And never from that disastrous day,  
When her mind so sadly went astray,  
Was known from the dust to raise her eye  
With open look to the dreaded sky,  
And even her children, dyed and bent,  
Are sharing still in the punishment.

A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

Baltimore, Md.



## POETICAL SPECIMENS.

MR. T. W. WHITE.

*Dear Sir:*—I wish to submit to your readers the following poetical specimens, inasmuch as taken into consideration with the circumstances under which they were composed, they appear to me remarkable. The writer is a girl of fourteen years of age, who resides a few miles from this city. Without a single advantage of education, she has produced poems which shame the efforts of some highly educated minds, which, in opposition to the original decree in relation to them, aspire to be thought poetical. She has never been at school, and the little education she possesses, she acquired at home. Her social advantages have been but few. Like a bird, she pours forth her melody on the air, unconscious of the sweetness of her own song. Without a knowledge of the value of her own thoughts, she scatters them among her few friends with great prodigality. She is unacquainted with the depth of her musings, and like a fountain which gushes up in the wilderness, sending forth its crystal waters reflecting bird and branch and star, she is heedless whither her fancies wander. What she has written has been produced without labor, and without the remotest idea that any others than a few friends will ever see them. Under such disadvantages, she has produced a great many poems of very unequal merit, some of them of considerable length. I have but few in my possession, and from them I shall select those which are most convenient and best suited to my purpose, which is to show that an uninstructed mind, on which genius has breathed its power, is vastly richer in intellectual jewelry than the common mind, whose energies have been developed under all the favorable auspices of education and society.

Without further comment, I offer the following poems to the consideration of your readers. Yours, &c.

Louisville, Ky., July, 1840.

## A SONG.

The day is waning fast, love,  
My bark is on the sea;  
My spirit seeks the past, love,  
And one sweet thought of thee.

Ye zephyrs loose your wings,  
Your pinions spread on high,  
And cool my burning brow  
And hush my bosom's sigh.

There's music on the sea, love,  
And calmness on the deep;  
But while I dream of thee, love,  
My heart can never sleep.

The sun is setting clear  
Behind yon distant isle,  
But sunbeams shine less fair,  
Less bright than Ellen's smile.

## TO A FRIEND.

They tell us that for every smile,  
A tear will meet the eye,  
But you and I will take the glee,  
And leave behind the sigh.  
And if the chords our fingers touch,  
Expend no music there;  
We'll leave at once the senseless things  
And other's seek, as fair.  
And if dark clouds o'ershade the morn  
And beams of sunshine die,  
We'll fix a smile within our hearts  
And leave behind the sigh.

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## THE GRAVE OF LAURA.

Yes, here she lies in dreamless sleep,  
Here with moveless limbs she lies,  
Here she rests in slumbers deep,  
Ever with unclosing eyes!  
Yes, here she rests—the brilliant bloom  
That once bedecked her smiling face,  
Is faded in the blighting tomb,  
And nought can that fled bloom replace.

Here lies my Laura! Day by day,  
Her beauteous cheek grew still more wan,  
And faster grew the pale decay,  
Until I shuddered—I a man!  
Well, passing strange, at length she died!  
And left me childless and alone:  
I stood the breathless clay beside,  
Incapable of tear or groan.

Here lies my Laura! touch the stone!  
Does it not send a very chill?  
Cold as this marble's face her own,  
And white as this she slumbers still;  
Here sleeps she sweetly—falter not,  
For sound can never reach her ear:  
How can I but deplore my lot—  
And mourn that Laura slumbers here?

## SHE IS LEAVING THE LAND.

She is leaving the land of the free and the brave,  
The land where in childhood so gaily she roved,  
And sadly she gazes upon the blue wave  
Which bears her away from the land she has loved.  
She gazes upon the blue hills as they rise,  
And turns to the oak that flings forth a deep shade;  
And sadly she looks with her dark, tearful eyes,  
On scenes that from memory never can fade.  
Oh! well she'll remember the glen and the fount,  
And fondly she'll think of the lark's happy song,  
When her spirit unshackled high upwards would mount,  
And soar with the Eagle in glory along.  
In splendor amid the light throng she will stand,  
She will smile while the tears in her dark eyes shall fill,  
And tho' proudly her heart beat in a far distant land,  
Its home—its best home—is America still.

## TO A POETESS.\*

Hail, gifted one of song!  
Whose harp, breathed on by the inspiring Nine,  
Pours its rich stream of melody divine,  
Our western land along!  
Genius, proud girl, is thine!  
Thou wav'st thy sceptre o'er far fairy land,  
And to thy brow full many a flowery band  
Come up as to a shrine!

Girl of the eagle eye!  
No earth-born mists thy searching vision shroud,  
But far beyond the tempest and the cloud  
Thy raptured glances fly.

\* These beautiful lines are doubtless addressed to the young and lovely disciple of the Nine, whose early musings we publish in the present number—and which come so highly commended from our accomplished Louisville correspondent. The youthful and charming poetess must have been in his mind's eye, although for some reason he has failed to give us that assurance. See the article headed "Poetical Specimens."—Ed. Lit. Mess.

The clime of song to thee,  
Wears not the sable hue of starless night,  
But in its beauty bursts upon thy sight,  
From blinding shadows free.

Before thy dreaming mind,  
Ideal forms in all their glory play,  
More beautiful than clouds that melt away  
Upon the summer's wind.

Upon thy eager ear  
Falls melody as soft as Siren's tones,  
When through the shadowy woods the wild wind moans  
O'er the departing year.

Then oft at dewy eve  
Thy spirit soareth up on seraph wing,  
And drinking bliss at thought's perennial spring,  
Forgets that earth can grieve.

Thy brow is eloquent,  
Of these high thoughts that star-like ever gleam  
Above the voyagers on life's dark stream,  
Like blessings heaven sent.

Thy spirit finds in flowers,  
In songs of birds, in stars that gem the night,  
And Autumn winds that earth's green glories blight,  
Friends for its lonely hours.

Oh, may thy Life's tide flow  
As smoothly on as some glad song of thine,  
Begemmed by flowers and mirroring things divine,  
Without a shade of woe.

T. H. S.

Louisville, Ky., 1840.

8 pages

## MR. JEFFERSON.\*

Whatever may be thought of the character and public measures of Mr. Jefferson, it must be admitted by all that he filled a larger space in the public eye, and exerted a more important influence upon the destinies of his country, than any other man of his time, except Washington. He was a prominent actor and leader in the principal scenes of the revolution; he witnessed the transition of his country, from a state of colonial dependence, to that of independence and freedom; he bore an important and conspicuous part in all the scenes which preceded that great event; and he administered the highest Executive office of the country, on which his own exertions had contributed so essentially, to confer the blessings of free and equal government. The life of such a man, is an important part of the history of his country. His reputation is public property—a part of that inheritance of honor and glory which descends undiminished to the latest posterity. His country has a high claim upon the biographer who undertakes to write his life. It is an office which no one should lightly assume. It requires not only information and research, but a mind trained and disciplined in the love of truth and impartiality. While the benefactors of mankind have a right to demand that

\*The Life of Thomas Jefferson, by Professor George Tucker, of the University of Virginia.

their virtues shall be duly remembered and honored, those on whom their example may operate, have an equal right to know that they see them in no false lights, and are in no danger of being misled by the disguises in which either prejudice or partiality may clothe them. Hence it would perhaps be well, that the lives of great men should not be written until one or two generations have passed away after their death. It is only when the passions of the time have subsided, and the interests of the time have ceased to be felt, that full justice can be done to the characters and conduct of those who have influenced the destinies of nations.

The biographer of Mr. Jefferson can expect but little indulgence from the public. His materials are so abundant, and so easily collected together, that little more is necessary than ordinary industry, and an impartial adherence to truth. Mr. Tucker can claim as little indulgence as any other man who could have undertaken the same work. He has himself mingled much in public affairs; he was of the same political party with Mr. Jefferson; enjoyed his personal friendship, and associated a great deal with him. Since the death of Mr. Jefferson, he has had free access to every source of correct information—among which, the society and conversation of Mr. Madison was not the least. He has enjoyed therefore the best opportunity not only of fairly appreciating the motives and conduct of Mr. Jefferson, but also of forming a *just* estimate of his personal character. These advantages expose him to harsher criticism whenever he may fall into great errors; but they give him, at the same time, a stronger claim to the confidence of the reader, whenever no such errors appear. We think he has no reason to object to the application of this rule to himself. His book, although not the best, is, at least, *among* the best biographical works of the age. It displays great research, and a familiar acquaintance with the history of the times of which it treats. It is written in a style chaste and correct, yet wholly without pretension. This is the proper style of biography, particularly of the biography of those men whose lives are intimately connected with great public events. Whilst it should never descend to the fire-side familiarity of the mere memoir, it defeats its own object by attempting the elevation of history.

The brief sketch which is given in the first chapter, of the colonial history of Virginia, contains much useful and interesting information. We regret that the author did not find it within his plan, to enter more fully into that subject. With the materials which he possessed, and with his habits of extensive and accurate research, it would have been easy for him to compile a historical memoir, of great interest not only to Virginia, but to the United States. It would probably be found, that the principles of our Revolution had their origin at a much earlier period than is generally supposed.



England was essentially free from the first moment that the House of Commons asserted the exclusive right of furnishing the supplies, and fixing their amount. The right of the tax-payer, to determine the amount of the tax, necessarily gave him the incidental right to know the purpose for which it was required, and to control the application of it. This principle had not, it is true, produced its full effect in England at the time of the first settlement of Virginia. Various causes—among which an hereditary and habitual reverence for the authority of the crown was not the least—contributed to repress the progress of freedom, in a country where the weight of that authority was continually felt; and this, too, even after the great and fundamental principle of popular liberty had been fully established. This principle the colonists brought with them to America; and being more remote from the crown, and less within its immediate influences; and being withdrawn also from the equally powerful influences of an established aristocracy, it is reasonable to suppose that the principles of liberty advanced more rapidly with them than in the parent country. To this we may add, that their very position—throwing them in a great measure upon their own resources—gave them a feeling of independence and self-reliance highly favorable to the progress of civil and political freedom. It is not surprising therefore, that in little more than half a century—from the first settlement at Jamestown, and in the very infancy of their colonial legislation—we find the colonists asserting the same great principle which they established by arms one hundred years afterwards. The honor probably belongs to Virginia of having first asserted for the colonies, or at least, for herself as such, the acknowledged principle of the British constitution, that those who pay the taxes have alone the right to impose them. The denial of this principle, in its application to the American colonies, was the proximate cause of our revolution; probably the only revolution on record conducted strictly upon principle. As early as 1673, that principle was asserted, in the demand made by the colonists of Virginia for a new charter from Charles II, "That no tax or imposition should be laid on the people of Virginia but by the Grand Assembly." It is perhaps not to be regretted, that this demand, after having been conceded by the crown, was withdrawn in consequence of Bacon's rebellion. If this right had been granted to Virginia, it would probably have been granted to the other colonies also; and the removal of this prominent cause of complaint would have more firmly united the colonies with the mother country, and delayed that revolution which has added so much to the force of free principles, and contributed so largely to the happiness of mankind. Doubtless that revolution would have been brought about much earlier, had not the prudence of the crown, after the accession of William

and Mary, and the greater extension and more firm establishment of free principles in England, suggested a more forbearing course towards the colonies. The exclusive right of taxing themselves, however, as asserted by Virginia in 1673, was never abandoned by the colonies; and the denial of that right in 1764, in the provisions of the stamp act, gave them the first occasion to reassert it, and finally drove them to open resistance and rebellion.

Every thing which appertains even to the early life of such a man as Mr. Jefferson is interesting. The biographer, however, does well not to dwell too long upon such topics. Although it may gratify our curiosity to trace the progress of great minds and distinguished characters from their first development, yet these early indications are too deceptive to afford any safe rule for our philosophy; and we cannot be long *entertained* with stories of the nursery and the grammar-school. Mr. Tucker has prudently avoided the prevailing error upon this point. A few familiar letters from Mr. Jefferson, to the most intimate friend of his early life, give us all the information which is necessary in regard to his habits and general character. We perceive in these letters, evidences of amiable feeling, good education, and correct taste. Indeed he enjoyed the best opportunities which the country afforded of perfecting himself in all these particulars. Born in the rank of gentlemen, then distinctly marked in Virginia, and allied with one of her wealthiest and most influential families; and recommended, too, by his own superior attainments and amiable manners, his early associations were of the best and most improving kind. His education at the university of William and Mary, seems to have imbued his mind not only with a love of letters, but with the best principles of sound and useful knowledge. He is one of a very numerous class of distinguished men, whose successful and brilliant careers are attributable, in no small measure, to the lessons of that venerable institution.

At the age of twenty-six, Mr. Jefferson entered public life as a member of the legislature of his native state from the county of Albemarle. From that time, till the end of his second presidential term, he was continually, with scarcely an interval of rest, engaged in the public service. It is perhaps true of most distinguished men, that the times in which they lived have had more influence in making them, than they have had in forming the peculiar character of their times. No man was more fortunate in this respect than Mr. Jefferson. He came into active life precisely at the moment when the situation of his country most strongly demanded the exertion of his peculiar talents and qualifications. He entered into her service with a zeal and devotion, which distinguish in a high degree his patriotism and love of liberty. Even the excited and ardent times in which he lived furnished no one, except perhaps Patrick Henry and

Richard Henry Lee, who was willing to keep pace with him in his bold assertion of the rights of his country, and his fearless opposition to every encroachment upon them. Indeed he frequently exposed himself to the charge of rashness from the more timid and less sanguine; and it would not have been surprising, if one so young, so ardent, and so undaunted, had sometimes permitted the strong excitements of the times to mislead his judgment. In looking back, however, from this distant day upon the events of that period, we are compelled to acknowledge that what then bore the appearance of rashness was in fact true wisdom: and that the best security which the country had, was found in that promptness and boldness which maintained a wholesome excitement in the public mind, and kept the public eye continually directed to the true character of passing events. In all the earlier movements towards the revolution, Mr. Jefferson was a prominent actor and leader. Indeed it is very doubtful, whether Virginia would not, but for his exertions, have fallen in the rear of other states, instead of leading them, during the violent commotions which commenced in 1772. It is true that Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee, and a few others were equally bold with himself, and perhaps equally determined not to recede from the ground they had taken; but there was not one among them so well qualified to lead and direct in such difficult and stormy scenes. Most men of any considerable character in the House of Burgesses were favorable to a more temperate, and as they believed a more prudent course; and it is probable that their influence would have prevailed, even against the impassioned eloquence of Henry, had he not been aided by the profound sagacity and extensive information of Jefferson. The least that we can concede to Jefferson is, that if he was not the first man in weight and influence then in the House of Burgesses, there was no one who could claim to be his superior.

The sketch which Mr. Tucker has given of the events which immediately preceded the Declaration of Independence, although necessarily less minute than the professed historian would have made it, presents a remarkably clear and satisfactory view of the subject. Indeed Mr. Jefferson was so intimately connected with those events, that his biographer must of necessity play the historian to a considerable extent. The danger is that he will incline too much to that character. It requires much judgment, and constant watchfulness, to keep within due bounds in this respect, without at the same time becoming too restricted. The happy medium is found in such an allusion to public events, as will serve to explain the connection of the individual with them, so as to place his conduct in a true and intelligible light. Less than this would be unfaithful and unsatisfactory, and more than this would be a departure from the proper

office of the biographer. That Mr. Tucker has hit this happy medium precisely we will not undertake to affirm; yet, in reading this part of his book, it does not occur to us that any thing has been omitted which ought to have been inserted, nor *much* inserted which could properly have been omitted. He who would understand the immediate causes of the declaration of independence, and the various public measures connected with that event, without at the same time running the hazard of confusing his memory with a multiplicity of minute details, cannot do better than to consult the first four chapters of Mr. Tucker's work. We know of no book in which he will find all the requisite information in a more analytic or compendious form. These rapid sketches of historical events—given with a view to explain the agency in them—of some particular character to whom our attention is especially directed—are, when judiciously given, much more apt to make an impression upon the memory, than the more minute and labored details of the historian, which have no such connection to fix them in the mind.

The character of Mr. Jefferson appears no where more exalted than in the solemn and interesting scenes from 1773 to 1776. The boldness, and in some cases the startling novelty of his views—far in advance of all his contemporaries—fix our attention upon him as one of the most remarkable men of the age. Filling in succession every place of public trust which his country could confer on him, we find him, in all of them, shooting ahead in the career of freedom; and urging or dragging after him the more reluctant or timid. The true principles of public liberty can no where be found more accurately defined or more ably supported, than in the various resolutions and other papers prepared by him during this interesting period. We have no evidence that he was ever disposed to thrust himself obtrusively into the lead, and yet we find him always in that position, as if he stepped naturally into it, as belonging of right to his superior qualifications. Mr. Tucker has given us a plain, unadorned, and highly interesting narrative of the stirring scenes of this period. He has displayed no extraordinary anxiety to represent his hero in any factitious attractions not warranted by the truth of history. In this he has shown his tact and good taste as well as his candor. It is not in the power of mere language to add to the imposing dignity of the scenes themselves; and no dramatic skill could place the actors in them in a more attractive light than that in which the simple truth of history presents them.

Mr. Jefferson was not less conspicuous in the scenes of the revolution, than in those which led to that event. It is a decisive proof of the commanding power of his talents, and of the high order of his general character, that he retained his influence at a time when the qualities of the military



commander, in which he was wholly wanting, were considered so much more important than those of the mere civilian. During all that time, we find him occupying the most important stations not only in the government of Virginia, but under the authority of Congress. In all these he fully sustained his reputation, except perhaps while he was Governor of Virginia. The celebrated flight to Carter's mountain, during Tarlton's invasion, exposed him to severe animadversion at the time, and afforded to his political enemies a fruitful theme of wit and sarcasm for many years afterwards. Mr. Tucker has placed this matter in its true light. He has given so strong and so plain a view of the difficulties under which Mr. Jefferson labored, and of his utter destitution of all the requisite means of defence, that the most prejudiced reader must be convinced that the course which he pursued was not only justifiable, but absolutely unavoidable. This is the more evident from the fact, that although it was at one time designed to prefer articles of impeachment against him, the Legislature soon afterwards, by unanimous resolution, returned him their thanks for his "impartial, upright, and attentive administration,"—expressing in strong terms, their "high opinion of his ability, rectitude, and integrity;" and their earnest desire "to obviate and remove all unmerited censure." It must be admitted, however, that he does not appear to have been well qualified for the Executive office, in the difficult and embarrassing situation in which the country was then placed. Of this he was himself conscious: for he resigned the office with the sole view, as he afterwards declared, of making room for some military man, who might by having united in himself the powers of the Chief Executive, and of the commander of the army, more effectually command and apply all the resources of the country to its defence.

We are now to contemplate the character and actions of Mr. Jefferson, as seen in the great civil revolution of 1800. Although it would be unjust to his many able coadjutors to attribute to him alone the merit of that important change, yet it must be admitted that his efforts to produce it were more unremitted and more effective than those of any other person. The boldness and strength and originality of his views, had, from the earliest period of his political life, placed him at the head of all great political movements; and he was, therefore, naturally regarded as the most proper leader in that work of reform, which looked to nothing less than a total change in the action and practical character of the government. The result fully answered the expectations, and justified the confidence of the public. If the principles which he then brought into power had continued to regulate the practical administration of the government, the revolution of 1800 would rank scarcely less in importance than that of 1776. If the one gave us freedom, the

other vindicated and reestablished the only principles upon which, under our system of government, that freedom can be preserved and perpetuated.

In tracing the rise and progress of the two great political parties in this country, our author is perhaps less satisfactory than in any other part of his work. It is true that he has collected all the important facts, but he has not so collated and arranged them as to present the subject in the strong and distinct light in which it ought to appear. It seems to have been his principal object to preserve strictly the chronological order of events; and in doing this, he has necessarily separated, and mingled with other events, those which had an intimate connection with one another, and a common agency in defining and fixing the line between political parties. The course which he has pursued, is undoubtedly the right one in most cases; but it is to be regretted that he did not adopt a different one in the instance under consideration. There is no part of our political history which deserves to be more carefully studied than the rise and progress of parties prior to 1800; and yet it is true, at least of the present times, that no part of it is less understood. With the means which Mr. Tucker possessed, his acquaintance with the facts, and his habit of careful investigation, it was in his power to render an essential service to the cause of truth, by presenting a full view of the subject in a continuous and connected narrative. It is true that the attentive reader may find in this book all the information which he requires; but he is compelled to collect it—a little in one place and a little in another—and to combine and arrange it with great difficulty and labor. We think it was due to the memory of Mr. Jefferson to place in a plainer and more distinct point of view, his agency in the important events to which we allude; for even in the short time which has elapsed since his death, every form of political heresy has been recommended under the authority of his name. He is, perhaps, better known as the leader of the republican party of 1800, than in any other part of his conduct or character; and as the principles for which he then successfully contended have exerted, and it is hoped will continue to exert an important influence upon the character of our government, it is of the utmost importance that they should be correctly understood. Most readers will not give themselves the trouble to hunt after truth through the by-ways of history. To this very numerous class—such a summary as we speak of is absolutely necessary—and to all others it would be useful by presenting the subject in a form so compendious, that the mind could embrace it without the labor of investigation.

It is perfectly evident from the history of the times, that the colonies were wholly separate and distinct, except that they owed allegiance to one common sovereign. They became free, as *independent states*; and they made common cause with

one another only from a sense of common danger, and not from a belief that there existed among them any such political connection as made it their duty to do so. The whole course of their state legislation proves this: and the articles of confederation expressly require it. The strongest feelings among the people were attachment to their state governments, and a watchful care of their rights and powers as independent sovereignties. It is probable that the articles of confederation, which acknowledged and secured these rights and powers, would have long continued to form their only common government, if that government had not been found wholly inadequate to many of the important purposes for which it was established, and which could not be effected by state legislation.

The two great parties, Democratic and Federal, originated in the difficulties which grew out of the weakness of the confederation. The war-debt still hung heavily upon the country; the federal government had no power of taxation, and no means of raising a revenue except by requisitions on the several states; the poverty of the people, and the depressed condition of industry, made the state governments reluctant to impose new burthens, which their people were little able to bear; and hence their quotas to the common treasury were paid reluctantly and with delays, and were often withheld altogether. Thus the public faith was often violated, and the public credit seriously endangered. The evils of this state of things were seen and acknowledged by all men: and all were desirous to provide a remedy. Some proposed to invest Congress with a power of direct taxation, without disturbing the articles of confederation in any other respect. This was resisted by others, from that feeling of state jealousy which seems to have been predominant, with a great majority of the people, from the first commencement of the revolution. It was said that Congress possessed already as much power as it was safe to entrust to it; and that the danger to public liberty, from an increase of its powers, outweighed the consideration of preserving the public faith. Others on the contrary considered it of paramount importance to preserve that faith under all circumstances; and they saw no danger in entrusting Congress with the requisite powers for that object. Thus two distinct political parties were established, the one favorable to an increase of the powers of the federal government, and the other opposed to it. The latter prevailed, and it is probable that no change would have been made in the articles of confederation, but for other causes not then contemplated. It is remarkable that the appointment of a convention to form a new constitution for the United States had never been proposed, and probably had not entered into the mind of any one. The articles of confederation were adopted not as a temporary expedient but as a permanent frame of government; and no one looked to any

thing beyond a mere amendment of those articles in certain particulars. Even this would probably not have been attempted—at least not at that time—had it not been suggested by the necessity of reconciling the conflicting regulations of the states on the subject of trade. The only object in view was to effect a uniformity in this respect, but it was found impossible to do this without many important changes in the articles of confederation. The convention was appointed to *revise these articles*, and not to make a new constitution. They found it easier, however, to make an entirely new frame of government than to reform the old one; and hence the present constitution of the United States. The curious inquirer into this subject, will find it very fully and clearly treated in the work before us. The fact is alluded to here, as showing the disposition and temper of the public mind at the time. The articles of confederation recognized and secured the perfect sovereignty and independence of the states; and their positive refusal to invest the general government with any new power under those articles, even when such new grant of power appeared to be absolutely necessary, evinced their determination to maintain their sovereignty and independence at every hazard.

The two political parties above mentioned, were distinctly seen in the convention. In undertaking to make a new frame of government, instead of reforming the old one, that body exercised powers which the states never designed to confer on them; and there was therefore a peculiar necessity that they should preserve—in the constitution which they recommended for adoption—all those fundamental principles which had been so carefully incorporated, and were so fondly cherished in the old system. Hence, those who had uniformly refused to confer any new power on the federal government under that system, watched narrowly and jealously every provision of the new constitution which looked to that object; while their opponents labored with equal zeal to aggrandize the federal government at the expense of the states. The parties, therefore, maintained their former organization and their former distinctive character. Indeed the line between them was more plainly marked than before, in consequence of the ultra-federalism of some leading members of the convention. Mr. Hamilton was desirous to assimilate the new government as nearly as possible to the British constitution; but in this he met with so little encouragement that he abandoned the design. Still, however, there was a large party who were anxious to strengthen the federal government much beyond the point at which others thought it necessary to stop. The constitution was at length adopted and submitted to the states. Here it met with very serious opposition indeed; and it was a long time doubtful whether or not it would be ratified by the required number of states. It was assailed



with great power, on the ground that it effected an entire change in the principles upon which the states had originally associated together;—it was said to be a consolidated and not a federative system, and to confer powers on the federal government dangerous to liberty;—it was defended not on the ground that it was in fact a consolidated government, and for that reason to be preferred, but it was strenuously desired to be so;—it was said that the powers entrusted to it were absolutely necessary to the public interest, and in no wise dangerous to public liberty. It is remarkable that at that day there was no political party, and scarcely an individual of any note in the United States, who ventured to defend the constitution on the ground of its anti-federative character. On the contrary, its enemies assailed it as a consolidation; and its friends supported it as strictly a confederation. The latter prevailed: and, whatever in point of fact the system may be, there can be no doubt that it was adopted by the people of the several states as a confederation, and consequently as acknowledging the absolute sovereignty of the confederating parties. Indeed many of the states in their acts of ratification expressly asserted this principle, and claimed the recognition of it as an indispensable condition.

When the new government went into operation, it was natural that it should be narrowly watched by both parties. They had then assumed the names of federal and anti-federal, afterwards better known as democratic;—the former from their approval of the constitution, because they considered it a confederation;—the latter from their opposition to it, because they considered it a consolidation. The true character of many of its important provisions could be determined only by their practical operation; and hence every public measure, involving the question of federal power, as opposed to state power and sovereignty, was matter of great interest and importance, as settling by construction the principles of the government. Those who had opposed the adoption of the constitution, on the ground that it conferred dangerous powers on the federal government, were anxious to give it such an interpretation as would limit those powers as far as possible; whilst their opponents, who believed that those powers were scarcely great enough, were not unwilling to extend them by liberal construction. It was to be expected, therefore, that the two parties would array themselves in opposition on the first question of that sort which should be presented. Abundant occasions were soon presented. The propositions to assume the debts of the states—to establish a national bank—and others of like sort—kept the two parties in a state of constant organization, and active and bitter opposition. The question between them had changed its character in some degree. It was no longer a dispute whether or not additional powers should be conferred

on the federal government; but whether or not they had, in point of fact, been conferred by the new constitution, and to what extent they had been so conferred. A large majority of the country thought that the true limitations of power in the constitution, had been greatly transcended in many of the leading measures of Mr. Adams's administration; and by electing Mr. Jefferson in his place, they meant to establish, and did in fact establish, a different and more restricted construction of that instrument.

From this brief summary it appears that the two great parties, democratic and federal, did not arise *after* the constitution was formed: and did not owe their origin to any difference of opinion in relation to that instrument. They existed under the old confederation, and originated in a keen and sensitive jealousy of the rights and sovereignty of the states. Whatever modifications they assumed in the progress of public events, the original ground of distinction still prevailed. The various measures of government upon which they differed, served only to array them against each other in more inveterate opposition; but we must look to a much more remote period for the principles in which they originated. Their source will be found in the belief, cherished by nine-tenths of the people, that the states became absolutely sovereign—each within itself by the Declaration of Independence; that the recognition of that sovereignty in all public measures was indispensable to the safety of public liberty; and of course, that no power ought to be granted to the federal government calculated to abridge or endanger that sovereignty in any respect. The new constitution was recommended and adopted upon the ground that it fully preserved this principle; and that the federal government possessed no power under it except those which it *expressly* conferred. The revolution of 1800 placed the government distinctly upon this principle; and so strong and so general has been the attachment of the people to it, that no successful politician, from that time to this, has ever ventured to disown it.

The part which Mr. Jefferson bore in all these transactions is well known. He was the acknowledged head and leader of the party which contended for the strictest construction of the constitution, allowing to the federal government no power which that constitution did not expressly confer, and denying to the states none which they had not expressly relinquished. It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Tucker, who adopted his principles and acted with his party, and who is perfectly familiar with the general course of his opinions and measures, should have been misled in regard to them, by a casual expression in a familiar letter. His language is this: "His notions of the subordination of the states to the united power of the whole, even under the old confederation, differ

"widely from those of state rights and independence now entertained." In a letter to Mr. Monroe in August, in speaking of the importance of a navy to awe the Barbary States, he observes: "It will be said there is no money in the treasury. There never will be money in the treasury till the confederacy shows its teeth. The states must see the rod; perhaps it must be felt by some one of them. I am persuaded all of them would rejoice to see every one obliged to furnish its contributions. It is not the difficulty of furnishing them which beggars the treasury, but the fear that others will not furnish as much. Every rational citizen must wish to see an effective instrument of coercion, and should fear to see it on any other element than the water. A naval force can never endanger our liberties, nor occasion bloodshed; a land force would do both."

We think that a fair construction of this passage, does not warrant the conclusion which the author has drawn from it. It is impossible to imagine that Mr. Jefferson was ignorant of the fact, that the articles of confederation did not confer on the general government any power to coerce the states. He knew that the confederation was, as it professed to be, a more "firm league of friendship" between several states—each of which expressly "retained its sovereignty, freedom, and independence;" and of course, that their stipulations with one another, could not be enforced by any other right than that which belongs to all sovereign nations similarly circumstanced: to wit, the right to consider the breach of a treaty a good cause of war. His language plainly imports this, and a different construction of it would unjustly impugn his knowledge of his own government. He believed that "an effective instrument of coercion" was absolutely necessary; and he also believed that all the states would be rejoiced to see it—a gratification which most certainly they could easily have procured, if the articles of confederation had authorized it. As they did not authorize it, and as he knew that they did not, his language is to be regarded as a suggestion, that the necessity of the case rendered an enlargement of the powers of government necessary; or on failure of that, would justify a resort to force in open war.

Even, however, if Mr. Jefferson really believed that the articles of confederation authorized the application of "an effective instrument of coercion," by any number of the states against any other number of them—a supposition which cannot be seriously entertained—it does not follow that "his notions of the subordination of the states to the united power of the whole," under our *present* constitution, "differed widely from those of state rights and independence, now entertained." The analogies between the two forms of government, are not so strict as to justify any such conclusion. Under the present form, no such pressing necessity

can arise as that which is supposed to have justified—in the opinion of Mr. Jefferson—a resort to coercion under the old form. He was perfectly right in thinking that without a public revenue the government could not long subsist; and there was no extravagance in the idea, that war itself among the states, with all its consequences, was not so much to be deprecated as their certain disruption, through the loss of their credit and character, and their utter inability either to keep their faith with foreign nations, or to protect themselves against insult and injury from abroad. He entertained this opinion the more strongly, because he believed that all the states would "rejoice to see every one obliged to furnish its contributions; and of course, he also believed that the coercion necessary to produce this result would not be of long continuance, and would serve to strengthen, instead of destroying, the league among the states. Under our present constitution, however, ample power is conferred on the federal government, to raise a revenue, to preserve the public faith, and to provide for the common defence" of the whole. We cannot, therefore, be subjected to the alternative which drew from Mr. Jefferson the strong expression above quoted—the alternative of war among ourselves, to enforce the performance of our agreements with one another; or of disunion and anarchy, and war in a worse form, by the want of efficiency in the general government.

Mr. Jefferson, however, has furnished his own interpretation of his meaning too plain to be mistaken. He approved, if he did not *suggest*, the celebrated resolutions of Virginia, known as Madison's resolutions; and he *wrote* those of Kentucky. In these, and particularly in the last, the doctrine of state sovereignty, and the right of state interposition, are avowed in the strongest and most distinct terms. Those resolutions apply, not to the articles of confederation, but to the actual, existing constitution; so that there is no sort of necessity to go back to a casual expression—probably hasty and not duly weighed—applied by Mr. Jefferson to the lax and feeble government of the confederation, in order to discover by inference and analogy what were his opinions of the very different government established by the constitution. Indeed the general course of his administration—particularly through the whole of his first term—and his declarations made without reserve and on numberless occasions—leave no room for doubt upon this subject. Our author has not done justice to Mr. Jefferson, nor indeed to himself in the passage above quoted. It presents the only very striking instance of inaccurate information, or hasty judgment, to be found in his whole work; and its inconsistency in these respects, with the general character of that work, proves only that the best informed, and most careful writers, are liable, in the hurry of composition, to be betrayed into unsound conclusions, and



to the expression of opinions not duly considered.

We have already remarked that the principles which led to the revolution had their origin in England at a very early day. They existed in the breasts of the colonists, and were in no wise affected by the peculiar forms of the colonial governments. They were in some degree repressed by the subordination of those governments to the British crown; but they lost none of their force by this temporary inaction. When the declaration of independence relieved them from all restraint, they displayed themselves in their full strength, and nowhere more strongly than in Virginia. The legislation of that state during the war of the revolution, is a study for the statesman who desires to establish a perfect political equality upon the most certain principles. The acts for the abolition of entails, and of the right of primogeniture, and that for the establishment of religious freedom, were sufficient of themselves, to break down in the course of a few generations all distinctions of rank, even if a perfect equality had not been recognized in the frame of government. Mr. Jefferson was the author of all these measures; and they display, perhaps, more distinctly than any other actions of his life, that high sense of the rights of man, and that strong love of liberty, by which his whole character was distinguished. It was the error at least of his after-life, to carry these feelings to dangerous extremes. In the earlier stages of free government, established upon the overthrow of more arbitrary forms, it is quite natural that the democratic principle should be pushed to excess. This is perhaps *necessary* as the only means of giving to that principle the strength and ascendancy which are indispensable in order to the full establishment of liberty. There is, however, much danger in this excess—a danger which nothing can avert, except the most vigilant guard on the part of the people over themselves. In the progress of free government, we soon learn that true liberty requires many restraints; and that it is not more opposed to arbitrary power, than to licentious freedom. And it should be borne in mind, that so long as these restraints are imposed by the people themselves, and may be removed at their pleasure, they detract nothing from perfect liberty; whilst they confirm and perpetuate it. No man was more conscious of this truth than Mr. Jefferson; but his confidence in mankind led him to rely too much on their wisdom and self-denial. His principles were perfectly safe when entrusted to himself or to others who understood them, with their necessary limitations and qualifications, but they were too philosophical and speculative for the mass of mankind. We speak of course only of those *general* principles, which apply to all countries, to all governments, and to all men. In these he appears to have paid too little respect to the lessons taught in the expe-

rience of mankind in all ages of the world—lessons which too often rebuke the best wisdom of the closet, and put the theories of philosophers to shame. A remarkable instance of this is found in the idea, that the earth belongs to the living and not to the dead; and of course, that one generation cannot bind another beyond the average term of its own existence. This term he fixes at nineteen years; so that, according to this theory, no government can legitimately exist beyond that time. It is not surprising that a mind turned to philosophical speculations, should amuse itself with theories of this sort. They are not amiss in the closet; but they are unworthy of serious thought, as principles for practical government. The well-balanced mind of Mr. Madison perceived this at a glance; and his delicate yet masterly exposition of the subject, seems to have shaken the faith even of Mr. Jefferson himself in the value of his own theory.

We have reason to believe that the work before us, has not attracted quite so much of public attention as it deserves. It is a valuable addition to the literature of Virginia, and ought to be found in the library of every one who takes an interest in the history of his country. As a mere *biography*, it is the best which our state has produced; as a valuable compendium of historical facts, it is recommended by its accuracy, and by the good judgment which guided the selection. The period to which it relates, is by far the most interesting in our annals; and is, at the same time, that in regard to which the best information has reached the great body of the people. The careful reader, however well informed, cannot rise from the perusal of it, without strong and vivid impressions of the historical facts, which he would not so readily receive from any other work within our knowledge. There is an air of truth and candor throughout, which recommends it strongly to the confidence of the reader. There are, doubtless, many who will not allow to Mr. Jefferson the full merit of that character which he exhibits throughout this narrative. The bitter party animosities, of which he was so long the subject, have not yet worn themselves out; and it is natural that they should influence the judgments of all who feel them. By such Mr. Tucker may be accused of too great a disposition to disguise the faults, and magnify the merits of Mr. Jefferson; but the candid and impartial mind will pronounce a different judgment. There are some whose prejudices against Mr. Jefferson, in regard to particular points of his character, are too inveterate to be removed. We are ourselves among the number of those who had received erroneous impressions upon those points, but Mr. Tucker has removed them—not by the arts of the panegyrist, but by the undoubted historical facts which his better information and superior diligence have brought to light. The true character of Mr. Jefferson, both personal and political, cannot be better learned

than in the work before us; and the great and important public measures in which he bore a part, are nowhere more accurately detailed or more clearly presented.

The work, however, is not without its faults. It is encumbered with many unnecessary facts, and not unfrequently runs into a minuteness of detail which fatigues the attention and detracts from the interest of the reader. The author, too, indulges himself too often, in disquisitions of his own, upon great questions of politics and morals, which, however valuable in themselves, are out of place in a biographical memoir. These things swell the work to an unnecessary size, and render it less acceptable to the general reader. It is much to be regretted, that the author did not give to it a more popular form. Nothing is necessary but judicious pruning, to recommend it to all classes of readers; and thus to extend and spread the useful and interesting information which it contains.

### THE SKEPTIC.

BY PAYNE KENYON KILBOURN.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within, nor calm around,  
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,  
The sage in meditation found!"—*Shelley.*

"There is no God but *Nature*,—no Revelation but *Reason*."  
*Voltaire.*

Skeptic! is there no God? Ah, then are we  
Cast pilotless upon an unknown sea,  
All wildly gazing on the void profound  
Unknowing whence we came or whither bound!  
The forms around us are not what they seem,  
Men are but shadows, Life is but a dream;  
And the bright worlds that run their glorious race,  
Are bubbles floating on the sea of space;—  
Self-poised they roll, and self-illumin'd they shine,  
Rise without cause, and sink without design!  
Launch'd on the flood, we trim our fated bark  
Beneath a sky—how desolate and dark!  
No north-star looms, with fixed and steady ray,  
To light the lonely voyager on his way.  
Homeless and friendless on the billowy tides,  
Toss'd by the hurricanes which no one guides,—  
Now fired with hope, now grappling with despair,  
He sees afar some transient beacon's glare—  
Pursues it till it fades, then turns in gloom  
To meet his last irrevocable doom!  
What though the solace of his life may be  
The meteor-dream of Immortality!—  
That spark expires with the departing breath—  
No morn shall break the iron sleep of death!  
Christian! renounce thy hopes, thy prayers are vain,  
The spirit dies no more to live again!  
Why then should holy Faith to heaven aspire—  
Love light the soul with her Promethian fire,  
And Hope and Fancy fly to realms unknown  
And seek for worlds of bliss beyond our own,  
Since the cold grave, the coffin, and the pall,

In endless night so soon must wrap them all!  
I would not tread life's pilgrimage of pain  
If all its struggles and its strifes were vain,—  
If, when its duties and its toils were o'er,  
The day-star of Existence shone no more!

Man! doth it, then, thy high ambition suit,  
To tax thy powers to prove thyself a brute!  
To prove when death the silver cord shall sever,  
Thy love and hate shall be extinct forever!  
Would'st thou blot out the soul—a star so bright—  
And quench its being in eternal night?  
Or dost thou hope, by doubting, to destroy  
Alike the realms of future woe and joy?  
Vain thought!—the time once was when thou wert not,  
Whence was that restless heart of thine begot?—  
Whate'er it be, the Power that formed thee then  
Can burst the tomb and bid thee live again!

See that young widow, full of hope and trust,  
Resign the form she cherish'd, to the dust!  
Not long ago her bridal vows were spoken,  
And now the tie that bound her here is broken.  
She seeks no more the banquet or the ball,  
The homes of friendship, or the social hall;  
But ay, from night till morn, from morn till even,  
Her thoughts are all on him she loved, and heaven,  
And waits to meet him in that holier spot;—  
Is it all fancy? Oh, disturb her not!  
'Twere better far that she should still dream on,  
Than wake, to find her only solace gone!

Say, skeptic, in thy contemplative hour,  
Dost thou not feel the workings of a power  
Superior to thyself—apart from thee—  
Proclaiming thine own immortality?  
Hast thou not seen a spirit in thy path  
Inviting thee to flee from coming wrath?  
Or heard the warning-whisper in thine ear,  
To turn, ere yet thy latter day draws near?  
Tread thou the path that heavenly spirit trod,—  
The voice of conscience is the voice of God.  
Nor follow fame,—it lures but to ensnare—  
Bow at His shrine and pay thy homage there!  
We should not say death closes our career,  
Nor measure life by its existence here.  
When yonder orb its mission shall resign,  
Shall wax and wane in Nature's hoar decline,—  
Nay, when the glare of its far-gleaming fire,  
Like earthly lamp, shall flicker and expire,  
We shall live on, akin, O God! to thee,  
Through the vast cycles of eternity!  
ETERNITY! that sound might almost stir  
With life the dry bones of the sepulchre!  
To war or waves, bewildered, ye may fly,  
And seek for death, skeptics, ye cannot die!  
The soul—the soul redeem'd and purified—  
Shall live, though all things perish here beside.  
Even now it loves, and, though the world reviles,  
Walks in the sunlight of celestial smiles,  
Or, mounting upward on ethereal wings,  
Soars with the Eagle, with the seraph sings.  
Its course is heavenward, and its thoughts and themes,  
Snatch'd from the ruins of dissolving dreams,  
Are but the silent echo of His voice,  
Who bids the wicked mourn, the good rejoice!  
If here, fettered with dust and scarr'd with sin,  
It pants for heaven, and feels the glow within,  
How will its powers expand, its triumphs swell,  
When Death unlocks the weary captive's cell!

Each distant orb its grateful tribute brings  
And joins its anthems to the King of Kings!  
And Nature, with her Babel-tongues, sings out  
Her everlasting jubilee;—the shout



Of storm-vex'd oceans, and the thunder-shock,  
 All speak of Him whom thou hast dared to mock !  
 Go to the woodlands in the summer-days,—  
 A thousand happy voices hymn His praise ;—  
 From earth and air the same glad notes are given,  
 Swell on the breeze, and, mingling, mount to heaven !  
 The winds, the wild-bird's song, the insect's hum,  
 Are vocal with His praise—wilt *thou* be dumb ?  
 Yet, if thou spurn'st the God *we* worship, go  
 To the green hills when tints of Morning glow,  
 Unloose thy thoughts, and give thy spirit scope,  
 And drink, from wells of Truth, the draughts of Hope,  
 And there, beneath the limitless expanse,  
 Kneel and adore thy great Creator, CHANCE !

Man—man alone,—thirsting for power and pelf,  
 Hath dethroned God and deified himself,—  
 Or, lost amid the ruins of the Fall,  
 Hath worship'd Nature as the God of all !  
 As well might he attempt, in mist and vapors  
 To blot the sun, and light the world with tapers ;  
 Or prove that the cold statue at the fountain  
 First made the hand that hew'd it from the mountain !

And some there are, bearing the *Christian* name,  
 Who shrink from toil, and fear the taunt of shame,—  
 And love the world, its gaiety and strife ;  
 —Dead blossoms clinging to the tree of life,—  
 On which the dew-drops and the showers may fall :  
 They only rot, and cast a blight on all !  
 Gird on thy armor, Soldier of the Cross !  
 Why pause to count thy earthly gain or loss ?  
 Is there no meed but laurels red and gory,  
 To lure thee on to conquest and to glory ?  
 Is't not enough to feed Ambition's flame,  
 —A world to win, a *lost* world to reclaim ?  
 Press on !—the lights of heaven before thee shine—  
 Press on !—a wreath unfading shall be thine !

### A. B. LONGSTREET'S ADDRESS.\*

We are pleased with this Address, from our hasty perusal of it. It was delivered by President Longstreet, at his Inauguration, on the tenth of February last. It is a noble opportunity for one to speak for humanity, for his country, and for his God, when he has the ear of ardent, active and expecting youth open to his teachings—particularly in a land like ours. It is then surely a time for practical, strong, energetic precepts—a time to lay broad and deep and immutable foundations of true benefit and happiness. With these ideas eloquent within him, we may believe President Longstreet spoke. We will give our readers some idea of the production before us, by a few extracts ; and the first is an eloquent rebuke of those who enjoying the benefits of practical knowledge all around them, in almost every step they take, still cry out seemingly against Education. Of this class, President Longstreet thus remarks :

"I speak of those who oppose all colleges, upon the ground that they are useless. They can scarcely touch a household or farming utensil that is not directly or indirectly a trophy of science. They cannot know the boundaries or contents of their own lands, without it ; and yet they are ever exclaiming, 'What good has education ever done ?' They will sweep over a space of a hundred and fifty miles in a day, with the product of their whole year's labor by their sides, vend it at the best market on the seaboard, and

return with its proceeds to their homes in the same time, and all the way exclaim, 'What good has education ever done !' They will see their invaluable staple scudding down three hundred mile's length of river, enter the ocean, shoot across the wide Atlantic, undergo a magic transformation, and return to them in beautiful and useful fabrics—all in the space of a few short months, and all with the exertion of little more physical power than a child could command ; and all the time they will exclaim, 'What good has education ever done !' They will take the seven-penny calendar from their fire-side, read with pleasure the date of the coming comet or eclipse, and witness their return with delight—phenomena that a few centuries back filled the world with alarm and made piety ridiculous, and all the time they will exclaim, 'What good has education ever done !'"

We like the following :

"I rejoice that the gifted sons of the soil, begin to discover that there are other and more useful fields of labor for talent at this time, than the forum or senate house. I rejoice that I have lived to see the dawn, or rather the return of that patriotism which looks to the permanent good of the country, more than to the momentary triumph of a party—which prefers the chaplet that a grateful posterity weaves around their benefactor's shrine, to the brightest garland that withers with the wearer's cheek, and is buried in the wearer's grave. In hoary old age, it is lovely ; in youth's vigor, and ambition's noon-day, it is morally sublime."

We give the following defence of the manual labor system ; upon which there is a difference of opinion—we cannot say that we are decided in our own minds as to its efficacy—but let the public hear.

"I repeat it, the fault cannot be in the system ; it must be in parents, preceptors, or pupils ; and there can be no difficulty in giving it its proper location, if a very generally received opinion be true ; namely, 'that the manual labor system will do very well for schools, but will not do for colleges.' If so, the conclusion is inevitable, that manual labor will not do for colleges, because collegians will not do manual labor. Schools and colleges are composed of precisely the same individuals, changed only in age and size. Why can they pass creditably through the school, and not continue their onward course through college ? There is but one answer to this question, and it is so discreditable to the youth of the country, that I know not whether I would give it, if it had any application to those whom I am addressing. It is this : that the discipline of the first is addressed to the physical, and of the last, to the moral sensibilities of the student ; it succeeds in the one case because he must bear, and stay ; and fails in the other because he will not bear, and goes away. Can it be possible, that just at that point of time when the student begins to see the true end and aim of all college duties and exercises—when his own enlightened understanding should supersede all discipline—when verging upon man's estate, he should assume the port and bearing of a man—when coming upon the confines of a busy world, he sees over all its broad surface, industry rewarded and indolence despised—can it be possible that he will forfeit his high privileges, wound his parents, and abuse himself, rather than perform a short service of healthful, useful, instructive bodily labor ! Such fatuity can be accounted for only upon the supposition, that one of the first conceptions of manhood in this country is, that it is disgraceful to labor. I know that this opinion is to be found in some older heads than are to be found in college classes ; but from the birth of Cincinnatus to the death of Washington, I never heard of the truly wise *republican* who harbored it, even for a moment. No, young gentlemen, it is an exotic imported hither from the land where rank comes by chance, dignity by blood, and fortune

\* Address delivered before the Faculty and Students of EMORY COLLEGE, Oxford, Georgia. By Augustus B. Longstreet, President of that Institution.

by law. It may be harmless in its indigenous soil; but here, it is the Upas; and by as much as we propagate it, by so much do we spread moral and political death through the land. I stop not to give examples of its influence, though I hold many at command, deduced chiefly from our larger cities, where it prevails most. I turn not aside to trace it to its many disastrous consequences, but I ask, can any thing be more dangerously absurd than to disperse the father's property at his death, and then teach his children that it is disgraceful to labor? Consider the question young gentlemen; and when you are so doing, remember, that you are in a country whose besetting sin is idolatry of wealth, and the youngest of you will perceive and admit the soundness of my views upon the subject. We believe, that for great achievements in the scientific world, the artisan and the scholar must meet, and often meet in the same person. The distinction which has been kept up between them, has retarded the march of mind for centuries. To the accidental union of them in Galileo, are we indebted for nearly all that we know of the stupendous worlds that wheel around us. He opened the way for a mighty Newton's march, and he for a host of followers, who have extended his researches, and improved his discoveries. Had the first been wanting in mechanical skill, he and his brilliant successors might have died unknown, or have been known only as infants in the field where they figured as giants. But Galileo owed his fairest fame to a spectacle-maker, and he his, to an observant boy. Had the parents of that mechanic been too proud to bind him to a trade, or the parents of that boy been too proud to have placed him with a mechanic, we might now be beating drums to frighten away an eclipse, or sacrificing hecatombs to appease the wrath of a comet. What were Fulton's genius, unassisted by Fulton's hands? Are you more indebted to the author whom you study, than to the mechanic who makes easy his principles, and impresses them permanently upon the memory, by sensible illustrations? Are you more indebted to the Geometrician, than you are to the manufacturer of the theodolite or compass. The invaluable quadrant of Godfrey—I say *Godfrey*, for he deserves, though Hadley has gained the credit of it—the quadrant is but a practical application of one of Euclid's theorems; but which has benefited the world most, the demonstrator of the one or the inventor of the other? And what were all of them together without the husbandman? In truth almost all that is grand or useful in the arts and sciences has been from the accidental combination of learning with mechanical skill; and when we consider how often and how long they have been divorced, by the senseless decrees of public opinion, we may safely conclude that even now we know nothing in comparison with what we would have known, had they always been closely united, and equally respected. Away, then, with the worse than idle distinction between trades and professions! Let it have no place in this country at least, until we learn to live without houses, clothing or food."

We give also, the conclusion of this address, with the perusal of which we repeat we were pleased, and for which the author has our thanks.

"Finally—if you would be all that your parents, your preceptors, and your friends could desire—if you would honor yourselves, your country, and this institution—regulate your conduct by the Code Divine. That will lead you creditably through College, usher you reputably into the world, bear you triumphantly through its collisions, and cheer the hour of your departure from it. That hour may be much nearer the present than you suppose. There is a ruthless Destroyer that ever besets the pathway of life. He sometimes steps between the cradle and the school, the school and the College, the College and the world. At some period of time all must meet him; and all who meet him fall before his unsparing arm. Those whom he strikes fall, and

are forever falling; or rise again and are forever rising. He may therefore be the worst foe, or the best friend of man; and he is the one or the other according to the character against which he raises his fatal shaft. How important is it then that all, both young and old, take heed lest they be surprised in an unfortunate character, by this deadly foe! But potent and implacable as he is, he was once conquered; and the Victor bequeathed the spoils of victory to all the sons of Adam, upon the simple condition that they 'take upon them his yoke which is easy, and his burden which is light.' This done, and his rewards are for every wo; a balm for every wound in this life; and life, and joy, and peace eternal in the world to come. There may I be permitted to meet you, and in transport to exclaim, 'here am I Lord, and the children whom thou hast given me!'"

## CHARACTERISTICS OF LAMB.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.\*

In adding our tribute to the memory of Lamb, we are conscious of personal associations of peculiar and touching interest. We recall the many listless hours he has beguiled; and the very remembrance of happy moments induced by his quiet humor, and pleasing reveries inspired by his quaint descriptions and inimitable pathos, is refreshing to our minds. It is difficult to realise that these feelings have reference to an individual whose countenance we never beheld, and the tones of whose voice never fell upon our ear. Frequent and noted instances there are, in the annals of literature, of attempts, on the part of authors, to introduce themselves to the intimate acquaintance of their readers. In portraying their own characters in those of their heroes, in imparting the history of their lives in the form of an epic poem, a popular novel, or through the more direct medium of a professed autobiography, writers have aimed at a striking presentation of themselves. The success of such attempts is, in general, very limited. Like letters of introduction, they, indeed, prove passports to the acquaintance, but not necessarily to the friendship of those to whom they are addressed. At best, they ordinarily afford us an insight into the mind of the author, but seldom render us familiar and at home with the man. Charles Lamb, on the contrary,—if our own experience does not deceive us—has brought himself singularly near those who have once heartily entered into the spirit of his lucubrations. We seem to know his history, as if it were that of our brother, or earliest friend. The sadness of his "objectless holidays,"—the beautiful fidelity of his first love, the monotony of his long clerkship, and the strange feeling of leisure succeeding its renunciation, the excitement of his "first play," the zest of his reading, the musings of his daily walk, and the quietude of his fireside, appear like visions of actual memory. His image, now bent over a huge ledger, in a dusky counting-house, and now threading the thoroughfares of London, with an air of abstraction, from which nothing recalls him but the outstretched hand of a little sweep, an inviting row of worm-eaten volumes upon an old book stall, or the gaunt figure of a venerable beggar; and the same form sauntering

\* This article was originally published in the American Quarterly Review for March 1836. It was very favorably received at the time; but having appeared shortly before the suspension of that Review, did not enjoy so extensive a circulation as would have otherwise been the case. To many of our readers it will doubtless be new—and the increased interest which Lamb's writings have since excited, cannot fail to make it acceptable.—[Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.]



through the groves about Oxford in the vacation solitude, or seated in a little back study, intent upon an antiquated folio, appear like actual reminiscences rather than pictures of the fancy. The face of his old schoolmaster is as some familiar physiognomy; and we seem to have known Bridget Elia from infancy, and to have loved her, too, notwithstanding her one "ugly habit of reading in company." Indeed we can compare our associations of Charles Lamb only to those which would naturally attach to an intimate neighbor with whom he had, for years, cultivated habits of delightful intercourse,—stepping over his threshold, to hold sweet commune, whenever weariness was upon our spirits and we desired cheering and amiable companionship. And when death actually justified the title affixed to his most recent papers—which we had fondly regarded merely as an additional evidence of his unique method of dealing with his fellow beings,—when they really proved the *last* essays of Elia, we could unaffectedly apply to him the touching language with which an admired poet has hallowed the memory of a brother bard:—

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days,  
None knew thee, but to love thee,  
Nor named thee, but to praise."

And were it only for the peculiar species of fame which Lamb's contributions to the light literature of his country have obtained him,—were it only for the valuable lesson involved in this tributary heritage,—in the method by which it was won,—in the example with which it is associated, there would remain ample cause for congratulation among the real friends of human improvement; there would be sufficient reason to remember, gratefully and long, the gifted and amiable essayist. Instead of the feverish passion for reputation, which renders the existence of the majority of professed *littérateurs* of the present day, a wearing and anxious trial, better becoming the dust and heat of the arena, than the peaceful shades of the academy, a calm and self-reposing spirit pervades and characterises the writings of Lamb. They are obviously the offspring of thoughtful leisure; they are redolent of the *otium*; and in this consists their peculiar charm. We are disposed to value this characteristic highly, at a time which abounds, as does our age, with a profusion of forced and elaborate writings. It is truly delightful to encounter a work, however limited in design and unpretending in execution, which revives the legitimate idea of literature,—which makes us feel that it is as essentially *spontaneous* as the process of vegetation, and is only true to its source and its object, when instinct with freshness and freedom. No mind, restlessly urged by a morbid appetite for literary fame, or disciplined to a mechanical development of thought, could have originated the attractive essays we are considering. They indicate quite a different parentage. A lovely spirit of contentment, a steadfast determination towards a generous culture of the soul, breathes through these mental emanations. Imaginative enjoyment,—the boon with which the Creator has permitted man to meliorate the trying circumstances of his lot, is evidently the great recreation of the author, and to this he would introduce his readers. It is interesting to feel, that among the many accomplished men, whom necessity or ambition inclined to the pursuit of literature, there are those who find the time and possess the will to do something like justice to their own minds. Literary biography is little else than a history of martyrdoms. We often rise from the perusal of a great man's life, whose sphere was the field of letters, with diminished faith in the good he successfully pursued. The story of disappointed hopes, ruined health, a life in no small degree isolated from social pleasure and the incitement which nature affords, can scarcely be relieved of

its melancholy aspect by the simple record of literary success. Earnestly as we honor the principle of self-devotion, our sympathy with beings of a strong intellectual and imaginative bias is too great not to awaken, above every other consideration, a desire for the self-possession and native exhibition of such a heaven-implanted tendency. We cannot but wish that natures thus endowed should be true to themselves. We feel that, in this way, they will eventually prove most useful to the world. And yet one of the rarest results which such men arrive at, is self-satisfaction in the course they pursue—we do not mean as regards the success, but the direction of their labors. Sir James Mackintosh continually lamented, in his diary, the failure of his splendid intentions, consoled himself with the idea of additional enterprises, and finally died without completing his history. Coleridge has left only, in a fragmentary and scattered form, the philosophical system he proposed to develop. Both these remarkable men passed intellectual lives, and evolved, in conversation and fugitive productions, fruits which are worthy of a perennial existence; yet they fell so far short of their aims, they realised so little of what they conceived, that an impression the most painful remains upon the mind that, with due susceptibility, contemplates their career. We find, therefore, an especial gratification in turning from such instances, to a far humbler one indeed,—but still to a man of genius, who richly enjoyed his pleasant and sequestered inheritance in the kingdom of letters, and whose comparatively few productions bear indubitable testimony to a mind at ease,—a felicitous expansion of feeling,—an imaginative and yet contented life. It is as illustrative of this, that the essays of Elia are mainly valuable.

In our view, the form of these writings is a great recommendation. We confess a partiality for the essay. In the literature of our vernacular tongue, it shines conspicuous, and is envied with the most pleasing associations. To the early English essayists is due the honor of the first and most successful endeavors to refine the language and manners of their country. The essays of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Addison, and Steele, while they answered a most important immediate purpose, still serve as instructive disquisitions and excellent illustrations of style. The essay is to prose literature, what the sonnet is to poetry; and as the narrow limits of the latter have enclosed some of the most beautiful poetic imagery, and finished expressions of sentiment within the compass of versified writing, so many of the most chaste specimens of elegant periods, and of animated and embellished prose, exist in the form of essays. The lively pen of Montaigne, the splendid rhetoric of Burke, and the vigorous argument of John Foster, have found equal scope in essay writing: and among the various species of composition at present in vogue, how few can compare with this in general adaptation. Descriptive sketches and personal traits, speculative suggestions and logical deductions, the force of direct appeal, the various power of illustration, allusion and comment, are equally available to the essayist. His essay may be a lay-sermon or a satire, a criticism or a reverie. "Of the words of men," says Lord Bacon, "there is nothing more sound and excellent than are letters; for they are more natural than orations, and more advised than sudden conferences." Essays combine the qualities here ascribed to epistolary composition; indeed, they may justly be regarded as letters addressed to the public; embodying—in the delightful style which characterises the private correspondence of cultivated friends—views and details of more general interest.

There is more reason to regret the decline of essay writing, from the fact, that the forms of composition now in vogue, are so inferior to it both in intrinsic excellence and as vehicles of thought. There is, indeed, a class of

writers whose object is, professedly and solely, to amuse; or if a higher purpose enter into their design, it does not extend beyond the conveyance of particular historical information. But the majority of prominent authors cherish as their great end, the inculcation of certain principles of action, theories of life, or views of humanity. We may trace, in the works of the most justly admired writers of our own day, a favorite sentiment or theory pervading, more or less, the structure of their several volumes, and constantly presenting itself under various aspects, and in points of startling contrast or thrilling impression. We honor the deliberate and faithful presentation of a theory, on the part of literary men, when they deem it essential to the welfare of their race. Loyalty to such an object bespeaks them worthy of their high vocation; and we doubt if an author can be permanently useful to his fellow beings and true to himself, without such a light to guide, and such an aim to inspire. Dogmatical attachment to mere opinion is doubtless opposed to true progression in thought: but fidelity in the development and vivid portraiture of a sentiment knit into the well-being of man, and coincident with his destiny, is among the most obvious of literary obligations. Something of chivalric interest is attached to "Sidney's Defence of Poesy;" the anxiety for the reform of conventional customs and modes of thinking in society, so constantly evinced in the pages of the *Spectator*, commands our sympathy and respect; and we think the candid objector to Wordsworth's view of his divine art, cannot but honor the steadiness with which he has adhered to, and unfolded it. Admitting, then, the dignity of such literary ends,—the manner in which they can be most effectually accomplished, must often be a subject of serious consideration.

It is generally taken for granted, that the public will give ear to no teacher who cannot adroitly practise the expedient so beautifully illustrated by Tasso, in the simile of the chalice of medicine with a honeyed rim. True as it is, that in an age surfeited with books of every description, there exists a kind of necessity for setting decoys afloat upon the stream of literature—is not the faith in literary lures altogether too perfect? Does the mental offspring we have cherished, obtain the kind of attention we desire, when ushered into the world arrayed in the garb of fiction? The experiment, we acknowledge, succeeds in one respect. The inviting dress will attract the eyes of the multitude; but how few will penetrate to the theory, appreciate the moral, or enter into the thoughts to which the fanciful costume is only the drapery and frame-work? The truth is, the very object of writers who would present a philosophical problem through the medium of a novel, is barely recognized. *Corinna* is still regarded as a romance *sui generis*. Several efforts of the kind, on the part of living British writers of acknowledged power, seem to have utterly failed of their purpose, as far as the mass of readers, whom they were especially intended to affect, are concerned. The plan in such instances, is strictly psychological. Public attention, however, is at once riveted on the plot and details; and some strong delineation of human passion, some trivial error in the external sketching, some over intense or too minute personation of feeling, suffices, we do not say how justly, to condemn the work in the view—even of the discriminating. Now we are confident, that should the writers in question choose the essay as a vehicle of communication, their success in many cases would be more complete. Their ideas of life, of a foreign land, of modern society, or of human destiny, presented in this shape, with the graces of style, the attraction of anecdote, and the vivacity of wit and feeling, could not but find their way to the only class of readers who will ever estimate such labors; those who read to excite thought, as well as beguile time; to gratify an intellectual taste, as well as amuse an ardent fancy. The

novel, too, is in its very nature ephemeral. The very origin of the word associates such productions with the gazettes and magazines—the temporary caskets of literature. And with the exception of Scott's, and a few admirable historical romances, novels seem among the most frail of literary tabernacles. Now, in reference to the class of authors to whom we have alluded, those who have a definite and important point in view, who are enthusiastic in behalf of a particular moral or mental enterprise, the evanescent nature of the popular vehicle is an important consideration. We would behold a more permanent personification of their systems, a more lasting testimony of their interest in humanity. And such we consider the essay. When presented, condensed, and embellished in this more primitive form, a fair opportunity will be afforded for the candid examination of their sentiments; and we are persuaded that these very ideas, thus arranged and disseminated, will possess a weight and an interest which they can never exhibit when displayed in the elaborate and desultory manner incident to popular fiction. An interesting illustration of these remarks may be found in the circumstance that many intelligent men, who are quite inimical to Bulwer, as a novelist, have become interested in his mind by the perusal of "England and the English," and "The Student"—works which are essentially specimens of essay writing. The dramatic form of composition has recently been adopted in England, to subserve the theoretical purposes of authors. This, it must be confessed, is a decided improvement upon the more fashionable method; and the favor with which it has been received, is sufficiently indicative of the readiness of the public to become familiar with nobler models of literature.

We are under no slight obligations to Charles Lamb, for so pleasantly reviving a favorite form of English composition. We welcome Elia as the *Spectator-redivivus*. It is interesting to be amused and instructed after the manner of that delectable coterie of lay-preachers, humorists, and critics, of which Sir Roger de Coverly was so distinguished a member. It is peculiarly agreeable to be talked to in a book, as if the writer addressed himself to us particularly. Next to a long epistle from an entertaining friend, we love, of all things in the world, a charming essay;—a concise array of ideas—an unique sketch, which furnishes subjects for an hour's reflection, or gives rise to a succession of soothing day-dreams. Few books are more truly useful than such as can be relished in the brief intervals of active or social life, which permit immediate appreciation, and, taken up when and where they may be, present topics upon which the attention can at once fix itself, and trains of speculation into which the mind easily glides. To such a work we suppose a celebrated writer alludes, in the phrase "parlor window-seat book." Collections of essays are essentially of this order. We would not be understood, however, as intimating that this kind of literature is especially unworthy of studious regard; Bacon's *Essays* alone would refute such an idea; but from its conciseness and singleness of aim, the essay may be enjoyed in a brief period, and when the mind is unable to attach itself to more elaborate reading. A volume of essays subserves the purpose of a set of cabinet pictures, or a port-folio of miniature drawings; they are the *multum in parvo* of literature; and, perused, as they generally are, in moments of respite from ordinary occupation, turned to on the spur of mental appetite, they not unfrequently prove more efficient than belle-lettre allurements of greater pretension. It is seldom that any desirable additions are made in this important department of writing; and among the contributions of the present age, the essays of Elia will deservedly hold an elevated rank.

Much of the interest awakened by these papers, has been ascribed to the peculiar phraseology in which they



are couched. Doubtless, this characteristic has had its influence; but we think an undue importance has been given it, and we feel that the true zest of Elia's manner is as spontaneous as his ideas, and the shape in which they naturally present themselves. If we analyse his mode of expression, we shall find its charm consists not a little in the expert variation rather than in a constant maintenance of style. He understood the proper time and place to introduce an illustration; he knew when to serve up one of his unequalled strokes of humor, and when to change the speculative for the descriptive mood. He had a happy way of blending anecdote and portraiture; he makes us see the place, person, or thing, upon which he is dwelling; and, at the moment our interest is excited, presents an incident, and then, while we are all attention, imparts a moral, or lures us into a theorising vein. He personifies his subject, too, at the appropriate moment; nor idealises, after the manner of many essayists, before the reader sympathises at all with the real picture. Lamb's diction breathes the spirit of his favorite school. He need not have told us of his partiality for the old English writers. Every page of Elia bears witness to his frequent and fond communion with the rich ancient models of British literature. Yet the coincidence is, in no degree, that which obtains between an original and a copyist. The tinge which Lamb's language has caught from intimacy with the quaint folios he so sincerely admired, is a reflected hue, like that which suffuses the arch of clouds far above the setting sun; denoting only the delightful influence radiated upon the mind which loves to dwell devotedly upon what is disappearing, and turns with a kind of religious interest from the new-born luminaries which the multitude worship, to hover devotedly round the shrine of the past. If any modern lover of letters deserved a heritage in the sacred garden of old English literature, that one was Charles Lamb. Not only did he possess the right which faithful husbandry yields, but his disposition and taste rendered him a companion meet for the noble spirits that have immortalised the age of Elizabeth. In truth, he may be said to have been on more familiar terms with Shakspeare, than with the most intimate of his contemporaries; and it may be questioned whether the *Religio Medici*, that truly individual creed, had a more devout admirer in its originator, than was Elia. He assures us that he was "shy of facing the prospective," and no antiquarian cherished a deeper reverence for old china, or the black letter. Most honestly, therefore, came our author by that charming relish of olden time, which sometimes induces in our minds, as we read his lucubrations, a lurking doubt whether, by some mischance, we have not fallen upon an old author in a modern dress.

There is another feature in the style of these essays, to which we are disposed to assign no inconsiderable influence. We allude to a certain confessional tone, that is peculiarly attractive. There is something exceedingly gratifying to the generality of readers in personalities. On the same principle that we are well pleased to become the *confidant* of a friend, and open our breasts to receive the secret of his inmost experience, we readily become interested in a writer who tells us, in a candid, *naïve* manner, the story not merely of his life, in the common acceptation of the term, but of his private opinions, humors, eccentric tastes, and personal antipathies. A tone of this kind, is remarkably characteristic of Lamb. And yet there is in it nothing egotistical; for we may say of him as has been said of his illustrious schoolfellow, whom he so significantly, and, as it were, prophetically, called "the inspired charity boy;"—that "in him the individual is always merged in the abstract and general." Writers have not been slow to avail themselves of the advantage of thus occasionally and incidentally presenting glimpses of their private

notions and sentiments; indeed, this has been called the age of confessions; but with Elia, they are so delicately and yet so familiarly imparted, that they become a secret charm inwrought through the whole tissue of what he denominates his "weaved up follies." There are passages scattered through this volume, which exemplify the very perfection of our language. There are successive periods, so adroitly adapted to the sentiment they embody, so easy and expressive, and, at the same time, so unembellished, that they suggest a new idea of the capabilities of our vernacular. There are words, too, at which we should pause, if they were indited by another, to institute a grave inquiry into their legitimacy, or, perchance, prefer against their author the charge of senseless affectation. But with what we know of Elia, in catching ourselves at such a process, we could not but waive the ceremony, and say of it as he said on some equally heartless occasion—"it argues an insensibility."

Another striking trait of the Essays of Elia, is the familiarity of their style. In this respect they frequently combine the freedom of oral with the more deliberative spirit of epistolary expression. We have already alluded to one effect of this method of address; it annihilates the distance between the reader and author, and, so to speak, brings them face to face. Facility in this kind of writing, is one of the principal elements in what is called magazine talent. It consists in maintaining a conversational tone while discussing a topic of great interest in a humorous way, or making a light one the nucleus for spirited, amusing, or instructive ideas. The dearth of this popular tact in this country, and its fertility in England, are well known. We think the discrepancy can be accounted for by reference to the essential difference in the social habits of the two countries. The literary clubs are the nurseries of this attractive talent in Great Britain. The custom of convening for intellectual recreation, favors the growth of a ready expression of thought, and of a direct and inviting flow of language. Writers are habituated to an attractive style, by being trained in a school of conversation. Intimate connection with the best minds, not only informs and kindles, but induces vivacity of delivery both in speech and writing. We can conceive, for instance, of no inspiration even to the colloquial powers of an intelligent man, like direct communion with such an individual as Mackintosh; and we can find no cause for wonder, that one blessed with the companionship of the literati of London and Edinburgh, should acquire the power of talking on paper in a delightful and finished manner. Such society affords, if we may be allowed the expression, a kind of intellectual gymnasium, where the art of interesting with the pen may be, and naturally is, acquired by such as are endowed with native wit, and reflective or graphic ability. With us the case is so widely different, the opportunities for general and exciting association so rare, that it is no matter of surprise that magazine talent, as it is termed, should be of slow growth. How far Charles Lamb was indebted to his social privileges for his style, we are not prepared to say. Yet there are numerous indications of the happy influence of which we speak, interspersed through his commentaries on men and things. We refer, of course, altogether to the style; for as to the ideas, they are entirely his own, bearing the genuine stamp of originality. It seems essential to an efficient light literature, that those interested in its culture should be brought into frequent contact with each other, and with general society. A poet who would evolve representations of humanity in abstract forms, who would present models beyond and above his age, may indeed find, in the shades of retirement, greater scope, and a less disturbed scene wherein to rear his imaginary fabric; and the philosopher whose aim is the application of truth to history, or the delineation of some important principle in science

or art, doubtless requires comparative solitude. The position of both is contemplative. The fancy of the one would plume itself for flight, and the eye of the noblest birds is always among uninvaded haunts; the reflection of the other would grapple with the abstract, and the deepest elemental strife of nature is ever amid her lofty cloud-retreats, or solitary depths. But the writer who would beguile, amuse, or teach his contemporaries by some winning literary device, who would accomplish all these objects at once, and "do it quickly," must mix with his fellow-creatures, and make a study of the passers-by. He must hold familiar intercourse with the ruling school; not to adopt their principles, but to become disciplined by their conversation; and he should note the multitude warily, in order to discover both the way and the means of affecting them. The legitimate essayist has need of a rich vocabulary, and a flexible inanner; a quick perception, and a candid address. And these equipments, if not obtainable, are at least improvable, by social aids. Conversation, were it not utterly misunderstood and perverted, might prove a mighty agent in the culture of the noblest of human powers, and the sweetest of human graces. There was a beautiful fidelity to nature in the habits of the philosophers of the Garden. There are few pictures so delightful in ancient history, as the noble figure of a Grecian sage moving through a rural resort, or beneath a spacious portico, imparting to his youthful companion lessons of wisdom, or curbing his own advanced mind to pioneer that of his less mature auditor through the early mazes of mental experience. The teeming presence of nature and art in all their variety and eloquence, the appeal to sympathy lurking in the very tones of wisdom, the mere inspiration of human presence, combine to create an impression infinitely more vivid than lonely gleanings among written lore could awaken. We are slow to comprehend the capabilities of conversation, or we should cultivate it sedulously, and with a deeper faith. The single effect which we have noticed in relation to English literature, is of itself no inconsiderable argument. If to social culture we may in a great degree ascribe the exuberance of talent for periodical literature on the other side of the water, there is surely no small inducement to elevate and quicken the conversational spirit of our country; for whatever rank be assigned to this form of writing, its history sufficiently attests the great influence it is capable of exerting, and the important purposes it may subserve. Elia, we think, gives very satisfactory indications of his origin. Without the local allusions and constant references to native authors, there is something about him which smacks of London. Individual as Lamb is, he is not devoid of national characteristics; and a reader, well aware of the composite influences operative upon men of letters who hail from the British metropolis, will readily discover, though not informed of the fact, that Elia was blessed with a score of honorable friends, who have contributed to the literary fame of Great Britain.

Lamb is not singular in his attachment to minutiae; it is characteristic of the literature of the day. In former times, writers dealt in the general; now they are devoted to the particular. In almost every book of travels and work of fiction, we are entertained, or rather the attempt is made to entertain us, with exceedingly detailed descriptions of the features of a landscape, the grouping in a picture, or the several parts of a fashionable dress. By such wearisome nomenclature, it is expected that an adequate conception will be imparted, when, in many cases, a single phrase, revealing the *impression* made by these objects, would convey more than a hundred such inventories. Lamb, by virtue of his nice perception, renders details more effective than we should imagine was practicable. In a single line, we have the peculiarities of a person presented; and by a brief mention of the gait, de-

meanor, or perhaps a single habit, the ceremony of introduction is over; we not only stand and look in the direction we are desired, but we *see* the object, be it an old bencher, or a grinning chimney sweep; an ancient courtyard, or a quaker meeting; a roast pig, or an old actor; Captain Jackson, or a poor wretch in the pillory, consoling himself by fanciful soliloquies. We have compared essays, in their general uses, to a set of cabinet pictures. Elia's are peculiarly susceptible of the illustration. They are the more valuable, inasmuch as something of the mellow hue of old paintings broods over them; here and there a touch of beautiful sadness, that reminds us of Raphael; now a line of penciling, overflowing with nature, which brings some favorite Flemish scene to mind; and again, a certain softness and delicate finish that whisper of Claude Lorraine.

There are two points in which Charles Lamb was eminent, where tolerable success is rare; these are pathos and humor. He understood how to deal with the sense of the humorous and pathetic. He seems to have been intuitively learned in the secret and delicate nature of these attributes of the mind; or rather, it would appear that his own nature, in these respects, furnished a happy criterion by which to address the same feelings in others. We cannot analyse, however casually, the humor and pathos of Elia, without perceiving that they are based on a discerning, and, if the expression may be allowed, a sentimental fellow-feeling for his kind. So ready and true was this feeling, that we find him entering, with the greatest facility, into the experience of human beings whom the mass of society scarcely recognise as such. He talks about a little chimney sweep, an aged mendicant, or an old actor, as if he had, in his own person, given proof of the doctrine to which his ancient friend, Sir Thomas Browne, inclined, and actually, by a kind of metempsychosis, experienced these several conditions of life. His pathos and humor are, for the most part, descriptive; he appeals to us, in an artist-like and dramatic way, by pictures; we are not wearied with any preparatory and worked up process; we are not led to anticipate the effect. But our associations are skilfully awakened; an impression is unostentatiously conveyed, and a smile or tear first leads us to inquire into the nature of the spell. It is as though, in riding along a sequestered road, we should suddenly pass a beautiful avenue, and catch a glimpse of a garden, a statue, an old castle, or some object far down its green vista, so interesting that a reminiscence, an anticipation, or, perchance, a speculative reverie, is thereby at once awakened. Endeavors to touch the feelings or excite quiet mirth fail, generally, because the design is too obvious, or a strain of exaggeration is indulged in, fatal to the end in view. Frequently, too, the call upon our mirthful or compassionate propensities is too direct and strong. These feelings are not seldom appealed to, as if they were *passions*, and to be excited by passionate means. Indignation, enthusiasm, and all powerful impulses, are doubtless to be roused by fervent appeals; but readers are best *allured* into a laugh, and it is by gentle encroachments upon its empire, that the heart is best moved to sympathy. In drawing his pictures, Lamb indulged not in caricature. It is his truth, not less than his quaintness and minute touches, that entertains and affects us. He avoids, too, the vulgar modes of illustration. Not by descriptions of physiognomy or costume, does he excite our risible tendencies, nor thinks he to win our pity by over-drawn statements of the insignia and privations of poverty. Elia is no poor metaphysician. He comprehends the delicacy of touch required in the limner who would impressively delineate, even in a quaint style, any element or form of humanity. By what would almost seem a casual suggestion, we often have a conception imparted worth scores of wire-drawn exemplifications. Well



aware was our essayist that a single leaf whirled by the breeze of accident upon the soul's clear fountain, would awaken successive undulations of thought; he was versed in the philosophy of association; he possessed the susceptibility of an affectionate nature, and that fine sense of the *appropriate* which is one of the most valuable of our insights, and accordingly, he caused his inimitable shades of humor and pathos "to faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise." He wishes us to realise the sufferings of poor children, and, by briefly indicating the mere tenor of their street-talk, causes our hearts to melt at the piteous accents of *care*, from lips so young. He would vindicate that excellent precept in the counsel of old Polonius,—“Neither a borrower nor a lender be;” and draws such a full-length portrait of the former character, that when one of the species has once inspected it, he can never again lay the flattering unction of self-ignorance to his heart. He reprimands book-stealers by describing his own impoverished shelves, and points out the blessings of existence, by quaintly discussing the deprivations attendant on its loss. The anniversaries of time pass not by without their several merits being canvassed by his pen; and although he tells us little that is absolutely new, he holds the light of his pleasant humor up to the faces of these annual visitants, and thenceforth their features possess greater reality and are more easily recognized. Not a little of Lamb's humor is shadowed forth in the subjects of his essays. Had we fallen upon such titles in the index of any other anonymous author, we should have set him down as one who, in straining after the novel, evidenced a morbid taste; but there is nothing more characteristic of Elia, than the topics he selects. They are as legitimate as an undoubted signature. Should this be questioned, let the treatment bestowed upon these uninvestigated themes, be examined. They will prove as well adapted to their author's genius as the life of the Scottish peasant was to Burns's muse, or the praise of Laura to Petrarch. Who should have written the history of England, among the many who have tried their skill in that illustrious task, may be a matter of doubt; and to what American Scott we are to look for a series of romances illustrative of our history, is yet a subject of speculation; but no man, of ordinary perception, we presume, can for a moment question that “The Melancholy of Tailors,”—“the Character of an Undertaker,”—“the Praise of Chimney-sweepers,”—the “Inconveniences of being Hanged,” and sundry kindred subjects, were reserved for the pen of Elia.

That writer is wise who avails himself of a somewhat familiar idea, in presenting his mental creations to the public. There is need of as much consideration in bestowing a name upon an essay or a poem, which we wish should be read, as in naming a child whom we would dedicate to fame. The same reasons for circumspection obtain in both cases. The more original the appellation, provided it is not utterly foreign to all general associations, the better. But it is essential that there should be something which will create an interest at a glance. Our essayist has been happy in his choice of subjects; his wit failed him not here. Though no one has previously written the “Praise of Chimney-sweepers,” yet every one sees the dusky urchins daily, and would fain know what can be said in their behalf. Most people have noticed the “Melancholy of Tailors,” and are glad to find that some one has undertaken philosophically to explain it. The headings of all Elia's papers are exactly such as would beguile us into reading when we desire to enter the region of quiet thought, and forget our cares in some literary pastime. There is one element of genius, the influence of which we have never seen acknowledged, that ever impresses our minds in reflecting on the themes to which gifted men apply themselves. We allude to a certain daring which

induces them to grapple with topics, and give expression to thoughts, which many have mused upon without thinking of giving them utterance. There is much of Byron's poetry which seems almost like a literal transcript of our past or occasional emotions; the more powerful and acknowledged a genius, the more fervently do we declare the coincidence of our feelings with his delineations. Many odd speculations have occurred to us in reference to the strange subjects to which Lamb is partial; we respond to most of his portraiture, and sympathise in the feelings he avows. His humor and pathos, therefore, are true, singularly, beautifully true, to human nature; in this consists their superiority. Many have aimed at the same results in a similar way; but the genius of Lamb, in this department, has achieved no ordinary triumph.

The drama was a rich source of pleasure and reflection to Lamb. During a life passed almost wholly in the metropolis, the theatre afforded him constant recreation, and the species of excitement his peculiar genius required. It was to him an important element in the imaginative being he cherished. By means of it, he continually renewed and brightened the rich vein of sentiment inherent in his nature. To him it addressed language rife with the meaning which characterised its ancient voice,—full of suggestive and impressive eloquence. Deeply versed in the whole range of dramatic literature, master of the philosophy of Shakspeare, and overflowing with a highly cultivated taste for the dramatic art, the drama was ranked by Elia among the redeeming things of life. He did not coldly recognise, but deeply felt, its importance to modern society. Surrounded by the bustle, the worldliness and the material agencies of a populous capital, he daily saw man struggling on beneath the indurating pressure of necessity, or presenting only artificial aspects,—and to the strong and true representation of human nature, on the stage and in the works of the dramatist, he looked as a noble means of renovation. It gratified his humane spirit, that the poor mechanic should lose, for an hour, the memory of his toilsome lot, in sympathy with some vivid personation of that love which once sent a glow to his now hollow temples; that the creature of fashion and pride should, occasionally, be led back to the primal fountains of existence by the hand of Thespis; that an unwonted tear should sometimes be drawn, like a pearl from the deep, to the eye of some fair worldling, at the mighty appeal of nature, in the voice of an affecting portrayer of her truth. Elia had faith in the legitimate drama, as the native offspring of the human mind, significant of its successive eras, and as fitted to supply one of its truest and deepest wants; and well he might have had,—for its history was as familiar to him as a household tale; he had explored its chronicles with the assiduity of an enthusiast, and the acumen of a virtuoso; he had garnered up its gems as the true jewels of his country's literature; he honored its worthy votaries as ministrants at the altar of humanity; and, above all, in his own experience, he had learned what human taste, judgment, and feeling, may derive from the wise appropriation of dramatic influences. He knew, as well as his readers, how much he was indebted to an intelligent devotion to them, for the vividness of his pencilings, the fertility of his associations, and the beauty of his imagery. Not in vain did he seek, in Hamlet's musings, “grounds more relative” than popular reading could afford, or turn from the inconsistencies of modern gallantry, which he so admirably delineated, to bestow his fond attentions upon the “bright angel” of Verona, and “the gentle lady wedded to the Moor.”

Lamb's interest in the drama was too well founded to be periodical, as is generally the case. He shared, indeed, the common destiny, in beholding his youthful visions of theatrical glory fade; the time came to him, as it comes to

all, when the mysterious curtain was reduced to its actual quality, and became *bona fide* green baize, and when the polished pilasters lost their likeness to "glorified sugar candy;" but the histrionic art retained its interest, and the literature of the drama yielded a continued pastime. From the rainy afternoon which the "child Elia" spent in such hope and fear, lest the wayward elements should deprive him of his "first play"—to the night when the sleep of the man Elia was disturbed with visions of old Munden—he sought and found, in the drama, food for his reflective humor and pleasurable occupancy in his weary moods—if such e'er came to him—which may be doubted, since he has not so informed us. Notwithstanding his partiality for theatrical representations, few play-goers entertained a more just idea of their frequent and necessary inadequateness. He recognised the limits of the dramatic art. He realised, beyond the generality of Shakspeare's admirers, the impossibility of presenting, by the most successful performance, our deepest conception of his characters. He knew that the wand of that enchanter dealt with things too deep, not only for speech, but for expression. He was impatient at the common interpretation of Shakspeare's mind. In the stillness of his retired study, the creations of the bard appeared to him, as in an exalted dream. In the attentive perusal of his plays,—the delicate touches, the finer shades, the under current of philosophy, were revealed to the mind of Lamb with an impressiveness, of which personification is unsusceptible; and few of his essays are more worthy of his genius than that which embodies his views on this subject. It should be attentively read by all who habitually honor the minstrel of Avon, without being perfectly aware why the honor is due. It will lead such to new investigations into the mysteries of that wonderful tragic lore, upon which the most gifted men have been proud to offer one useful comment, or advance a single illustrative hint. To the acted and written drama, Lamb assigned an appropriate office; he believed each had its purpose, and that he who would derive the greatest benefit from either, should study them relatively and in conjunction. Such was his own method, and to the steadiness and success with which he pursued it, his writings bear the most interesting testimony. The *gout* with which he dwells upon his dramatic reminiscences, the delight he takes in living over scenes of this kind,—in recalling, after an interval of years, the enjoyment of a single evening of Liston's or Bensley's acting, indicate the intelligence and warmth of his love of theatrical performances; while his successful efforts in reviving the nearly forgotten dramatic literature of the English stage, and his admirable essays, directly or indirectly devoted to the general subject, evince his application and attachment to it. His talents as a dramatic critic are every where visible. There is one feature of our author's devotion to the drama, which is too characteristic of the man, and too intrinsically pleasing, to be unnoticed. He never forgot those who had contributed to his pleasure in this manner. They were not to him the indifferent, unestimated beings they are to the majority of those who are amused and instructed by their labors. Charles Lamb respected the genius of a splendid tragedian on the same ground that that of a fine sculptor won his admiration. He believed one as heaven-bestowed as the other. He recognised his intellectual or moral obligations to an affecting actor as readily as to a favorite author. He sincerely respected the ideality of the profession, sympathised in the life of toil and comparative isolation it imposes, and felt for the deserving and ambitious who had, by assiduous culture and native energy, risen to its summit only to look forward from that long sought elevation, to a brief continuance of success, followed by an unhonored decline,—an age of neglect, and the world's oblivion.

One of Lamb's most winning traits is his sincerity. The

attractiveness of this beautiful virtue, even in literature, is worthy of observation. It seems to be an ordination of the intellectual world, and a blessed one it is to those who cherish faith in a spiritual philosophy—that truth of expression shall alone prove powerfully and permanently effective. It is happy that we are so constituted as to be moved chiefly, if not solely, by voices attuned and awakened by genuine emotion; it is well when foreign aids and the most insinuating of conventional appliances fail to deceive us into admiration of an artificial literary aspirant; it is a glorious distinction of our common nature, that soul-prompted language is the only universally acknowledged eloquence. The mission of individual genius is to exhibit itself. The advocacy of popular opinions, the illustration of prevailing theories—the literary party-work of the day, may be undertaken by such as are unconscious of any more special and personal calling. But let there be a self-preaching priesthood in the field of letters and of art, to teach the great lesson of human individuality. Let some gifted votaries of literature and philosophy breathe original symphonies, instead of merging their rich tones in the general chorus. Unfortunate is the era when such men are not; and thrice illustrious that in which they abound. The history of the world proves this; and in proportion as an author is sincere, in whatever age, he deserves our respect. We spontaneously honor minds of this order, in whatever form they are encountered. The complacent smile with which *douce* Davie Deans, in Scott's most beautiful tale, hears himself denominated a *Deanite*, recommends him to our esteem. And when a poet or an essayist is as habitually and earnestly candid as is Elia, we feel and acknowledge his worth, whatever may be the calibre of his genius.

Many and singular are the advantages attendant upon this characteristic. The most obvious is that it brings out the true power—the *proprium ingenium*—of the individual. Look at the history of Milton and Dante. They surveyed their immediate social circumstances for a reflection of themselves in vain; and then in calm confidence they turned to the mirror fountain within themselves, and thence evolved thoughts—unappreciated, indeed, by their contemporaries, yet in the view of posterity none the less oracular. And such intellectual laborers—however confined and comparatively unimportant the sphere of effort—being absolved from any undue allegiance to merely temporary influences, give to their productions a free and personal stamp. Truth is to literature, what, in the view of the alchemists, the philosopher's stone was to the base metals; it converts all it touches into gold. And, although our author had to do mainly with topics which a superficial reasoner would term trifling, yet his lovely sincerity gives them a character, and sheds upon them a warm and soothing light, more pleasing than weightier themes, less ingeniously treated, can often boast. Being sincere, of course Elia wrote only from the inspiration of his overflowing spirit; he seems to have penned every line, to have thrown off every essay, *con amore*. He did not require the expedient of the Greek painter, who covered the face of one of his great figures with a mantle, not daring to attempt a portraiture of the intense grief which he represented him as suffering. Lamb endeavored not to express what he did not feel; he wrote not from necessity or policy, but from enthusiasm, from his own gentle, sweet, yet deep enthusiasm. He had a feeling for the art of writing, and therefore he would not make it the hackneyed conventional agent it too often is; but ever regarded it as a crystalline mould wherein he could faithfully present the form, hues, and very spirit of his sentiments and speculations.

A striking and delightful consequence of this literary sincerity is, that it preserves and develops the proper humanity of the author. *Letterati* of this class are utterly



devoid of pedantry. In society, and the common business of life, they are as other men, except that a finer sensibility, and more elevated general taste, distinguishes them. In becoming writers, they cease not to be men. Literature is then, indeed, what the English poet would have it,—“an honorable *augmentation*” to our arms; it is not exclusively pursued as if it were life’s only good, and a human being’s sole aim; but it is applied to as a beautiful accomplishment—a poetical recreation amid less humanising influences. Thus, instead of serving merely as an arena for the display of selfish ambition, or a cell wherein unsocial and barren devotion may find scope, it is valued chiefly as a means of embodying the unforced impressions of our own natures, for the happiness and improvement of our fellow creatures. We say that such a view must be taken by sincere authors of their vocation, because they cannot but feel that, from the very constitution of their natures, literature is only a part of the great whole of the soul’s being—a single form of its development, and one among the thousand offices to which the versatile mind is called.

It is needless to prove, in detail, Lamb’s sincerity. It is, perhaps, his most prominent characteristic; but in tracing out and dwelling upon its influence, we are newly impressed with the truth of Shaftesbury’s declaration, that “wisdom is more from the heart than from the head.” We have ever remarked that the most delightful and truly sincere writers are the most susceptible, affectionate, and unaffected men. We have felt, that however intellectually endowed, the feelings of such individuals are the true sources of their power. Sympathy we consider one of the primal principles of efficient genius. It is this truth of feeling which enabled Shakspeare to depict so strongly the various stages of passion, and the depth, growth, and gradations of sentiment. In whom does this primitive readiness to sympathise—to enter into all the moods of the soul—continue beyond early life, so often as in men devoted to imaginative objects? How frequently are we struck with the child-like character of artists and poets! It sometimes seems as if, along with childhood’s ready sympathy, many of the other characteristics of that epoch were projected into the more mature stages of being. “There is often,” says Madame de Staël, “in true genius a sort of awkwardness, similar, in some respects, to the credulity of *sincere* and noble souls.”

This readiness to catch impressions, this delicacy and warmth of sympathy which belongs to the sincere school of writers, is inestimable. It is said that a musical amateur traversed the whole of Ireland, and gathered from the peasants the delightful airs to which Moore’s beautiful Irish melodies were afterwards adapted. How much of the charm of those sweet songs is owing to their associations with the native and simple music thus gleaned from voices to which it had traditionally descended! And it is by their sympathy—their sincere and universal interest in humanity, that the sweetest poets, the most renowned dramatists, and such humble gleaners in the field of letters, as our quaint essayist, are enabled to write in a manner corresponding with the heaven-attuned, unwritten music of the human heart. Sincerity gives them the means of interpreting for their fellow beings—not only the lofty subjects which filled the soul of the “blind bard of Paradise,” and the broad range of life upon which the observant mind of the poet of human nature was intent, but those lesser and more unique themes which Elia loved to speculate about, and humorously illustrate.

There is a unity of design in the essays of Elia. Disconnected and fugitive as we should deem them at first sight, an attentive perusal reveals, if not a complete theory, yet a definite and pervading spirit which is not devoid of philosophy. After being amused by Lamb’s humor, interested by his quaintness, and fascinated by his style, there

yet remains a more deep impression upon our minds. We feel that he had a specific object as an essayist; or, at least, that the ideas he suggests tend to a particular result. What, then, was his aim? As an author, what mission does he fulfil? We think Charles Lamb is to life, what Wordsworth is to nature. The latter points out the field flowers, and the meadow rill, the soul’s most primal and simple movements, the mind’s most single and unsophisticated tendencies; the former indicates the lesser, and scarcely noticed sources of pleasure and annoyance, mirth and reflection, which occur in the beaten track of ordinary life. It was remarked, by an able critic, of the author of the *Lyrical Ballads*, that, “he may be said to take a personal interest in the universe;” with equal truth Elia may be regarded as taking a personal interest in life. He delighted in designating its every-day, universal, and for that very reason—disregarded experiences. Leaving the delineation of martyrdoms, and the deeper joys of the heart, to more ambitious writers, he preferred to dwell upon the misery of children when left awake in their solitary beds in the dark; to shadow forth the peace-destroying phantom of a “poor relation;” to draw up eloquent bachelor complaints of the “behavior of married people;” to describe in touching terms, the agony of one condemned to hear music “without an ear;” and to lament pathetically the unsocial aspect of a metropolitan Sabbath, and the disturbing, heartless conduct of those who remove old landmarks. He did not sorrow only over minor miseries, but gloried in minor pleasures. To him, “Elysian exemptions” from ordinary toil—a sweet morning’s nap—a “sympathetic solitude”—an incidental act or emotion of benevolence, and, especially, those dear “treasures cased in leathern covers,” for which he was so thankful that he assures us he could say grace before reading them; these, and such as these, were to Charles Lamb absolute and recognised blessings. He seems to have broke away from the bondage of custom and to have seen all things new. One would think, to note the freshness of his perceptions in regard to the most familiar objects of London, that in manhood he was for the first time initiated into city life—that he was a newcomer in the world at an advanced age. Hogarth found no more delight in his street-pencilings, than Lamb in his by-way speculations. In the voyage of life he seemed to be an ordained *cicerone*, directing attention to that lesser world of experience to which the mass of men are insensible,—drawing their attention from far-off visions of good, and oppressive reminiscences of grief, to the lowly green herbage, springing up in their way, and the soft gentle voices breathing at their firesides, and around their daily steps. And there is truth in Elia’s philosophy, for,—

“If rightly trained and bred,  
Humanity is humble,—finds no spot  
Her heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.”

We never rise from one of his essays without a feeling of contentment. He leads our thoughts to the actual available spring of enjoyment. He reconciles us to ourselves; causing home-pleasures, and the charms of the wayside, and the mere comforts of existence, to emerge from the shadow into which our indifference has cast them, into the light of fond recognition. The flat dull surface of common life, he causes to rise into beautiful *basso-relievo*. In truth, there are few better teachers of gratitude than Lamb. He rejuvenates our worn and weary feelings, revives the dim flame of our enthusiasm, opens our eyes to actual and present good, with his humorous accents, and unpretending manner, reads us a homily on the folly of desponding, and the wisdom of appreciating the cluster of minor joys which surround and may be made continually to cheer our being.

We have endeavored to designate the most prominent of Charles Lamb’s traits as an essayist. There is, however,

one point to which all that we know of the man converges. His literary and personal example tends to one striking lesson, which should not be thoughtlessly received. We allude to his singular and constant devotion to the ideal. Indeed, he is one of those beings who make us deeply and newly feel how much there is within a human spirit,—how independent it may become of extrinsic aids,—how richly it may live to itself. Here is an individual whose existence was, for the most part, spent within the smoky precincts of London; first a school-boy at a popular institution, then a laborious clerk, and at length a “lean annuitant.” Public life, with its various mental incitements,—foreign travel, with its thousand fertilising associations,—fortune, with the unnumbered objects of taste she affords,—ministered not to him. Yet with what admirable constancy did he follow out that sense of the beautiful, and the perfect, which he regarded as most essentially himself! How ardently did he cherish an ideal life! When outward influences and social restrictions encroached upon this, his great end,—the drama, his favorite authors, a work of art, or a musing hour, were proved restoratives. He did not gratify his fondness for antiquity among the ruins of the ancient world; but the Temple cloisters, or an old folio, were more eloquent to him of the past, than the Colosseum is to the mass of travelers. He knew not the happiness of conjugal affection; but his attachment to a departed object was to him a spring of as deep joy, as the unimaginative often find in an actual passion. No little prattlers came about him at even-tide; but dream-children, as lovely as cherubs, solaced his lonely hours. The taste, the love, the very being of Charles Lamb, was ideal. The struggles for power and gain went on around him; but the tumult disturbed not his repose. The votaries of pleasure swept by him with all the insignia of gaiety and fashion; but the dazzle and laugh of the careless throng lured him not aside. He felt it was a blessed privilege to stand beneath the broad heavens, to saunter through the fields, to muse upon the ancient and forgotten, to look into the faces of men, to rove on the wings of fancy, to give scope to the benevolent affections, and especially to evolve from his own breast a light “touching *all things* with hues of heaven;” in a word, to be Elia. And is there not a delight in contemplating such a life beyond that which the annals of noisier and more heartless men inspire? In an age of restless activity, associated effort, and a devotion to temporary ends, is there not an unspeakable charm in the character of a consistent idealist? When we can recal so many instances of the perversion of the poetical temperament in gifted natures, through passion and error, is there not consolation in the serene and continuous gratification with which it blessed Lamb? He has now left, for ever, the haunts accustomed to his presence. No more shall Elia indite quaint reminiscences and humorous descriptions for our pleasure; no more shall his criticism enlighten, his pathos affect, or his aphorisms delight us. But his sweet and generous sympathies, his refined taste for the excellent in letters, his grateful perception of the true good of being, his *ideal* spirit, dwells latently in every bosom. And all may brighten and radiate it, till life’s cold pathway is warm with the sunshine of the soul.

#### Smatterers.

Smatterers are more hateful than ignoramuses. They look as knowingly at a picture or a poem as a pigeon does at the sun, and pretend to understand its spirit and meaning, when, in all truth, they know as little of them as the French soldiers did of the characters on the Egyptian obelisks. Pretension is despicable, while profound ignorance is only pitiable.

## THE QUAKERESS.

### CHAPTER V.

*Lady.*—I have heard it said, Sir Knight, there be men do bear such tender and true love, that even scorns and frowns cannot abate it.

*Knight.*—And my lady, I’ve seen men in my time, whose love, once slighted, would turn to hatred and revenge.

*Lady.*—Oh! such could not be men, but monsters!

*Old Play.*

The winter had passed away, and all nature was again enlivened with the agreeable smile of spring. But the busy colonists did not seem to go forth with their usual activity to engage in the various employments of the season—some to fell the hitherto unmolested forest trees, others to till their fields and prepare their grounds for seed-time, and others to fulfil the duties of tradesmen and merchants. Every department of industry seemed stagnated, and the whole external appearance of the settlement became changed. Still there was no lack of commotion among the inhabitants. They might be seen running to and fro, collecting in numerous small assemblies, and eagerly discoursing; or they might be heard uttering dark surmises and strange whispers. They appeared to be held by a kind of spell.

The Puritans were a superstitious people. No class of men were ever more easily awed by the supernatural. They were always deeply affected by every thing of a mysterious and unaccountable nature. They gave up every thing to such an influence; and such undaunted characters on other occasions, who feared not to encounter tyrants, and were actually the most sensible and most thoughtful men that ever lived, would, under the influence of superstition, suffer themselves to be swayed from the moorings of reason and led about by children. It should be recorded as a singular fact in the history of these men, that the delusion which was spreading over the minds of the people, and which the reader will anticipate from the disclosures of the last chapter, made its first appearance among children.

Mr. George Brown, in his diabolical confederacy with Margaret, had the first honor of instigating these commotions. That singular being, contrary to her usual habits, went daily into the settlement, where her presence among the inhabitants tended to revive the superstitious feelings with which her character and conduct had ever been contemplated. Haggard and decrepid, she went moping about from house to house, uttering her dark sayings, and muttering her mysterious incantations. The awe with which she had been for a long time regarded, has been spoken of already, as existing chiefly among the youth; yet in many cases the old and the reverend were affected by the contagion.

About this time, two children belonging to one



of the families in the colony began to act in an unaccountable manner. They would creep into holes and under benches and chairs, put themselves into odd postures, make antic gestures, and utter loud outcries, and ridiculous, incoherent and unintelligible expressions. At this the attention of their friends and neighbors was arrested. No satisfactory explanation of such strange conduct of the children being given, the physicians were consulted. After much consultation and careful investigation, in which they could come to no agreement, one of them gave it as his opinion that the children were *bewitched*. Events already past had fully prepared the minds of the public for the reception of such an opinion. It began to be believed that the Evil One had now come among them in earnest, and was commencing operations with a bolder front and on a broader scale than at any previous period. Other children, especially two very young girls, aged nine and ten, soon began to exhibit similar indications of being bewitched.

In all times of despondency and affliction it was the custom of the good pilgrims to seek the divine will and direction. Hence the witchcraft excitement came to be strangely mingled with enthusiasm, superstition, and religion. It was a custom for the families to which the afflicted children belonged to apply themselves immediately to fasting and prayer, invoking the instrumentality of the Divine Being to deliver them from the snares and delusion of Satan. The clergy were invited by their parents to assemble and join with them in devoting a day to solemn religious services, and to supplicating Divine mercy for deliverance from the power of the Evil One. During these exercises, the afflicted children would often have fits and violent convulsions. Many crowded to the spot to gratify their credulous curiosity, and all felt anxious to discover by the coöperation of what malignant powers they were afflicted. This the poor sufferers were continually importuned to disclose, it being incessantly demanded of them *who were the witches*, through whom the Evil One acted upon them.

At length the public sentiment being now wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, the pretended sufferers, who were now increased to a larger number, were not long in making a selection of a victim; and it would have been easy to conjecture who was to become the first accused. Old Margaret was too prominent an object, and accordingly was the first to be "cried out upon."

The object of Brown was now in a fair way of being accomplished. Margaret once apprehended he cared little for her safety, provided he might secure his own, and bring about his own designs, even when he had promised to be her protector. Such a sensation once produced, and the imaginations of the people once aroused, he felt sure of success, believing their minds would be plastic to

his will, and bend to his purposes. Old Meg being now accused, a time was fixed upon for her trial, when she was to be confronted by the sufferers themselves. She was committed to the temporary jail of the town, and orders were given for her safe keeping.

It was about the hour of sunset on the evening preceding her trial, that the worthy Mr. Brown might have been seen wending his way to the place of her confinement. By the influence of this worthy with the magistrates and officers of justice, he could easily at any time find access to the prisoner. On entering her solitary cell he found her in a state of stupid dejection. But no sooner did she discern, by the wan light of the lamp her visiter held in his hand, who he was, than raising her prostrate form she gazed eagerly upon him, and asked in trembling accents the cause of this intrusion.

"Margaret, it is not my purpose to injure you," said he. "You are in no danger—confide in me, and do my bidding, and you shall yet be safe. I will provide the means for your release, and preserve you from all harm."

"Ah, Master Brown," answered the poor old creature—"such has ever been the music you have sung me; and I have listened to this song of safety till my spirits are sunk within me, my poor frame wasted and withered to a skeleton, and my only prospect of release from suffering a miserable end here in this dark dungeon, or the awful alternative of a disgraceful public execution. Margaret, though deep in guilt, and the injurer of many that were innocent, has never injured you. I, who have had many enemies, am now the dupe and victim of a man I have never provoked. Oh! Sir—was it to suffer such a death, that I fled from the fury of the blood-thirsty to this western world! It is but just. I have conspired with you against the happiness of an innocent maiden, and have fallen into the pit myself."

"Listen to me once Margaret," said Brown, who now, in turn, began to tremble, knowing that the success of his schemes still depended upon her coöperation. "I tell you Margaret, you are safe. No evil shall come to you. If you will be yet true to me, I will secure your life even at the hazard of my own. You say you hate this Quakeress. Now is the time if you would gratify your revenge. Even I myself, Margaret, cannot forget that she has been very fastidious. I would tame her pride. You know, Margaret, she prefers yonder boy to *me*, and now I would possess her myself. I have used fair words and fair means to no purpose, and now I will try foul."

"To-morrow is the day of your trial. You will then be confronted by those it is said you have bewitched. When you come before the magistrates, confess you are leagued with the devil. If your confession and penitence do not save your life, and

you are condemned to death, I do not want other means of procuring your liberty. I will devise a plan of rescue. I will clandestinely release you from this prison, to which if condemned, you will be recommitted, and carry you to a tribe of friendly Indians. They will treat you well, and have the greater reverence for you in your character of a witch. But Margaret, I will do this only on one condition. You say you hate the Quakeress. If you would be revenged on her, then, to-morrow when you are brought before your accusers, you have only to cast upon her, by hints, the imputation of being leagued with you and Satan in this foolish witchcraft. You have only to insinuate, that as Satan himself often assumes the garb of an angel of light, so this fair girl is a chosen vessel of the Evil One, made use of by him so that the better he may conceal under such simplicity and extraordinary beauty, his evil designs upon this portion of the Lord's heritage.

"Do this for me, Margaret;—it is the last service I will ask of you. Your reward shall come speedily. Do you consent?"

"Aye, Master Brown. I have trusted you too far to recant. I will trust you again. My fate can be no worse for it; and I tell you once more, I *hate the Quakeress!*"

Having obtained this pledge of her assistance on the coming day, Brown left her cell with greater hopes of success, and in better spirits than he had been for many a long day during his uncertainty respecting the result of these machinations. A crisis in his affairs was now fast approaching, and he had the satisfaction of beholding, if it could be a satisfaction to a human being, the whole colony in distress and turmoil at his own unhallowed instigations. The state of the community, at this time, it would be very difficult to describe. The true history of the period would inform us, that additions, by voluntary accessions, and by those who having been accused themselves, to save their lives, confessed, and became witnesses against others, were continually making to the number of accusers. In the height of the delusion, the prisons were crowded with supposed witches. All the securities of society were dissolved. Every man's life was at the mercy of every other man. Children were encouraged to witness against their parents, and women to bear false testimony against their husbands. Fear sat on every countenance; terror and distress were in all hearts; silence pervaded the streets; many of the people left the country; all business was at a stand, and the dismal and horrible feeling became general that they were given over by the Providence of God, to the dominion of Satan.

Perhaps Brown had no expectation of the delusion being so fatal in its consequences as the result proved. If so, his advice to Margaret for her conduct on the day of trial was politic indeed. He must

have foreseen the effect of a confession to the charge of being leagued with the Evil One; for it would be to establish beyond a doubt the credibility of the witnesses, or accusers, and thereby produce a thorough conviction in the public mind, that the accused were indeed witches. This portion of the delusion was, as the sequel proved, as cruel and awful as it was remarkable. Whoever was accused, whether convicted or not, was pardoned on confession. Many accordingly confessed themselves bewitched, solemnly making oath in court that they were leagued with the Arch Fiend. As they were all innocent, they were, of course, all perjured. But there were many innocent persons in the country, who nobly preferred to suffer death rather than by confessing, say what could not but be false, and what their consciences could not approve. As fearful of death as men are, it required more strength of mind and far more moral courage to withstand resolutely their infatuated accusers and a blind public opinion, by maintaining their innocence, than to save their lives by perjuring themselves in confessing a compact with his Satanic Majesty.

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Having thus cursorily narrated some of the circumstances of the times, sufficient to render our story intelligible, we will again return to our fair heroine. The pleasant month of May found this innocent and unsuspecting girl, profoundly ignorant of the deep-laid plots against her happiness. Rebecca Danvers was now a perfect picture of health and beauty. It might be difficult to convey to a drawing-room beauty of this day any idea of such perfection of graces as were possessed by this untaught child of nature. A regard for truth will not permit us to follow the fashion of a modern novelist by saying that her form was luxuriously *embonpoint*, or that her figure rivalled the *Venus de Medicis*. It is better to describe her simply as she was.

She was slightly and delicately formed. Her light slender person, needed neither stays nor corsets to confine her motions and render her less agile than nature intended she should be. Even without such artificial apparatus this favorite of nature's hand was sufficiently beautiful and interesting. Her step was as graceful and free as a fawn's, and she took almost as much delight in exploring hill and dale, and in leaping over rock and rill as that same sportive animal. She was not taller than the medium height of her sex, and was so exquisitely shaped that she seemed to embody all that poets have sung of healthful Hebe herself, or of the nymph-like Camilla. The dark hair, which seemed modestly to part itself across her forehead as if it would not conceal the beauty of her fine brow, fell down in rich ringlets on a neck and shoulders of alabaster. To describe the beauty of her face would be impossible, for to speak of



the harmony and symmetry of her features would not reveal their expression, when they were kindled by the glow of her feelings and irradiated by the soul which spoke through her sweet blue eyes.

It may seem strange that a young girl, a daughter of the staid, strait sect of Quakers, should possess all the attributes we have ascribed to the person and character of Rebecca Danvers;—but it should be remembered that, Quakeress as she was, yet she was the only child of indulgent parents, educated away from the conventional forms of her people and suffered to form her own tastes and predilections. Rebecca loved her people and the religion of her people with all the affection of her pure and disinterested heart; but her mind and character partook as little of the unbecoming peculiarities of that day, as her simple dress of muslin “cut and made” by her own skilful hand, was free from the unbecoming embarrassments of this day of fashion and frill.

Since the fearful prospect of banishment had ceased to excite her fears, and the recollection of her tormentor had faded from her memory, she appeared as cheerful as a girl of seventeen could. With the coming of the sweet birds of spring, she resumed her wonted rambles over hill and dale, or through glen and glade—now gliding to and from her favorite fountain with her pitcher, now going on some errand of mercy to the poor in the neighborhood, and sometimes in these excursions venturing as far as the habitation of Old Meg. Indeed, before the arrest of this reputed witch, Rebecca had often visited her hut, bringing presents of provisions and garments for her comfort and necessity, while Meg was plotting for her destruction. In these rambles and pastimes she often enjoyed the society of her lover, and many were the blissful moments they spent together, forgetful of the past and ignorant of the future. Conscious of their own innocence, and blessed with each other's sympathy, their unsuspecting hearts had no foretaste of that cup of misery in preparation for them. Less credulous than the multitude respecting the existence and power of witches and wizards, they hoped to escape their influence.

Charles and his father were almost the only persons who did not give a full credence to the many rumors that were abroad. They had stood aloof from all these proceedings, and even ventured to frown upon them. So firmly was the wise and good Mr. Elliot convinced of its being a delusion, that he endeavored to quell the excitement, and refused to participate with the ministers and magistrates in his official capacity. He even expressed his disapprobation by retiring from his seat as a judge on the day of the trial of Old Meg.

The appointed time for the trial having now arrived, the prisoner, as was then the custom, was conducted to the meeting-house of the village, and

there placed before her accusers and judges. Here were the afflicted children, the elders of the church, the magistrates of the colony, and the ministers of the neighboring settlements. No sooner was the prisoner brought in, than the afflicted and possessed children, fell down upon the floor and uttered loud shrieks. From the feebleness of age she became exhausted, and being unable to stand, leaned for support against the side of the aisle. Immediately the accusers screamed out, declaring that their bodies were crushed. At that, the accused changed her situation, only by a single step, when they again cried out that their feet were in pain and felt as if she were treading on their toes. At another time, when Old Meg happened to lay her hand across the top of the aisle, taking hold of a pew door in order to sustain herself from falling, suddenly the children clasped their hands in great agony, and in piteous accents complained that the prisoner was pinching them. And again, when, as if in pain, she pressed her withered lip—for Old Meg was herself acting a part—they exclaimed that she was biting them, and showed the prints of her teeth (she had not a tooth in her head) in their flesh. Thus these children artfully produced conviction in the minds of the magistrates and deluded by-standers. It may be proper to state that here is no deviation from facts which actually occurred on occasions of the trials of New-England witches.

After having been thus, according to custom, for some time confronted by her accusers amid a crowd of terrified spectators, who were wrought up to a high state of excitement, the chief magistrate proceeded to question the prisoner, while there prevailed throughout the almost breathless audience, an intense interest. All the important personages of our story were present. The elder Elliot, though he refused to participate in the trial, was there. Brown occupied a conspicuous situation, while Charles Elliot remained among the spectators. Also, at a distance from the seat of the tribunal, in a retired part of the church, stood our heroine with Anne Elliot, and other females of the neighborhood; for these scenes were witnessed by both men and women, all anxiously observing the progress of the trial.

In a stern voice and manner the magistrate, who really believed Margaret to be a witch, now demanded of her a confession of her guilt. “What, thou daughter of Belial, sometimes called Margaret, but by abbreviation Maggy, or Mag, as also Old Meg, which doubtless is a more proper title for a sworn imp of Satan; what I ask thee, hast thou done to these afflicted and distressed children? I charge thee, hag! speak the truth, in the name of Israel's God.”

“And what if I will not answer this question,” returned the beldame.

“Then thou shalt be cast into yonder stream,

where thou shalt be drowned; but if by the help of the Arch Enemy, thou shalt swim, as is likely, then shalt thou be hung as a witch, till thou art dead."

"If I am, as you say, an imp of Satan, I shall be safe from your power. I defy it, and you, and you all."

In these altercations Brown began to fear the trial would assume an aspect far different from his wishes. He had hoped she would, at once, confess an intimacy with the Evil One, and implicate with her the Quakeress; for thus, by a submissive confession, he thought the prisoner would save her own life, and also accomplish his designs upon Rebecca. But Old Meg, had motives and reasons for her own conduct. Her proud heart would not submit to a tame confession. A few traces of a once noble but perverted intellect still remained. As she had said, she was the last of a proud house. Besides, that her family had become involved and ruined in the troubles of the times, she herself had, by her own crimes and follies, made herself obnoxious to all parties, and had fled in desperation to this new world. She hated the Puritans, and was desirous of wreaking her revenge, for supposed injuries, upon their devoted heads, by instigating this delusion. As also she hated the Quakeress, she did not by any means, as Brown feared, relinquish the determination of implicating her. She felt sure of being saved from the consequences of her course, should she accomplish the purposes of Brown respecting Rebecca; and even without this assurance she cared little for the consequences, providing she accomplished her own purposes of retaliation and revenge. Having spent a long life in sin and the production of evil, she resolved to close the last scene by a master-stroke of guilt, and for this she now summoned all her feeble energies; and, though only a wreck of her former self, she was still, when her wasted powers were occasionally called into activity, a formidable object of dread. With this determination she now stood in the presence of her accusers, in an attitude of defiance. At her last provoking reply, the chief magistrate turned and addressed his associates.

"You hear; the woman confesseth her fault. Yea, she even vaunteth herself in this diabolical league. She is surely of Satan's fold, and a sworn adversary to the spiritual life and prosperity of this heritage. What think you, brethren? Shall she not be cut off from her evil doing? Shall she not be hung by the neck like Haman? And shall not her carcass be thrown——"

"Ha! says he that. Shall *she*; shall *I* be hanged," interrupted the prisoner. "Will you hang *me*? Hang me then like Haman! Hang me till the wind shall whistle through my bones, and demons dance around me and the little fairies! Hang me; for I am a witch. Look on me. Am I not a witch? Do you see me weep with a woman's tears? The fountain of *my* tears is dried up of fiends. Pierce

me with pins, and see if I have feeling like another woman? Do not these cry out upon me? Cast me into the deep stream, I shall not die. My master will not let me die by your hands. I can sink into the earth. I can flit in the air like a bat. I can sail to the moon. You cannot hurt me. You say truly, I am come to this heritage an enemy. I will cause Satan to come among you, who shall scourge you with worse than scorpions. There shall be more than an evil imp among you; for your borders shall be full of familiar spirits, and necromancers, and sorcerers, and wizards, and witches, and witchcraft for a season. Even now I do not walk alone. Do you seek me out because I am lonely and haggard? I was not always thus. Have you not an old saying, that Satan is arrayed as an Angel of light? See yon fair damsel."

With something like the agility of a maiden, she now sprang upon a seat in one of the pews; assumed an attitude at once of dignity and energy; shook back her long grey hair over her shoulders, and stretched out her arms towards a young woman in a distant part of the house.

"Look you on yon fair damsel. Do you behold her beauty and comeliness? I tell you she is a witch."

Uttering not another word, she sank down from her elevation, and continued to sink slowly until she lay prostrate upon the floor, apparently exhausted by her violent passions and the great exertions she had made. The scene which followed was one of utter confusion. The minds of the audience were divided and distracted in the diversity of objects before them. The accusers cried aloud, as the object of their persecution lay writhing in apparent agony in the aisle, while the whole congregation around were shrieking; and as on another occasion, crying, some one thing and some another. But the attention of many had been attracted to the individual designated by the prisoner. That unfortunate person was the beautiful Quakeress. She shrank from their gaze like a timid deer. Charles had been at her side from the first moment of this occurrence, and to him alone she could now look for protection. He entreated her and assisted her to retire from the crowd; but they were prevented from escaping.

The tribunal having by this time, in some degree, recovered their senses, the chief magistrate succeeded in restoring something like order in the house. Just as Charles was passing with her over the threshold, Brown, who was watching every individual and every circumstance with an intense interest, arose and addressed the court, apologizing for his presumption.

"It did not become, he said, his inexperience to advise grey hairs. This was indeed an awful day to which they had come. We behold things unaccountable, and great wonders in this our afflicted Israel, and it was an hour when both young and old



had need of all their wisdom. Let us therefore be as wise as the serpent—for Satan, who tempted our mother in the form of a serpent, is, undoubtedly, in our midst, and it might be, even as now spoken by the prisoner, that he would transform himself into an Angel. He would humbly and reverently submit to the honorable magistrates and reverend ministers, if after what they had this day witnessed, it was prudent to permit those who might be suspected of being sons or daughters of Belial, to be at liberty in such defectious times. If he had not been in a dream during these afflicting occurrences, then he had heard the prisoner at the bar declare, the young woman who had just left the sanctuary, to be a witch, and one leagued with the Arch Enemy. Yea and that young woman, called Rebecca Danvers, a Quakeress, and the daughter of an Ishmaelitic Quaker, he had just seen go out from their presence, leaning on the arm of an exemplary youth. He would therefore respectfully submit whether their honors ought not to take cognizance of this declaration of the prisoner."

"Right, right! This, brother, is well and seasonably said," ejaculated a little shrivelled-faced man who held a conspicuous place among the judges. "This child of Moab ought to be apprehended and permitted to show herself guiltless. I think our young brother is right; and touching the young man also who departed with her, was he not, my brother Elliot, thy worthy son Charles? See to it, that he be not ensnared in the devices of this daughter of the stranger."

"Well spoken, brother Searchsin, said the chief magistrate. I also cannot but commend the prudence of our young brother Brown, whose youthful wisdom should put us all to shame. I think with him we should not let slip this good opportunity of displaying our regard for purity and justice. Let therefore the maiden be taken in custody, and let her be kept in durance till a day of trial is appointed, as may suit our occasions. Here is a writing for the apprehending of the person of the woman. Let her be securely held, and though she be a heretic, and as I might in some sense say, a heathen, yet let her be treated by the law that was ordained for the stranger and the outcast. Moreover, brother Elliot, I charge thee, look well to thy household, and be watchful lest some who have hitherto borne a good report among us fall out by the way. Doubtless thy son hath done nothing indecorous in lending a helping hand to this young and beautiful damsel; being from the ardor of his youth, apparently, somewhat touched with a laudable compassion. Yet see to it, brother, lest even in so doing, he may offend the consciences of the godly."

Various as might have been the sentiments of the audience at the unhappy fate of Rebecca, there was now no time for their manifestations. The officer whom the magistrate addressed having im-

mediately proceeded to discharge his duty, their attention was again called to the case of the prisoner. As there was only one opinion respecting her, all were loud in demanding her condemnation. They now interpreted all her past and present conduct as conclusive indications of her direct coöperation with Satan; and there being no discordancy of opinion respecting her deserts, she was unanimously condemned to death by her judges, and the day of her execution appointed,—until which time she was remanded to prison.

(To be continued.)

### THE DYING EXILE.

[If our readers will only bear in mind that the authoress of the following poem is a lovely and interesting girl of fifteen, they will immediately be disarmed of all *critical* feeling, even if *criticism* should feel authorised to meddle in the matter. We say to our fair contributor, go on,—persevere in the delightful exercise you have begun! There are germs in intellectual as well as vegetable life, which, when even accidentally touched, spring up in luxuriance and beauty. Judicious management—careful and select reading—and a proper respect for good models without being restrained or governed by them, will ensure success if real genius lies at the bottom of the soil. We again say to our youthful and interesting correspondent—persevere.]

Gentle and pale she lay; her long dark hair,  
Waved o'er, and half-concealed her polished cheek,  
While one wan hand, so delicately thin  
It seemed almost transparent, twined itself  
In the rich ebon tress. How beautiful!  
And yet how frail, how fragile was that form!  
Alas! its tender life, in Death's chill grasp  
Was with'ring silently; yet she was calm;  
And happy, it may be, save one sad thought:  
That she should die alone, far from her home,  
Her own sweet land, which still was dear—  
Unutterably dear unto her heart.  
They who might watch her pure and budding youth  
Had perished ere she knew them, leaving her  
With naught to love, but the o'erhanging skies,  
The fresh young flow'rs, and all she gazed on there.  
And now she mused upon these scenes, her eye  
Flashed tremulously bright: over her face  
There swept a crimson glow, and from her lips  
A flow of music gushed out on the air.  
'Twas a strange lay, with its impassioned burst—

"I feel it. I die! I die!  
Death's touch is upon me now.  
I know it well by my dimming eye,  
And the fever of my brow.

"I die! but 'tis far away  
From thee, my own sunny shore;  
Far from thy heaven's deep purple ray,  
And thy free streams' joyous roar.

"My loved, my beautiful land!  
Yet once—yet once, tho' in vain,  
While my soul is by thy memory fanned,  
I'll pour forth my farewell strain;

"And tell thee of yearning dreams,  
Which haunt my lone spirit still;  
Of the breath of the hallowed past, which seems  
Thro' its inmost chords to thrill.

"I dream of a burnished sky,  
In the pride of its gorgeous light,  
And I start from my happy sleep and sigh—  
For here there is naught as bright.

"I dream of a fount in its sparkling dance,  
Leaping out from the vine-leaves' shade,  
Which catches the sun's last lingering glance,  
As his golden glories fade.

"Would that the winds had power,  
There to bear my fond adieu;  
The thoughts of my heart around to shower—  
They'd show thee that heart died true.

"Yes! blighted by Death's cold hand,  
Broken and crushed it may lie;  
Yet, true it hath lived to its far-off land—  
And thus, even thus, will it die!"

There was a pause: slowly her eyelids closed,  
As though in weariness she sank to sleep,  
Were't not too still—too statue-like for sleep,  
What was it? It was Death! So like the swan  
She had breathed out her soul in melody  
And passed away from earth, with music's note  
Yet quivering on her lip.

R. A. P.

## THE PROPHETIC TAPESTRY:

OR,

### THE GRAPES OF AMBRA.

A STORY, IN SIX CHAPTERS.

*Passim digni quidem perpetuo sumus  
Lactu, qui mediis (heu miseri) sacris  
Illum, illum juvenem, vidimus, O nefas!  
Stratum sacrilegia manu!*

Politiano, ad Gentilem Episcopum.

#### CHAPTER I.

ITALY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY! How rapidly the thick coming phantoms of thought obey the incantation of those words, and gather about the graves of many memories! Behold the scene!

The might and the majesty of imperial Rome had gone down forever—the foot of the Goth and the Gaul has trampled the turf that rests on her glories; and the dark pall of ignorance and superstition enshrouds all Italy in gloom. Behold the scene again!

Learning has come from the Levant—the clarion of the returning crusader had heralded her approach. Those sister-genii of the Arts—Poetry, Sculpture and Painting—now follow in her footsteps; and in the guardian shades of Florence, and the palaces of the Medici, they find a resting-place and a home. The softened radiance of their influences gilds the mountain-tops of Italy, and mellows the light that sleeps upon her sunny slopes. Her poets now are fain to dream, that, though her power is prostrated, her glory is not gone; that, upon the ruins of her political structure, and amidst the conflicting strifes of her petty dynasties, the revival of

letters shall make her such monuments, as Goths and Vandals cannot overthrow, and as fade not beneath the touch of time.

Among those, who had most influence on this era, was the family of the Medici. No other family in Italy, perhaps, gave so much aid to the cause of letters, and certainly none exercised a greater influence on the destinies of the Italian people. And to Lorenzo de Medici, in particular, is the world indebted for most of those efforts, which dispelled the darkness of the Middle Ages, and caused the light of intellectual day again to dawn upon earth. Lorenzo and his brother Giuliano, had succeeded their grandfather Cosmo in his love of literature and the Arts, and in the affections of the Florentine republic. Without the official appointment, they were at the head of the state, and controlled its government. For several years after the death of their father Piero, by means of Lorenzo's youthful wisdom, the republic occupied a position, which was at once peaceable, prosperous, and happy. Allied with the Duke of Milan—possessing the friendship of the King of Naples—owning agreeable relations with the King of France, and enjoying the good will of the Pope—the prosperity of Florence seemed secure. But a storm was gathering among the elements of the papal see, which was destined to break upon Florence and the Medici; with what effect may be developed in the progress of this story.

Pope Sixtus IV., that ambitious and unprincipled pontiff, had been at one time the friend of Lorenzo de Medici, and had favored his interests to such a degree, that Lorenzo was on the point of asking from him a cardinal's hat for his brother Giuliano. But in the year 1474, it suited the views of the pope to seek possession of the city of Castello, whose sovereignty he attempted to wrest from Niccolo Vitelli. The Florentines, by advice of the Medici, gave aid to Vitelli, and thus excited the wrath of the pope; who had already begun to fear and envy the growing power and influence of the Medici. Lorenzo was now removed by the pope from the post of treasurer to the holy see, and Francesco de Pazzi, an implacable enemy of the Medici, appointed in his stead. The Pazzi were one of the noblest families in Florence; but obscured by the superior splendor of the Medici, they were animated by jealousy and hatred of them, and were excited thereby to seek their downfall. Francesco de Pazzi was said to have been a bold, ambitious man, and without principle—a fit subject, therefore, for the plot which was engendered by the pope, himself, and Girolamo Riario, for the destruction of the Medici. This Riario was nephew to the pope, who had purchased for him the sovereignty of Imola, with the title of count; and it had been for him that Sixtus had sought the government of Castello. Devoid of honor and of scruples, he readily entered into the design of assassinating



the Medici, of overthrowing the state of Florence, and giving to the Pazzi—under the control of the pope—the chief authority there.

When the plot was formed by these three personages, Salviati, the archbishop of Pisa, was made the main agent in the conspiracy. Salviati had been recently elevated to that clerical dignity by the pope, in opposition to the wishes of the Medici, who opposed, with all the weight of their influence, his exercise of the episcopal functions. Giacompo Salviati, brother to the archbishop; Giacompo Poggio; Bernardo Bandini, a reckless libertine, whose excesses had brought him to deeds of desperation; Battista Montesicco, a military man and one of the distinguished *condottieri* of the pope; Antonio Maffei, a priest of Volterra; Stefano da Bagnone, one of the apostolic scribes, and others of less note, were now taken into the conspiracy. By the solicitation of the pope, the King of Naples,—on one of whose sons Sixtus had recently conferred a cardinal's hat—was prevailed on to countenance the attempt.

The conspirators repaired to Florence; and a body of two thousand men were ordered to approach that city in detachments, and by different routes, that they might be in readiness for use when the blow was stricken. Girolamo Riario now wrote to his nephew, the cardinal Riario, then residing at Pisa, directing him to obey whatever directions he might receive from the archbishop; and soon after, the latter desired the cardinal's presence in Florence, where he at once repaired, and took up his residence in the palace of the Pazzi. When Lorenzo heard that the cardinal Riario was in Florence, he resolved to give him a sumptuous entertainment at one of his country-seats. He accordingly proceeded to have a magnificent banquet prepared at his villa of Ambra, which was situated about ten miles from Florence; and the cardinal, with his attendants, was invited to meet Lorenzo and his brother Giuliano there, on a day appointed.

## CHAPTER II.

Nannina de Medici sat in her bower at her brother's villa of Ambra. She was diligently engaged in plying her broach upon a piece of low warp tapestry-work, her favorite occupation. This art had found its way from the East into Italy, even at the early period of which we are writing; though it was not until a later day, that it obtained in France, under the auspices of the Gobelin dyes, its zenith of reputation. Her family's love for the Arts had inspired Nannina with similar feelings, and she gratified them by copying in tapestry some of the paintings of the favorite masters. She was now occupied in copying the most celebrated work of Pollajuolo—"The Death of St. Sebastian;" which is yet preserved in the chapel of the Pucci in Florence. The vivid and fearful correctness

with which the dying saint is delineated in this painting—the life-like and highly muscular figures of the assassins, were at that time, in a peculiar degree, the admiration of the learned: for the anatomy of the human figure had then but slightly engaged the study of the painters.

Nannina had nearly completed her design, and apparently to her satisfaction; for when she paused to contemplate her task, her dark eye flashed and sparkled. She was young, and she was beautiful. The pride of the Medici was in her graceful figure, and their intellect found expression in her features. But her mind seemed attuned to melancholy; perhaps the result of temperament; perhaps of unpropitious affections: and it may be of both combined. Two little girls, her sisters, were with her; and they amused themselves by copying cartoons from her original. At length Nannina paused at her work, laid down her broach, and seemed to be interested in observing the employments of the children.

"Sister," said one of the little girls, "why do you not finish the head of the saint? Why do you complete all the rest of the picture first?"

Nannina seemed lost in thought. A slight tremor of her curls denoting the least possible motion of the head, was her only reply.

"I am sure," said the little Lucretia, "the face is very pretty. Besides, Nannina thinks it so like our brother Giuliano."

And the little fairy glided to the spot where her sister sat, still absorbed in her own thoughts, put her arm round the neck of Nannina and imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

"Do, sister, Nina," said she—"give the saint a head."

"I join right heartily in that request," said a voice from behind the olive-tree which grew near the spot; and Giuliano de Medici stepped into the presence of his sisters.

"Forgive me girls," he said, "if I have surprised you rather unceremoniously. I have just arrived from Florence, and being informed by the domestics that I should find you here, I hastened to the place, and found you so occupied with your own affairs as not to perceive my approach. I paused for a moment behind the olive-tree, and when I heard Lu's tender appeal, I could not resist the temptation of saying Amen to her prayer."

Nannina's kiss testified her forgiveness; and whilst the little girls covered him with caresses, Giuliano urged his sister to assign the reason for not having finished the head of the saint. Nannina at length confessed the cause, and stated that some time since, and soon after she had commenced this piece, a strange priest, whose name was Savanarola, had visited her brother's house in Florence. Observing her occupation, he ridiculed it, and endeavored to dissuade her from pursuing it; but finding that she was not influenced by his remarks,

he told her in a strain of wild enthusiasm, that when she completed that tapestry, an awful calamity would befall her house. Nannina said, that she had treated the prediction slightly at that time, but that it had since impressed her mind with awe, and that she had therefore hesitated to complete the design. Giuliano of course laughed at what he called his sister's silly superstition, denounced Savanarola as a fanatic and an impostor, and urged her to finish the figure of the saint. Nannina added—

"Besides, Giuliano, the face is so much like thine."

"Fancy, pure fancy, *carissima mea*," said Giuliano—"and if it were, so much the better; thy sketch will be the more vivid, as I will sit for the portrait. Come, the whim possesses me—wilt thou not gratify me?"

Thus pressed, Nannina consented; and before Giuliano left her, the head of the saint was on his shoulders, and his features on the tapestry did indeed bear striking resemblance to those of Giuliano; for Nannina had really made the face of her brother, the original from which she copied. When Giuliano rose to depart, he said to Nannina—

"The cardinal Riario is entertained by my brother to-morrow; you must be of good spirits, and aid us in amusing him."

Nannina shook her head.

"Nay, now, dearest Nina, but you must indeed. Come, come, be of good cheer; the Fates cannot always frown; they are women you know, and women *will* sometimes smile."

Nannina smiled herself, and she kissed her brother. But the smile was melancholy, and Giuliano observed it.

"Nina, dearest Nina," he said, "it would be false affectation in me if I were to pretend not to know the cause of your gloom. But believe me, you will yet be happy. Bernardo is rapidly gaining reputation and influence, and Lorenzo was always amenable to reason. Depend upon it, all will yet be as you and I wish it. And that it may soon be so, San Sebastiano be entreated!"

And Giuliano kissed his sisters, and departed.

### CHAPTER III.

Bernardo Rucellai derived his origin from a noble family in Florence. At the time of which we are writing, he had scarcely attained to manhood in point of years; but in mind he had already afforded evidence of character and learning.

A mutual attachment had for several years subsisted between Nannina de Medici and himself. When it was discovered by Lorenzo, he forbade Bernardo's attentions to his sister (whose guardian he was) in the character of a suitor, and declared himself opposed to their union. Lorenzo had other designs for his sister, of a more brilliant description. He loved her much, but he believed her

happiness would be better promoted by another alliance, which might at the same time strengthen his own interests, and those of Florence. Nannina yielded to the influence of her brother—an influence which had controlled her whole life—and discouraged the hopes of Bernardo. But her heart was faithful to him; and the influence of her passion had made its impress upon her person and her mind. Her brother Giuliano had observed this, and he had often endeavored to encourage her drooping spirits; while, without pledges of any kind, or even vague allusion to the subject, he had sought opportunities of aiding Bernardo in the application of his fine talents.

Giuliano knew that under such circumstances, there was always cause for hope to one like Bernardo. He knew too, that to one, like he, gifted with genius, and possessing a mind intent on the discharge of duty, earth can present no obstacle in the road to reputation, which may not be surmounted. He was, therefore, full of ardent hopes for his sister's happiness.

On the evening of the day previous to that on which Lorenzo was to entertain the cardinal Riario, Bernardo Rucellai was passing by the church of San Reparata, in Florence. As he moved slowly along, communing with himself, the sound of voices came harshly to his ear. He mechanically paused for an instant, and listened. He was immediately made sensible that several persons were engaged near the church in close and earnest conversation. One of the company seemed to be much excited—for his voice was occasionally raised to a high pitch; whilst the others, though less loud and animated, appeared to be earnest. Bernardo's sense of honor did not approve of his playing the part of eaves-dropper, though the place and the hour for such conversation was unusual and suspicious. He was about to pass on, when the loud voice was still more elevated; and he distinctly heard these words—

"They must die there!" Bernardo's suspicions were now entirely aroused, and he feared that a plan for effecting some deed of blood was in process of preparation on that spot. He determined therefore, to discover and prevent it if possible. Accordingly, he first ascertained, as well as he could, the exact position of the speakers, which he found to be behind one of the angles of the building; and then, he contrived under cover of the large marble tombs, with which the church was surrounded, aided by the darkness of the night, to approach them so near, that he could distinctly hear what was said.

"Methinks, Montesicco," said one of the speakers, "thou art foolishly scrupulous. Cospetto! what signifies it where the deed be done, once thou hast made up thy mind to do it? Besides, our reverend father here, assures us, that the end will justify the means. Said'st thou not so, father Maffei?"



"I did, my son. And I repeat, that he will be doing his Maker good service, who removes from the world these enemies of God, and our most holy father Sixtus. And have we not the authority of his holiness himself, for our proceedings?"

"Not in the church—blessed Maria!—not in the church"—said Montesicco,—“he did not say we should do it in the church.”

"No, my son, he did not. But he authorized us to do the deed; he left the manner and the place to our discretion; and methinks, that if in the exercise of that discretion, we should do aught which our holy father might not approve, he will carry it to the account of our zeal, and give us his dispensation."

"'Tis a fearful risk"—said Montesicco, "let him take it who may. I will none of it. The deed must be done at the banquet—let them die there, and I will be the first to strike the blow. But, if their blood must stain the altar of our Lord, I wash my hands of the transaction. Madre di Dio!—pardon these men for the proposition."

"Bandini," said the priest Maffei—"we must yield to his scruples, I suppose; though we cannot count on doing our work so effectually, and safely in their own house, and surrounded by their domestics, as if we pursued the plan which I proposed."

"Let it be so then," said Bandini. "One thing is certain however, there is no way by which we can effect our purpose at the banquet, unless we disguise ourselves in the dresses of the cardinal's attendants. I like not the plan, but 'tis of no use to reason with these *condottieri*. Corpo di Bacco! though their trade be cutting throats, yet must they exercise it, where our Lord alone can look down upon them, and not his images. Let us seek our friends now, and arrange our plans for the morrow."

While this conversation was proceeding, Bernardo gathered enough to know that the conspirators were planning some purpose of assassination, and that one of them had objected to being concerned in the matter, if the deed were perpetrated in the church. And he could not resist the conclusion, that, though the names of the proposed victims were not mentioned—the circumstances alluded to by the conspirators pointed clearly to the Medici, as the intended objects of the attempt. He determined therefore to give them timely caution. Impressed by the horrible nature of his discovery, and by the importance of instant action; and concluding that the conspirators had departed, he left his lurking place, and was hastily passing from the square, when he was challenged by the hoarse voice of Bandini, and ordered to await his approach. Bernardo halted, and rebuked the rudeness of the man who dared thus to accost him in the streets of Florence. Bandini, Maffei and Montesicco now advanced to where Bernardo stood. They were just leaving the front of the church as he passed.

"That tone will not do for us, fair Signore," said Bandini, as he drew his sword; "two things must thou tell us, and that presently—who are ye!—and whence come ye?"

Bernardo stood upon his defence, and was on the point of returning a rough reply to the rude speech which had been addressed to him. But he recollected the importance of his having speedy communication with the Medici; and if he engaged in the contest which his spirit now prompted, that purpose might be defeated. He therefore commanded himself, and replied—

"Those questions are easily answered Signore, though I do not recognize your right of submitting them in this way. But, as I presume you have mistaken me for some other person whom you expect, I will give you the desired information. I am Bernardo Rucellai—and I come from my own house."

"Came you not from among the tombs?"

Bernardo wished to avoid stating what was false; and he had sufficient sagacity to know that by confessing some of the facts, he might conceal the rest, and thus disarm their suspicions. He therefore boldly answered—

"I did! As I passed this way, I heard the sound of voices near the church, and wondering from whom it proceeded, I approached the spot."

"Didst thou hear aught that was said?"

"I did." And here Bernardo repeated the last sentence spoken by Bandini.

"Naught else?"

"Something else about *condottieri*, and not liking the plan."

"Nothing else?"

"The speakers removed immediately afterwards, and I then heard no more."

Bandini drew a long breath, and his fears seemed quieted.

"Signor Rucellai," he said, "I believe you are right, and that we have mistaken our man. But you must go with us to the nearest light, that we may be satisfied of this fact. Meantime should it prove so, keep a quiet tongue in your head, and say nothing of having met us to-night, or our daggers and your doublet shall be better acquainted—that's all."

Bandini and Maffei then proceeded with Bernardo (who restrained his desire to resent the insolence of these men, with great difficulty,) to the nearest lamp, where, after closely scrutinizing his countenance, they permitted him to proceed on his way.

Bernardo went without delay to the palace of the Medici; but they had left Florence, and had gone to their villa. He returned home, retired to rest, and resolved to rise early on the morrow, proceed to Ambra, and acquaint Lorenzo with the conversation which he had overheard between the conspirators.

## CHAPTER IV.

On the morning after the incidents occurred which are recorded in the last chapter, the cardinal Riario departed in state for the villa of Ambra. Such of the conspirators as were selected for the act of assassination, disguised themselves in the dresses of his attendants, and accompanied him in his visit. As they approached Lorenzo's villa, they were surprised by the beauty of the spot, and the taste with which it was improved.

The villa occupied the easy slope of a hill ; and was placed amidst groves of olive trees, which have been commemorated by Lorenzo himself in his poem called *Ambra*.

*"Luliva in qualche dolce spiaggia aprica."*

Many graduated paths or walks, which were furnished with stone seats, carved into various antique images of the sphinx, fawns, &c. ; and ornamented, at intervals, with groups of statuary, led through these groves in every direction. The river Ombrone—a deep and quiet stream—wound round two angles of the villa's base, and glided away between highly cultivated orchards and gardens, affording a smooth sheet of clear water to the view. The buildings were surrounded by a spacious court ; within which were contained plants, shrubs, and flowers of the richest and most curious species. Among these, were rare and beautiful specimens of the orange and pomegranate. On the outer wall of the court, variegated marble pillars were raised at intervals, supporting a frame-work, around which entwined many varieties of the Tuscan vine, now burthened with luxuriant fruit.

The cardinal was received and welcomed by Lorenzo alone—something of great importance having called Giuliano from the place. When his Eminence had refreshed himself, he begged that Lorenzo would gratify him with an inspection of the many specimens of the Arts—for the collection of which he was so renowned. Lorenzo of course readily complied, and conducted his guest first into his gallery of paintings.

The first piece which engaged their attention, was "The Institution of the Eucharist," by Signorelli.

"This," said Lorenzo, "is the production of a master, who, I think, combines more proprieties in his works, than any artist of our day. Look, if your Eminence pleases, at the marked and distinctive difference of features ; observe the harmonious, yet just distribution of light ; but above all, we must admire that effective disposition of drapery. It has faults though ; but they are the faults which are common with all our artists, I believe."

"I confess," said the cardinal, "that I am not sufficiently a critic to point out these faults."

"I think," said Lorenzo, "that the limbs are not defined with sufficient distinctness. But our painters are improving in this particular. Here, for instance, are two pieces by Pollajuolo, one of my friends. The first is 'The Death of St. Se-

bastian : ' the other 'Hercules and Antæus.' In both of these pieces, the form and action of the muscles are strikingly delineated."

"This is indeed admirable," said the cardinal ; "how justly the power of the victor, and the languor of the vanquished are expressed in this second piece ! Noble sir, I envy you the friendship of the artist."

"Here is another painting, by one of my protégés," remarked Lorenzo, pointing to a picture of "The Queen of Sheba on a visit to Solomon ;" "and the partial artist has violated good taste by introducing my own features into his piece, as you may perceive. But it does not deserve much attention for its merits."

"These paintings are in oil, I believe," said the cardinal, "and not in distemper."

"Your Eminence is right. This branch of the Arts owes much to Andrea da Castagna, for his recent invention of painting in oil."

It is rather the revival, than the invention of an art, noble sir, is it not ?" said the cardinal.

"I believe it is so," replied Lorenzo—"for I have been told that it was practised more than a century ago by certain Flemish artists. But here are some illustrations of a sister art. This is a group *in rilievo* by Donattello ; and this a statue of St. George by the same hand ; and here too, is his "Annunciation."

"This art commands my most profound admiration," observed his Eminence, as he studied these pieces—"for it unites the solid and substantial characteristics of sculpture with the poetic depth of picturesque combinations."

"The criticism of your Eminence is no doubt just. It is to me a matter of surprise, that, so few artists have skill in both these arts at the same time. I think, however, there is now, in our gardens at San Marco, a young man, by name Michelagnolo Buanarotti, who is destined to equal success in these kindred accomplishments."

"Here is a picture by one almost as young as Michelagnolo, which demands a share of your admiration. It is by Filippo Lippi the younger, and is called 'The Sacrifice of the Soothsayer'—a scene from ancient Rome. Observe how bold and animated are the attitudes ; and see with what effect he has introduced those antique vases, utensils and arms. Indeed, the success of Filippo in this respect has aided in inspiring a passion for the collection of those interesting relics."

The cardinal now expressed a desire to see Lorenzo's collection of *antiques*, and was led by him through his cabinets, where he was gratified with the view of many statues and busts—among them, the marble figures of Faustina and Africanus—which bore the stamp of antiquity ; together with Lorenzo's store of ancient vases, coins, medals, intaglios, gems, &c. of which he had the largest collection in Europe.



Soon after the cardinal and Lorenzo returned to the saloon, they were joined by Nannina, who, at the request of her brother, sent for her tapestry. When the cardinal cast his eye upon her last piece,—‘The Death of St. Sebastian,’—he recoiled with horror. Lorenzo observed his emotion; but was at a loss to conceive the cause. His Eminence soon recovered from his embarrassment; but he was thoughtful, and almost silent for hours afterwards. Lorenzo increased his exertions to interest him; and Nannina recounted the prophecy of the mad priest Savanarola, in connexion with this piece of tapestry; and also what had occurred between her brother Giuliano and herself on this subject. Two of the conspirators, in personal attendance on the cardinal, were in the apartment; and when Nannina had concluded, a glance of dark meaning and savage triumph passed between them.

#### CHAPTER V.

Thou hast said, old satyrist of Rome, that “the urn of fate is shaken for all.” And that saying was true. But thou did’st not say all that was true, and which might have been said, and said so well by thee, on such a subject. Man is indeed the creature of an ordaining Providence—the subject of an eternal will. But oh! there is hope; hope for the heart of him who has found no smile upon the face of Fortune; and whose soul has been darkened by the shadow of adversity, in the reflection, that God has given to his creature-man, a portion of that immortal will—a moral power—which can *modify* destiny, and bid defiance even to death itself.

Alas, for the poor frail fabric of mortality!—Wonderful is its design—most wonderful its workmanship! Yet were it not the work of a master’s hand, subject as it is in this life to disappointment, and decay, suffering, and dissolution,—if it were not endowed with those high capacities, which can realize the reason of its being, and find food for its moral nature in the very elements with which it is at war. Who says then, this earth is but a world of sin and sorrow—a vale of tears, where joy abideth not, and happiness is known but in hope? Who utters this—he libels the Lord of life, and is dead to those illustrations of his designs, which minister to the spirit that claims kindred with himself. But happy is he who feels that our being is but one link in the great chain of causes and effects, which constitutes the eternal purposes of Providence; and that to us is given the power to polish that link into brightness and beauty, or suffer it to corrode with the mists of ignorance, or the damps of neglect.

When the urn of fate was shaken for Bernardo Rucellai, it cast him that lot, which excited such aspirations as fate itself seemed unwilling to gra-

tify. It had given to him noble birth; the advantages of learning, and the accomplishments of the knight and the soldier; but it had withheld many of those blandishments, which are the roses that are strewn in the paths of the fortunate. His father died while Bernardo was yet a child; but he lived long enough to waste the greater portion of his patrimony, by imprudent excesses. Enough was left however, to educate Bernardo, and support his broken-hearted mother; whom he loved with a boundless affection. It is true that he was deprived of those substantial benefits which wealth gave to most of his fellow nobles; and he sought to supply the deficiency by diligence in the acquisition of knowledge. By reason of his position in society, his poverty subjected him to many disappointments—to some mortifications; but his intellectual energies had triumphed over these, and had afforded him that moral *materiel*, which must sooner or later command happiness, and insure success. Already had he inspired the respect of his superiors in society, gained the good will of his equals, and acquired an influence among his inferiors. Was he destined to a position even loftier than this? Let our story, and the pages of history answer.

Bernardo was aroused early on the morning after his adventure with the conspirators, by a summons to the bed-side of his mother. She had been attacked by a violent paroxysm of a chronic complaint to which she was subject, and it was feared for several hours, that life would desert her. A surgeon was sent for, and Bernardo’s thoughts were all given to the relief of his mother. At length the paroxysm past, and she was free from immediate danger. Bernardo now prepared to give that information to the Medici, which he supposed was so necessary to their safety. The sun had well nigh reached the meridian, when he mounted, and in hot haste pursued his way to Ambra. When he approached the villa, he secured his horse in a retired spot, and on foot advanced to the walls, where he cautiously reconnoitred the premises for a few moments. He discovered that several persons in the uniform of the cardinal’s retinue, were moving to and fro in the court-yard. It was necessary therefore, for him to proceed with great caution, in order to secure success in the execution of his purpose. He had intended to deliver his warning to Lorenzo in person, if he had arrived at Ambra before the conspirators; but he now perceived that if he attempted to do this, it might be the means of defeating his object, and precipitating the catastrophe he was anxious to avert. His person was now known to two of the conspirators; and he feared that if he sought to approach Lorenzo they might recognize him, and hasten the attack in order to prevent any interference which his communication might create. But some plan must be immediately adopted; for time was pre-

cious, and instant action might be necessary to save the Medici. He was puzzled, however, in the effort to devise such a plan; and the agony of his mind was almost insupportable. He now moved round to the southern side of the court; and, protected by a thick cluster of vines, again took observation. Still were the liveries of the conspirators to be seen, and no method of effecting his wishes yet presented itself. Highly nervous from excitement, he thought at one time that he heard the clashing of arms, as if of men in conflict. But he was immediately undeceived. Now, he heard shrieks—the shrieks of Nannina. Desperately frantic, he leaped upon the wall—and was in the act of springing into the court, and rushing into her presence, when the sounds came clearer to his ear, and he discovered that it was the voice of Nannina in song—his own, his favorite song—the words himself had composed. He retreated behind the friendly cover of the vines, and listened to such verses as follow:

The mind may try its strongest wing,  
And strive to soar from earth's control;  
The heart be bless'd with constant Spring,  
And friendship's sunshine warm the soul:  
But oh! if pinching penury  
Fetters the frame, and chains the heart,  
Successful effort to be free  
Can not be made by mortal art.

Vain are the triumphs of the hour,  
And empty is the soul's success;  
Vain is the mind's high sense of power,  
And all our hopes of happiness;  
If on this cold and selfish earth,  
Fair Fortune smile not on our plans,  
If Wealth give not her golden worth,  
Nor blesses us with her broad lands.

So sung the sensual votary,—  
Poor child of clay, of chance and time!  
He knew not that high sympathy,  
Which lights the spirit's sunny clime:  
He knew not that the human soul  
Is bless'd with bounties which are given  
To bring e'en Fate within control,  
And teach on earth the love of Heaven.

Before the song had ceased, Bernardo perceived that one of the domestics was approaching the place where he stood. It proved to be the son of Lorenzo's gardener, whom Bernardo well knew. An opportunity was now presented by which he hoped to accomplish his intentions. He feared, however, to entrust the execution of so important a commission to this young servant. A failure to deliver the message immediately, or a detection by the conspirators in its delivery, might seal the fate of those, whom it was his purpose to save. His mind soon suggested another method. He made his presence known to the young gardener, and prevailed on the latter to join him on the outer side of the court.

Learning from the domestic, that he had been sent by Nannina to gather some of the grapes

which grew over the outer walls of the court in such rich luxuriance, Bernardo prevailed on him by bribe and entreaty, to exchange dresses with himself and leave to Bernardo the execution of his errand. The lad was nearly of the same size with Bernardo, who soon completed the metamorphose, and with his pencil hastily prepared a note which he addressed to Nannina—whom he expected he should easily approach in his disguise—informing her of the dangers to which he believed her brothers were exposed by the presence of the cardinal and his attendants; and requesting that she would immediately inform her brothers, and bid them take measures for their protection.

Mounting on the wall, he selected a quantity of the grapes, which for the sake of convenience, he placed, as he pulled them, in his hat; and he was in the act of letting himself down, when he perceived that two of the conspirators were observing his movements from a window of one of the basement-rooms of the building. He soon recognized them as Maffei and Bandini—the two men from whom he had undergone so rigid a scrutiny on the night before. His head was uncovered, and his features exposed to the gaze of the villains. They were discussing the question, whether or not his features were known to them; and for several minutes, Bernardo felt certain of detection. At intervals, he could hear that they were expressing their suspicions of his appearance. He had been in scenes of strife, and of danger. He had looked death itself in the face; but this was the most awful moment of his life. A look of alarm; a sign of trepidation; the least evidence denoting a consciousness of his position, might have confirmed the suspicions of the conspirators; and thus have led to a certain recognition of his person, and perhaps to the destruction of the Medici. He succeeded however, in nerving himself to that degree of non-chalance, which, aided by his disguise, blunted those suspicions—and saved him.

Bernardo now placed the grapes in the salver which the servant had brought with him—slouched his hat with its long feather over his face, in such a way as to protect his features from easy observation,—and then concealing his note in the largest and most conspicuous bunch of the fruit, he proceeded to the hall where he was instructed he should find Nannina. Passing the domestic who was in waiting to receive the fruit, he quickly entered the apartment in which Nannina sat. Bandini and Maffei, seemingly doubtful of the conclusion at which they had arrived in relation to his identity, had followed him, and halted at the door of the chamber which he entered. Bernardo discovered their position, but he pretended not to perceive it. Going immediately up to Nannina, he requested her, in a suppressed tone of voice, to take the large and beautiful bunch, which he had made most conspicuous. Nannina did not seem to hear



him distinctly; or, being more occupied with other thoughts, she gave him but a hasty glance, and bade him take the fruit to her brother, as it was for him she had ordered it; and then left the apartment by a side-door, before Bernardo could again speak to her. He would have followed her, but he saw that he was watched by the conspirators, and that this course would have excited certain suspicions. He resolved therefore, to make one more effort—enter the apartment where he should find Lorenzo—approach him—and without being heard, request him to take the bunch of grapes which contained the note. He trusted, that when Lorenzo discovered the note, he would manage immediately to peruse it without exciting the apprehensions of the cardinal and his attendants. Having entered the saloon, he was in the act of advancing to Lorenzo, when the latter observing him, exclaimed—

“What do *you* here, sirrah? Hand the grapes to the cardinal, and answer me afterwards.”

Bernardo's feelings now approached distraction. He was so embarrassed that he obeyed mechanically, and presented the salver to the cardinal.

“I commend the fruit,” said Lorenzo, “to your Eminence. Our Tuscan soil produces none better. Allow me to recommend that rich bunch which is so prominent.”

“Truly,” remarked the cardinal, as he received the fated cluster, “the fruit is fine. Such grapes, noble Signore, are worthy of a pattern for the brim of some richly enchased goblet.”

“Ay,” said Lorenzo—“that vase for instance, which Solomon in our picture presents to the Queen of Sheba. Now, sirrah, your answer to my question—but first uncover in this presence.”

Bernardo hesitated to obey. Bandini, who had followed him into the apartment, now advanced, and rudely removed the hat from his head. Bernardo stood exposed to the gaze of Lorenzo, who rising from his seat, exclaimed—

“Bernardo Racellai! how is this? Remove him from the apartment,” he cried to the domestics, “and I will make him account for this intrusion hereafter.”

The servants, aided by Bandini, seized on Bernardo—who begged in vain for a moment's conversation with Lorenzo—and hurried him away. In the meantime the cardinal had discovered the note; and, taking advantage of the confusion produced by the expulsion of Bernardo, had contrived to glance over its contents. Whispering to one of the conspirators, he said—

“Something of our purpose is discovered. Let that young man be secured. For the present, we had better defer our design. Giuliano has not yet arrived, and before he comes measures may possibly be taken to frustrate our plan.”

When Bernardo was carried into the court, he was overpowered by the conspirators, who bound

him firmly; and then mounting him on a horse, between two of their number also on horseback, they compelled him to ride away with them. In pursuance of the cardinal's suggestion—growing out of Bernardo's interference—the plan which had been proposed for the assassination of the Medici at the villa of Ambra was abandoned; and the banquet passed off quietly.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Though the purpose of assassinating the Medici had been deferred by the conspirators, it was not entirely abandoned. The plan first proposed by Maffei was again brought under consideration, and it was determined that the attempt should be made at the church of San Reparata, before mentioned, on the next Sunday, while mass was being celebrated; as it was anticipated that the Medici would attend service there on that occasion. The sudden disappearance of Bernardo had alarmed his friends; and inquiries were instituted by them for the purpose of accounting for it; but in vain. In the meantime, some satisfactory reason for his absence was in charity given to his mother. On the day after the banquet, Lorenzo sought for him to demand an explanation of his conduct; and ascertaining that he had not been at home since the morning of the previous day, he concluded that Bernardo was keeping out of the way—for the purpose of avoiding a meeting with himself. This seemed inconsistent with his preconceived opinions of Bernardo's character; but so did what Lorenzo deemed his impertinent intrusion into the villa on the day before. He had learned from the domestic with whom Bernardo exchanged dresses, what had passed between them; and Lorenzo arrived at the conclusion, that this course had been pursued by Bernardo for the purpose of effecting a clandestine interview with Nannina; but without her knowledge or consent. He therefore lost all respect for Bernardo.

The conspirators being satisfied that the Medici would certainly attend the celebration of mass on the following Sabbath at San Reparata, with great precaution and secrecy made their arrangements to effect on that occasion, the purpose which they had at heart. The attack upon Giuliano was entrusted to Francisco de Pazzi and Bandini. Montesicco had undertaken to deal with Lorenzo at the banquet; but again objecting to perpetrate the deed in the house of God, he retired from the transaction. Maffei, and Da Bagnore the scribe, were then selected to assail Lorenzo.

The cardinal Riario having announced his intention of attending service at San Reparata on the ensuing Sabbath, Lorenzo invited him to join himself and brother at their house in Florence, and with them proceed to the church.

The fatal day came. The cardinal, with a large retinue, attended at the palace of Lorenzo; but Giu-

liano was again absent. The conspirators were at first uneasy at this circumstance;—information presently came, however, that Giuliano would meet them at the service. Lorenzo and the cardinal proceeded to the church—entered and took their seats—when it was discovered that Giuliano had not made his appearance. Bandini and Francesco de Pazzi were deputed to go in search of him, and hasten his attendance. They went to the house of Giuliano, and prevailed on him to proceed immediately to the church. Giuliano soon after entered—arm in arm—with the two conspirators—who, the better to deceive him, had treated him with the most familiar and good humored intercourse.

The service now began. The cibory was uncovered—the bell rang—the priest raised the consecrated host—the people bowed before it,—and this being the appointed signal, the conspirators rushed upon their victims. Bandini stabbed Giuliano to the heart; and Francesco de Pazzi continued to inflict innumerable blows upon him, even after life had deserted his body. The priests did their work more awkwardly on Lorenzo. Maffei slightly wounded him in the neck; when Lorenzo sprang into a position of defence—drew his sword—and wrapping his cloak about his left arm, quickly put his assailants to flight. Bandini with his reeking dagger now rushed upon Lorenzo,—struck one of his attendants who interposed, with a mortal wound,—and a desperate conflict ensued between himself and Lorenzo. The other conspirators followed Bandini, and pressed upon Lorenzo—who it was evident could maintain the contest but a moment longer. At that instant the shouts of many voices were heard in the church-square. The war-cry of the Medici sounded in the ears of the conspirators.

“Palle! Palle!” shouted the voices of a body of young men, who, led by BERNARDO RUCELLAI, entered the church—surrounded Lorenzo—and bore him into the sacristy. They afterwards escorted him to his palace—and exciting the citizens with the continued cry of “Palle! Palle!”—perish the traitors!—they aroused the people to arms; and dire was the punishment, and dreadful the revenge, which they inflicted on the conspirators.

Poor Giuliano! In the fulness of manhood, of hope, and of happiness, he had fallen—fallen at the very foot of that altar which had been raised to the God of peace,—and by the hands of fiends in the forms of men. A heart warm with love for his species—a mind abounding with the highest and noblest aspirations could not save him from the sacrifice. He fell; and all Florence followed his bier with the pomp and the pageantry of woe. But in the silent shades of Ambra, the holiest tribute to his worth was paid. In those solemn haunts, where her lost brother had loved to wander by her side, Nannina wept his untimely end, and hoarded the treasure of his memory.

We must now explain, that when Bernardo was

seized by the conspirators at Lorenzo's villa, he was carried to Pistoia, and there secretly confined. The agents who conducted him from Ambra, had been instructed not to take his life until they discovered whether or not he had communicated to others the secret which he had acquired. He refused to give them information on this subject, and his life was yet spared. They endeavored to wrest the information from him by torture; but finding this in vain they sent for a monk—who was instructed to effect their object by confession, if possible. But this plan also failed. Bernardo now contrived to conciliate his keeper,—and soon gained as much of his good will, as was consistent with his manifest desire to serve his employers. On the last two occasions when the keeper had brought his food, Bernardo had prevailed on him to enter the cell and converse with him. He made efforts to work upon his sympathies, and prevail on him to permit his escape. But the fellow doggedly resisted all his appeals. As he had been left free of irons after the torture, he determined to make an effort to escape. He provided himself with the round of a rude bench—the only furniture of his apartment—and when the keeper next visited him, he persuaded him again to enter his cell. So soon as he did so, Bernardo struck him a blow, which knocked him down; and then he wrested from the prostrate jailer, the short dagger which the latter wore. Standing over him with the dagger ready to strike, Bernardo told him that it was not his intention to take his life, provided he gave up his keys, and exchanged dresses with him. To this the affrighted jailer consented; and Bernardo soon clad himself in the dress of his keeper. Leaving the cell—the lock of which he made fast—he managed with the aid of his disguise to effect his escape. He now repaired in great haste to Florence, and arrived on the Sabbath morning which was appointed for the execution of the conspiracy, and hurried to the palace of the Medici; where he learned that Lorenzo, together with the cardinal and his attendants, had gone to the service at the church of San Reparata. With the rapidity of lightning, his mind realized the true state of the facts; and hastening to the church of St. Michael's—which was on his way to San Reparata—he ran in and announced the conspiracy to the congregation, calling on them to follow him, if they would save the Medici and Florence. He was known to most of those present; and the young men gathered around him, and offered their aid. They ran with all speed to San Reparata; and as they approached the church, they saw from the confusion which prevailed, that the work had commenced. Raising the cry of the Medici, they rushed into the church—and with what result is known.

After this event, the situation of Florence and Lorenzo became critical in the extreme. The pope, rendered furious by the failure and exposure



of his schemes, declared war against Florence. The state was involved at the same time in other conflicts; but the wisdom of Lorenzo guided the ship of state safely through these troubled waters, and peace came at last to bless himself and his country.

Bernardo was now the friend of Lorenzo; and well had he won that proud distinction. About two years after the catastrophe we have described, Nannina became, with the consent of her brother, the bride of Bernardo. But she never parted with that ill-omened tapestry—on which she had impressed the features of him who was lost to her forever. And the hours which she spent in solitude, with that melancholy memorial, were sacred to remembrances of her loved Giuliano.

The priest Savanarola, who had pronounced that strange prediction, in connection with this piece of tapestry, was afterwards discovered to be a juggler, and an impostor. Although he is said to have aided in correcting the corruptions of the Roman church, and thus assisted in paving the way for the reformation; and although he boldly, and perhaps conscientiously denounced those occupations of the laity, (as in the case of Nannina's work,) of which he did not approve, yet was it ascertained that he pretended to sanctity, and to spiritual powers which he did not possess,—and he met with the fate he merited.

Bernardo Rucellai shared the fortunes of Lorenzo, the Magnificent; and was famed for his love of letters, and of freedom. His reputation is identified with the history of his country.

## LINES

### ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

How sleeps my friend in his place of rest!  
The greenest grass is upon his breast,  
And the willow, and white armed sycamore,  
Above him wave, and his fate deplore  
With wailing words, as the gentlest winds  
Come moaning by; and a brooklet finds  
Most musical way, through a glen of grass  
For its waters that murmur as they pass.

My friend! my friend! I remember well  
Of the times that are past; the hours I tell  
Since the summer-day when I rode with thee—  
As merry of mood as man may be,—  
Over the sand and through the wood,  
To the fringed brink of the silvery flood,  
Which fleeter than Rhone, and fairer than Rhine,  
Had a constant joy for thy heart and mine.

I remember thy dreams of a coming day,  
When thy toil should gather around thy way  
The prizes of earth, the brilliant things,  
Which beautiful seem when the heart hath wings,  
And life is young, and the spirit bold,  
And the veins of the dreamer have not grown cold.

I remember thy words of youthful fire,  
Breathing of hope and vague desire;  
I remember the sparkle which lit thine eye,  
When the thought and the hope and the vision high  
Had troubled thy lip with the eager word.  
Ah! where is the pile which thy great hope reared?

Fallen, far fallen:—the earthly pride  
Which fate and the chances of time defied  
Is gathered now to a lowly bed:  
The garlands of earthly hope are dead,  
And grief—Oh, grief! thou can'st not avail  
To win his step from the shadowy vale.

In the halls of life, I may find no other,  
To be unto me, as thou wast, brother;  
And therefore it is, that I weep thee now,  
And in the full ripeness of sorrow bow;  
And therefore it is, that I feel alone,  
In the crowded halls, whence thy step hath gone.

Loving all men, by all beloved—  
How may I ponder thy fate unmoved?  
How may I ponder with callous heart,  
On what thou wast; and on what thou art?  
Time hath new leaves for the forest tree,  
But time may not lessen my grief for thee.

Green be the grave of thy youth, my friend;  
Green be the boughs that above it bend;  
Gentle the near waves' haunting measures—  
Earth on the hills of life hath treasures;  
But never the fear unto death she gave,  
Of him who hath passed to his early grave.

L. L.

## HARRIET LIVERMORE.

Those of the readers of the Messenger, and others, who listened some years since to the public lectures of Miss Harriet Livermore, in which she enlarged upon the wrongs of the "poor Indian," and dwelt much upon the near approach of the Millenium, will doubtless be gratified to learn her whereabouts. Whatever may be the opinion of individuals as to the propriety, or utility of the course of life she has adopted, there can be but one, as to the sincerity and purity of the motives by which she is governed, and that when she went out from the midst of her own people, a wayfarer and a pilgrim in a strange land, she went in obedience to what she believed to be the voice of God; nor can we fail to admire the harmless enthusiasm, and devotion with which, amid sickness and discouragements of every kind, she has resigned herself to what she regards the imperious call of duty and religion.

Eight years ago she lectured in our own City of Richmond, since which time she has visited many of the tribes of our Western Indians, and at one time proposed to spend the remainder of her days with the red people in the vicinity of Fort Leavenworth, but her intentions were frustrated, she says, by the machinations of the Commander, and the Indian Agent, who wished to dislodge

her. Perplexed and disappointed she knew not what to do; but true to the principles that govern her, she adds, "I believe they never could have accomplished their intentions had my faith in prayer remained unshaken." She was then led to exclaim what 'shall I do?'—and a still small voice seemed to reply—"Peace be unto thee—thou shalt go to Jerusalem." Accordingly we have before us a letter from her dated on the confines of Judea. Yes, twice has this, in many respects extraordinary woman, visited the sepulchres of the prophets; and now she says, "it is to die there."

Believe what we may, there is something simple, beautiful and affecting in all this: this unhesitating faith, this self-sacrificing obedience to the dictates of duty. It is a spirit akin to the primitive Christians; a spirit, which the selfishness, the expediency, the greediness of gain, and the matter-of-fact character of the age in which we live, is fast extinguishing from amidst us. It is akin to that which swayed the good, ay, even the great Oberlin, great with small means, the Pastor and Legislator of the secluded Ban de la Roche. Miss Livermore may accomplish nothing to be hereafter blazoned on the roll of fame; but the simple love of truth and duty paramount in her own mind will bring to her its "own exceeding great reward."

At the date of her letter she had scarcely reached her place of destination, and it is accordingly filled with details gratifying to her private friends, but of hardly sufficient interest for the public eye. It abounds with sentiments of the most ardent piety, and faith in Him who has hitherto protected her in her solitary pilgrimage, and who has promised to "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." It must be borne in mind, that she travels alone, apparently unpatronised by any of our Missionary boards.

At Gibraltar, she was hospitably entertained by our worthy consul Mr. Sprague, who seems not unmindful of the apostolic injunction to 'entertain strangers.' With a pleasure, highly creditable to her heart, she dwells upon the many proofs of kindness and benevolence she experienced in his amiable family and the substantial comforts they provided for her long and perilous journey.

While entering the bay of Malta, she was saluted with the familiar air of "Hail Columbia," played by a Maltese, who came along side, and thus did honor to her country. She threw him some coin, while her thoughts were far away with the home and country she should see no more.

We trust to again hear from her, with particulars of the City made Holy by the footsteps of the Saviour, and the witness of his death and resurrection. The remarkable aspect of the times, the change of the seat of war between civilized communities, from Europe to the ancient Aceldama of Asia, and the concurrent testimony of prophecy, whether to be understood literally or otherwise,

seem to point out this portion of the earth as a theatre on which great events are yet to be revealed. The circumstance of the Rothschilds holding a mortgage of the Holy City, which seems to be well authenticated, adds not a little to the peculiar interest with which all eyes regard this interesting portion of the world.

## TO THE CONSTELLATION LYRA.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Harp of the Heavens!—thy glittering strings  
Ten thousand thousand years have told,  
Since o'er thy frame the mystic wings  
Of time unwearied roll'd;  
And still from that mysterious throne  
Thy song, magnificent and lone,  
Peals nightly as of old,  
When Chaldea's Shepherd bent his ear  
To catch the music of each sphere.

How fondly gazed that old man round  
The dread magnificence above,  
Woo'd by the anthem's mellow sound,  
Breathing of seraph love;  
Whose brooding wings shed deathless bliss  
O'er pensile orb and star'd abyss,  
Like Heaven's own holy dove—  
For he, on those high rocks, had caught  
Beams from the Spirit-land of thought;

And heard thy music, mighty Lyre,  
Struck by the giant hand of Time,  
Rolling amid yon worlds of fire,  
Their choral march sublime.  
How leap'd his heart—how swell'd his soul—  
To hear those awful numbers roll  
In one eternal chime;  
And dream, that freed from Earth's dark sod,  
Already he communed with God!

Bard of the stars! Thou led the dance  
Of thrice ten thousand thousand spheres,  
Wheeling in their delirious trance,  
Through the unnumbered years.  
Unmoved alike 'mid life or death—  
The storm's career—the tempest's breath,  
Or folly—crime and tears—  
Still! Still behind those cloudy bars,  
Glitters the Poet of the Stars!

Thou art alone!—At twilight dim,  
And in the Night's transparent noon,  
Solemnly weaving thy wild hymn,  
And solitary tune;—  
Like some sad Hermit,—whose high heart  
Would from all earthly splendors part,  
Lured by their glare too soon,  
And 'mid the Desert's silent gloom  
Wait uncomplainingly its doom.

Alone! oh, sacred ONE,—dost thou  
From that star-cinctur'd hall, behold  
Sorrows which scathe the human brow,  
And griefs that burn untold,  
Save to the night-winds trooping by—  
Like mourners journeying from the sky—  
Coldly and dark unroll'd?  
Vainly we ask, or low, or loud,  
Bright Minstrel of the star and cloud.



Sound on, oh mighty Harp ! Thy strain  
Comes floating sadly on the night—  
For we may ne'er behold again  
Thy pure and sacred light,  
But, in the cold, insensate tomb,  
Rest all unknowingly our doom ;  
While thou, intensely bright,  
Shalt pour thy glorious music still,  
Alike unscath'd by death or ill.

Sound on ! But those sweet harps of earth,  
Whose strings lie shattered, cold and lone,  
Shall yet restored by godlike worth  
Resume their godlike tone ;  
While thou, must be, oh ! ancient lyre,  
Destroyed in Nature's funeral pyre,  
And broken on thy throne—  
Where they—undimm'd by earth-born jars—  
May lead, like thee, the dance of stars !

Oh, glorious hope ! Oh, thought divine !

Soul ! fired by the promised bliss,

Kneel at thy God's eternal shrine,

And breathe thy thanks for this !

Harp ! lift once more thy joyous song—

Bear it—oh, bear its notes along,

O'er earth and far abyss !

Hail with a smile Death's gloomy frown,—

Spirit ! he brings thy brightest crown !

Louisville, 1840.

## THE ISLAND,

### AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

A fairy isle, in richest verdure drest,  
From out the sparkling waters heaves its breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus blest with fruits and flowers and shining floods,  
Calm skies, pure air, and cloud-engirdled woods  
It looks like Eden in ambrosial bloom,  
Ere sin had stained or earth had known a tomb.

Brooks.

Among all the scenery in America, that which has attracted the warmest admiration of observant travellers, is to be found in the islands of the Western country. To one who enjoys nature in her primeval grandeur and majesty, undespoiled of her beauty by the enterprise of man or the onward march of civilization, there is no spot in all our "green forest land" so imposing and singularly beautiful—none so rich in variety of grove and hill and forest, of mellow shade and sunny light—none that will take so deep a hold on the imagination, or awaken sensations of such enthusiastic admiration, as one of these grassy islands, reposing on the bosom of the river like some glittering gem on the brow of the beautiful. It is generally supposed that they have been formed, like the alluvial bottom-lands of the Mississippi valley, by a slow and gradual deposit from the river, which at these particular points, during the low water of summer, leaves some portions of its bed exposed to the imminent danger and great inconvenience of any but small crafts of a very light draught ; the fact that they are generally situated near the shoals and rapids, caused by projections in the bed of the river, seems to corroborate this belief.

Aside from their scenic beauty—and nothing can be more beautiful when the "leafy month of June" robes them in the festal garb of Spring ; and the oak, the beach, the buckeye and the sycamore have yielded to the sunshine and the rain, and display their buds, and blossoms, and leaves—

when the gentle south-wind has brought a perfume for the flowers, and the melody of its native clime to the merry forest birds ; and the "Sabbath silence of the wilderness" is broken by the myriad voices of earth streaming up in one general and harmonious anthem to the throne of God—there is a magical interest attached to them, from the knowledge that they were once the abodes of the rude but generous and high-souled Pioneers of the West, and the scene of many a sanguinary struggle with the Aborigines.

I have often, in wandering through the thick and shady forests that rise in all the pride and pomp of savage luxuriance, in their midst paused at the foot of some brave old oak, and tenanted the now silent and deserted places with those who once lived and moved there in health and happiness, but who have long since gone to that far-distant land to which we all must pass. Popular belief, now-a-days, gives no credence to the pleasant and beautiful superstition that fills the space between us and the Deity with the spirits of the departed, and peoples forest and stream with the invisible but bright winged fairies, that in times ago wandered from the delicious realms of fairy land to linger on the moonlit turf and revel in our early dreams ; but it is still a pleasure with me to dwell on this exploded error, and imagine, while lingering about these favored spots, that many a form swept along the pathless woods which never more will "revisit the glimpses of the moon." Their localities are well suited to engender such fancies in the mind of any one whose humor jumps that way. They are, if I may be allowed the somewhat extravagant figure, the stately mausoleums of a once mighty race, erected by the hand of nature in the midst of a beautiful river, and as much deserving the veneration of man as the sky-cleaving pyramids that frown over the desert-plains of Egypt. Beautifully says the gifted poetess of New-England, in a poem which the "world will not willingly let die,"

"Here, mid the graves by Time so sacred made,  
The poor lost Indian slumbers in the shade ;  
He, whose canoe with arrowy swiftness clave,  
In ancient days, yon pure, cerulean wave ;  
Son of that Spirit, whom in storms he traced,  
Through darkness followed, and in death embraced,—  
He sleeps an outlaw, mid his forfeit land,  
And grasps the arrow in his moulder'd hand."

Mrs. Sigourney.

I have thus feebly attempted to give a sketch of some of the many peculiarities of these attractive and delightful spots. There are many islands gemming old ocean, of whose varied beauties I have read and listened to with my whole heart. In therefore keeping within the girdle of those that beautify the "flowery clime of the renowned Hesperides," and in speaking of them with the warm enthusiasm of a native, I would not pluck a single laurel from them—they are as deeply fixed in the hearts of men as they are in the depths of ocean, and the world will never find a plummet to fathom the one or the other. Among those that are already celebrated in the annals of the world, and every inch of whose ground is full of song and story, are the Indies, with their mellow fruits and pleasant sunshine—Cuba, with its fertile soil, delicious climate and pure health-reviving air—Patmos, hallowed as the residence of St. John, and the scene of his labors—Delos, the birth-place of Apollo and Diana, on whose consecrated ground ancient foes forgot their enmity and mingled in familiar, if not friendly intercourse ; and from whose temples ascended the religious devotions of the early christians—Skye, among whose hills the illustrious Johnson penned some of his noblest productions, and whose beautiful scenery the Wizard of the North, has rendered familiar to thousands, as to a lover's eyes are the stars that stud the brow of night—St. Helena, the "sullen Isle" on which the proud Eagle of France pinned to death—

and "last though not least in our heart's affections," the Bermudas, the enchanted abode of Prospero and Ariel, the "still vext Bermoothes," which were for ages the terror of bold navigators, whose descriptions breathe of nothing but foul weather, thunder-storms and tempests. But let me not wander so far from the object of this little sketch.

If the curious reader will look upon almost any map of the Western States, and following the course of the OHIO-PEKHAMNE, (an Indian name, meaning "a very deep white stream," the first part of which, our early pioneers adopted as easier to pronounce and remember,) until his eye reaches the falls of the Ohio, he will discover three little dots, intended in chart nomenclature to represent three islands, called by navigators, doubtless after the christening of the redoubted *Mike Fink* or some of his compeers of the "broad horn," Goose Island, Rock Island and Corn Island. To the latter of this beautiful group, is the attention of the reader requested. It received its ancient name on account of the great quantity of Indian corn that grows on its shores; but as it is known to some by the more poetical and high-sounding one of Indian Island, it shall be so termed in these pages.

Indian Island is a terrestrial paradise. Nature seems to have created it in one of her happiest moods. It rises in the midst of the Ohio, covered with emerald verdure, enriched with numerous wild flowers of the sweetest fragrance and brightest tints, and studded with every variety of forest tree. Though small, it abounds in all the productions of the Western climate. Nothing can be lovelier than its appearance in that pleasant time, when in the words of a favorite poet—

"Nature with her delicate ear hath heard  
The dropping of the velvet foot of spring."

Springing from a rich and fertile soil, the magnificent trees rear their immense trunks to a gigantic height, and are adorned with a foliage luxuriant and beautiful beyond description. The sycamore towers high in air, with a stem of snowy whiteness and a foliage of the most delicately tinted green—the tulip tree, with its bright yellow flowers, and long, curiously shaped leaves—the red-bud, with its deep scarlet blossoms—the dog-wood, with its virgin white flowers—the gum, with its dark and sombre green—the birch, with its silver stems and pensile branches—the oak, that "spreads its amber leaves out in the sunny sheen"—the cypress, standing like an apparition in the forest—and the catalpa, bursting into one proud glow of beauty—stand side by side with the majestic oak, the hoary poplar, the maple, the walnut, the elm, the beech and the beautiful buck-eye, the pride of the Western forest. A number of parasitical plants twine themselves around the trunks and hang from almost every bough, adding a wildness which is not uninteresting to the landscape. The wild grape frequently climbs to the topmost branch of the highest trees, passing from branch to branch and from tree to tree, and forming a protection from the heat of the summer sun—the mistletoe is also seen in large clusters and in great profusion on almost every bough. Such is the appearance of the trees in the Spring, when Nature, prodigal of her luxuries, is scattering them all along our daily paths; but no less beautiful are they in Autumn. The tender green of the expanding leaves, the rich tints of the young buds, the beauty of the clustering flowers have vanished, and trees have assumed a gorgeous garb, for the simple and neat one of the early spring, when in the delicacy of their pride.

The effect of the scenery in this island is heightened, and its beauties rendered still more enchanting, by other objects. It reposes beneath the serenest of skies; the sunshine that parches every other spot, visits it like the smile of a fair girl; the air is softened into a mild and delightful

temperature, and not an angry wave breaks upon its sandy beach. The birds seem for ages to have made it their principal resort; at stated seasons, they wing their flight to it in numbers as great as those of the Jews who in ancient days went up to Jerusalem to worship the living God. It is a pleasant employment in the spring-time to watch for their arrival, and give them "welcome-warm" when they come. When the early flowers spring up, and fairy-footed May comes tripping along with her bosom full of primroses, snow-drops and violets, and the air becomes milder, and comes laden with the perfume of many a flower that it kissed on its way, I go over to the island to welcome the sociable little birds that last season were too young to fly and peck and sing for themselves, and the scores of old friends whose countenances and music-notes are as familiar to me as the light of day. There is a mystery hanging over these feathered minstrels, which naturalists, thank Heaven, find it impossible to solve, after centuries of anxious and prolonged research; and which if solved, would tend to divest them of much of the poetry that is now connected with them—their motions, flight and existence. The parrot, the mocking-bird, the blue-jay, the gold-finch, the red-bird, the wren and the humming-bird that fill the air with melody and song, but a month or so before sent forth a gush of music along the banks of the "golden-sanded" Pactolus, or serenaded some lovely Houri of an Eastern seraglio, as she slept in her bower of perfumed shade; while the wild pigeon, the swallow, the plover, the pheasant and the quail, which are seen in amazing numbers on the island, have doubtless built their nests on the mosques of Constantinople, the pyramids of Egypt, the pagodas of India, or the Vatican of the Empress of the World; or spread their wings over the Rhine, the Danube and the Ganges, the islands of the ocean, and the classic haunts of genius, poetry and romance of the Old World.

Not many years since, the beautiful and majestic swan could be seen floating along the sparkling waters; but it seems to have uttered its last wild note upon our rivers, and sought out some more quiet place in which to breathe its dying breath, unheard and undisturbed.

But to the devout traveller, of all the "sights and sounds" in the vicinity, the most pleasing will be the neighboring falls. During a still night their roar can be heard for miles, and is far more solemn and imposing than the noblest invocation ever uttered within the walls of any cathedral. There is a tradition concerning them, which may be appropriate in this place. Two Indian chiefs, who had made their names terrible in many a bloody battle, became enamored of the same dark-eyed beauty of the tribe. One wooed and won her, and she became his bride. Weeks and months glided by, and the happy chief forgot even the existence of the proud rival whom he had conquered. One morning he awoke at an early hour from his slumber, and found the lady of his love at his side, still bound in rosy sleep. She seemed restless and fevered, and with a warm and love-fraught kiss clasped him wildly to her heart. Before the warm embrace was as warmly returned, she muttered in her sleep and breathed a name which froze the smile of joy that played upon his lip. Without a moment's thought, he plucked a weapon from its sheath, and ere that guilty dream had passed, she had dreamed her last. Before that tragic day, says the tradition, the river rippled noiselessly along; but, ever since, the voice of the Great Spirit has been heard in the waters, reproving his erring and faithless children; and many an Indian brave, whom the war-whoop would have sent headlong against a thousand bayonets, has trembled with fear and terror, when at midnight in his wigwam he has heard the roar of the falls lashed into fury by the tempest, and believed it to be the voice of the offended Wahconda. The falls seem to have acquired but little fame; but it is sincerely to be hoped that



they will one day or other make themselves heard audibly in the land.

The Island has other recommendations. Although within a stone's throw of one of the largest and most enterprising commercial cities of the West, "whose merchants are princes, the mighty of the land"—whose women are fair to behold as the cedars of Lebanon, and beautiful as dreams of paradise; and whose poets have worshipped at the true shrine, and drank of the pure waters of Castaly; it still retains its primitive silence and solitude. Everything about it is much the same as when the morning stars sang together—if indeed it was then in existence. No rude sound is heard upon its shores; common consent seems to have dedicated it to the genius of solitude. Party spirit has never yet breathed its pestilential breath there; fashion has never displayed her peacock-feathers; smooth-faced bigotry has never reared her temples of strife and discord; even the doctors have forgot to quarrel there; and perhaps stranger still, our enterprising, money-making, good hearted friends of New England, have never yet visited the Island, either to vend their notions, or lay it out in town lots, and advertise them to the world with lithographed maps highly colored, and a long catalogue of the extensive prospects and numerous advantages of the embryo city. It seems to have been held as consecrated ground—one of the few out-of-the-way places saved from the dilapidating hand of man, that you may see here and there, like green and shady spots upon the desert—one of the lingering and deserted abodes of poetry and romance, to which might be appropriated these beautiful lines of one of the noblest champions and sons of British song:

"Oh! many are the beauteous isles,  
Unknown to human eye,  
That, sleeping mid the ocean smiles,  
In happy silence lie.  
The ship may pass them in the night,  
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight  
Is resting on the main;  
Some wandering ship who hath lost her way,  
And never, or by night or day,  
Shall pass these Isles again.

"There groves that bloom in endless Spring,  
Are rustling to the radiant wing  
Of birds, in various plumage, bright  
As rainbow hues, or dawning light.  
Soft falling showers of blossoms fair,  
Float ever on the fragrant air,  
Like showers of vernal snow;  
And from the fruit trees, spreading tall,  
The richly ripened clusters fall,  
Oft as sea breezes blow.

"The sun and clouds alone possess  
The joy of all that loveliness;  
And sweetly to each other smile—  
The live-long day—sun, cloud and isle!  
How silent lies each sheltered bay!  
No other visitors have they,  
To their shores of silvery sand,  
Than the waves, that murmuring in their glee,  
All hurrying in a joyful band,  
Come dancing from the sea!"

John Wilson.

Blessings—a thousand blessings on you, dear Christopher—"May your shadow never be less," beloved North; and when at last the glory of your eye is dimmed, and the blood that now warms with generous and noble impulses dances but lazily through your veins, may the close of your life be quiet and gentle as the murmur of one of the beautiful lochs which your genius has embalmed in immortal song!

I think that I can almost remember the day—many have

been registered to our accounts, gentle reader, since then—when this island was inhabited; by whom, or for what purpose is totally forgotten. It could not be the Indian—for long before my memory was sufficiently active to retain the recollection of a passing event, he had disappeared like the mists of the river. Once, indeed, a youth somewhat given to poetry, wandered over there in search of the picturesque, and returned home to tell his friends that he had seen an Indian; but as he was addicted to day-dreaming, he found none but incredulous listeners. Early in the morning

"Ere yet the hunter's startling horn was heard  
Upon the golden hills,"

he was wandering listlessly along through the forest, and at length seated himself on the branch of a tree, which a hurricane had felled—it was just such a spot as the wounded deer would seek to lie down in and die. All around was quiet and motionless as the first sleep of childhood. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the forest—not a ripple disturbed the repose of the sparkling river, and even the birds seemed not to wish to break the silence with their "wood-notes wild." After awhile, the rustle of leaves attracted his attention, and on looking up, he beheld a figure that might well have seemed the embodied personification of one of the Titans, who, in days of eld, assaulted the heights of Olympus,—it was that of an Indian—tall, muscular and gigantic. He was doubtless engaged in the hunt, as his hunting-shirt and accoutrements denoted; and before our valiant young friend had approached within speaking distance of him he had disappeared—and was never more seen. A party of five or six immediately scoured the island, but returned without seeing the wandering Indian, much to the chagrin of the youth, who between jest and quiz would rather to this day brave the peltings of a thunder-storm than hear the word "Indian" spoken or hinted at.

When in the early settlement of the West, Virginia secretly commissioned Major George Rogers Clark to march against the British at Kaskaskia, he landed his troops on Indian Island, and fortified it. He then called his companions together, and for the first time told them the object of his mission; and to their eternal honor be it said, his proposition was gallantly accepted by all of them, excepting a few dastardly cowards, who, under the control of a young lieutenant, (whose name Major Clark has nobly withheld from infamy,) secretly crept from the fort at midnight, and crossed over to the other shore. They immediately made for Harrods-town—at present one of the most beautiful and enterprising villages in Kentucky—but their infamy had travelled faster than themselves; and when they reached the fort at that place, they were driven away amidst the insults and hisses of the whole fortress. Only three of them were ever seen again—some were destroyed by the wild animals of the forest, others by the diseases of the climate, and many fell under the tomahawk of the savage. After undergoing the severest of hardships, and narrowly escaping death in all of its most appalling and terrific shapes, these three deserters resolved to return to the island and throw themselves upon the mercy of Major Clark, preferring to meet the penalty so richly deserved by them than suffer the fatigue and misery that they were undergoing every moment of the day. Imagine their agony, when upon reaching the island they found not a soul upon it. Major Clark had marched a week previous for Kaskaskia. When they discovered this, and saw that exertion alone could prolong their lives; that they were alone—deserted—surrounded on every side by dangers of the most fearful description; hated by their former friends, and hunted down by their old enemies, the red-men; they determined to remain where they were; and accordingly, with all the "pomp and circumstance" attendant on such ceremonial,

they held a solemn meeting in the woods; appointed a king from among them; who with great dignity took possession of the island, and mounted his throne—the stump of an old sycamore. The remainder of the day was spent in carousal and dissipation; and before his gracious majesty the king had retired to his couch, he threw aside his dignity so completely as to gratify his loyal subjects with a drunken song, and when last seen that night, he had toppled headlong from his throne, and was lying sound asleep, with his royal head completely encased in mud,—fully refuting that line of the poets,

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

On the next day they built them a palace, constructed of beach logs plastered with mud, and finished after a fashion at once beautiful and unique. When the palace was completed, the king and his two subjects entered it with all due ceremony and form. That day too was devoted to merriment, and long and loud were the acclamations of the “sovereign people” when the king ascended his new throne and accepted the sovereignty of the island. For weeks, every thing went on smoothly and prosperously—the forest supplying them with the choicest game, and the river yielding them the most delicious fish. Every day was a jubilee with them. The sun never shone upon a happier Commonwealth. But, alas! their very prosperity hastened their downfall. The “golden age” of the island-kingdom was of but short duration. In an unfortunate moment, the intoxicated king struck one of his subjects. Farewell the harmony of the kingdom! Peace and happiness were gone forever. Louis Phillippe, in our day, has experienced some of the feelings that harassed the king of Indian Island. His crown was now a crown of thorns. Steel traps, hair-triggered pistols, swords and daggers were nothing to the visions that were before him night and day.

Swelling with anger, and nursing his wrath as the fond mother does her offspring, the insulted subject awaited only a fitting opportunity to seek redress of the tyrant and despot. Civil war, long smothered, at length broke out; the emerald soil of the island was sprinkled with royal blood, and the head of the king was hung over the door of the palace—a warning to future tyrants. After this bloody termination of their rebellion, the murderers, as the reader will have observed was usual on great occasions, betook themselves to the bottle, and steeped their senses in oblivion.

The return of Clark and his companions from Kaskaskia found the vagabonds in this situation. When they came to their senses, and saw themselves in custody, they got down upon their knees, confessed their crime, and begged piteously for their lives, which being granted them, they were driven from the island; and thus ended the reign of the first and last king of Indian Island; which it will be conceded was fully as strange and wonderful as the wildest vision that poet ever sang or satirist ever laughed at.

In my wanderings about this island, I have picked up many interesting stories and legends connected with it, which at some future day I shall dress up for the benefit and edification of the readers of the Messenger. Such of them as love to “sup full of horrors” among the ruins of the past, will then find themselves in their native element; and those on the other hand who prefer tales of daring adventure and highwrought bravery, or who delight in stirring incident and feats of prowess unequalled only in the days of the olden time, when chivalry inspired with noble impulses and proud resolves the gallant knight and ladies fair, and minstrels gay echoed his praises to the corners of the earth, will find that Poetry and Romance still live in our midst, plentiful as the wild flowers of the forest, or according to the most veracious of poets, the fairies that once danced over the sunny lawns of merry old England.

Louisville, Ky.

## THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.

BY L. J. CIST.

Suggested by the proposed removal—assented to by the English Government—of the remains of Napoleon from the Island of St. Helena; and the contemplated erection, by the French Government, of a costly Monument to his memory, under the dome of the “*Place des Invalides*,” in Paris.

Disturb them not!—

Those relics of the dead; still let them lie

In that lone spot,

E'en now time-hallowed to his memory:

Fit tomb and requiem for him should be

Lone isle, and surging sea!

There, where he died—

Where from the mortal sprang th' immortal mind,

When purified—

From frail Mortality's dull dross refined,

It soared untrammell'd to its native sky;—

There, let his ashes lie!

'Tis hallowed ground,

And to his memory consecrate: for Fame

Not farther round

The world's remotest part hath spread his name,—

Till all the Earth, Earth's Conqueror hath known;

Than Helen's too, hath gone!

It were not meet

His mighty dust should rest in crowded mart;

And the rude feet

Of low-born hinds o'er-tread the Lion's heart!—

That over him, who, living, trod on kings

Should walk earth's meaner things!

Yet they would take

From yon lone isle, where bends the cypress low,

His dust—and make

It, chief attraction of a “*Raree-show*!”—

Where pillared domes should rear their haughty head

In mockery of the dead!

And Gaul and Guelph,

Who, living, at his very name would quail,

The dead himself

Can boldly now disturb, nor e'en turn pale:

Fear ye not, yet, the magic spell of FRANCE,

Will burst his slumb'rous trance?

And thou\*—would'st build

Pillar and monument; and off'rings give,

To carve and gild

His name—thou hated'st while he yet did live—

As they of old built monuments, unto

Prophets their fathers slew!

No need from thee

Hath he of urn or monument, whose name

Shall deathless be;

As Fate, eternal,—glorious as Fame,—

Borne on, and onward, down Time's latest shore,

When thou art named no more!

And thou?—dost dream

Thy march of Despotism 'twill advance,

To point to him

Whose lust, tho' wild was less for self than FRANCE?

Better, like him, ne'er utter Freedom's vow,

Than break it—as did'st thou!

\* Louis Philippe.



Bourbon!—beware!—  
 The Spirit of Freedom walketh out the Earth—  
 Filleth the Air—  
 Each wind that passeth, whispers of its birth:  
 Not long may France bear thralldom like thine own;  
 I rede thee, now, oh! Monarch! tremble for thy throne!

## A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY A LADY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"The days that tried men's souls!" Ah, surely men were tried;—but on woman then, as at all times of trial, lay the heaviest burden! The husband and father went forth to meet his country's enemies; to conquer, or to die. And in many instances, great were his sufferings and privations. The wife and mother remained in her lonely cottage, frequently under the most delicate, the most distressing circumstances—agonizing with fears for her beloved husband; and frequently suffering in the midst of her babes for that bread which all her efforts could not procure. Yet how little account is taken of her trials! It seems to be an established article of the world's faith, that woman is formed to do, to suffer, and endure; and pass away to oblivion.

Mrs. Carlton was a native of England. Her father, Sir Henry Bradleigh, was an officer in the royal army of king George, by whom he was personally honored, and whom he regarded with the deepest devotion of reverential love. And dearly was that love approved—for he died in Canada fighting the battles of his king against the French. His wife, who with her two children had borne him company, dreading a return voyage across the wide Atlantic, determined to remain. But the length and intensity of the Canadian winter induced her to seek a milder climate in the colonies. She therefore established herself on the Connecticut river, where she reared and educated her children, sedulously instilling into their minds principles of loyalty to their native country and its king. When the colonies began to complain of oppression, she would not believe that they were aggrieved; but fancied that those complaints were originated by restless and discontented spirits wishing for change and tumult. In mid life Mrs. Bradleigh died, leaving her children, George and Isabella, orphans. But they had many friends; and amongst the warmest and dearest, was Clarence Carlton, their playmate in childhood, their school-companion, and the sharer of all their joys and sorrows. George loved him as a brother—and Isabella fancied that to her he was a brother also; while every fibre of her young, affectionate nature, was wreathing round the beauty and excellence of his expanding character. He was a noble youth—diffident of his own judgment; but once convinced that a cause was just, he would risk his all in its support. He loved Isabella with his whole soul; and while she caught his patriotic ardor, her brother adhered to the political prejudices of his mother. When the colonies began to complain loudly of their grievances, Carlton was amongst the warmest of the patriots; while George remained firm in what he believed his duty to his king. The fraternal tie between them was severed by party animosity; and Isabella, almost broken hearted, became Mrs. Carlton, and was banished from her brother's house. Carlton however provided her a comfortable residence: and she made his dwelling and its environs a little paradise of love and beauty. She became mother to several fine children: and a happiness, almost pure, lay like a continual sunbeam on the blended spirits of that happy family.

The fearful tidings of the blood shed at Lexington burst on their repose like the heavy peal which announces the

near approach of the thunder-storm which has long lain darkening on the horizon. Clarence Carlton attended the delegation which bore the announcement of the bloody affair to England. There, provoked by the contemptuous insolence with which a party of soldiers poured their invectives on the injured colonies, he gave vent to his indignation in words which occasioned his arrest and confinement in prison, where he remained until the end of the war. Mrs. Carlton was deeply wounded when she received the tidings of her husband's detention; and in her sorrow resigned all hope of ever hailing his return. Thus doubly incensed against England, she prayed fervently as she equipped her eldest son—a boy of sixteen years for the service—that his hand might prove powerful to aid in avenging his bleeding country's wrongs; and when her daughter Ellen, who was but fifteen months younger than her brother Charles, hung weeping bitterly around him, she sternly chid her tears, adding, "I wish to heaven that you also were a boy, so that I might send you both." But when she saw him depart, with flushed cheek and sparkling eyes—rejoicing in the young life which he was ready to give in ransom for his country—she turned from gazing after him: and, shutting herself in the closet, wept in agony her bereavement of husband and son.

It was a chilly evening in November. Mrs. Carlton sat with her children beside the cheerful fire, yet their hearts were sad: for their country was wrapped in mourning, although contending for her rights, like a she-lion for her whelps. Many brave men had fallen; and those who remained were destitute and drooping.

"I wonder where Charles is to-night?" said Ellen, with a sigh.

Tears filled the mother's eyes: she felt not then as when she equipped him for the camp. The silence which ensued was broken by a rap at the door. Ellen sprang to open it—and a young man, pale, emaciated, and only half-clothed, in tattered regimentals, entered the room. Mrs. Carlton looked—"Can this be my son?" she cried, as she grasped his hand and surveyed him still more closely.

"No madam," he replied, "I cannot call you mother; nevertheless, I hope you will not withhold your hospitality from the runaway son of your brother George Bradleigh."

"My brother George's son?" she cried—"and you are very like him. I had not thought till now that my Charles is like his uncle, yet I certainly mistook you for him. Make yourself at home, dear nephew, and we will do all we can to make you comfortable."

The poor fellow had need of a comfortable home and kind attendance; for, notwithstanding all the attentions of his kind relatives, he was unable on the next morning to rise. He had left his father, who remained a staunch royalist, and enlisted under General Arnold, who was despatched by Washington to go to Canada by way of the Kennebec river. The unparalleled sufferings endured by those devoted troops, who braved every danger by flood and wilderness, were too severe for young Bradleigh's constitution. He sunk under them, and was left behind by his commander to make the best of his way to some friendly shelter. He dared not to return to his father; and having learned where his aunt Carlton resided, resolved to appeal to her kindness for that succor which he so much needed. Poor fellow! it was fortunate for him that he arrived that night, for he was seized with a violent fever which confined him to his bed several weeks; and then changing to a tertian only allowed him to be up a few hours every other day. Ellen found employment in attending the invalid. Although resembling her brother in person, she soon discovered that his mind was entirely of another mould. He was high-spirited, impatient, bold, and daring—eager and sanguine in pursuit of an object—yet turned aside by obstacles which a more persevering spirit would easily surmount. As he became con-

valescent, he exerted all his powers to please and amuse his sweet coz, as he called her, who was truly a lovely girl. She was somewhat tall, and formed in the finest proportions. Her complexion was clear white, and the rose on her cheek went and came with every breath of emotion. Her eyes were blue and bright as the clear heaven, when it seems as if myriads of glad angels were smiling through its transparency; and the bright brown curls that clustered round her face and neck glittered in the sunlight like rings of burnished gold. Her warm confiding spirit shone out in every smile; and her movements were tempered by a native grace which art can never more than imitate. She could not boast like the young ladies of the present day of a *finished* education; but she read with judgment, elegance, and reflection: and had attained so much knowledge as aided her good sense to the perception that the powers of the mind may go on attaining wisdom, and find in old age that education is not yet completed. She drew and painted beautifully from nature; and no wild bird could sing sweeter. But she was just at that age when the romance of life lies like a glittering mist over all earth's realities, forming a prospective medium which distorts and magnifies every object indefinitely. There was something so very romantic in the incidents of her cousin's history that she loved to dwell upon it. The patriotic fires of his spirit had burst the shackles of education, and even the bonds of parental authority; he had fled from the indulgence and luxuries of his father's house to devote himself to the hard lot of a common soldier in his bleeding country's cause. These were in her eyes merits of the highest class. She did not discover the impelling principle of a proud and insubordinate spirit. She regarded him as a perfect model of all that a young American should be, and was proud of her relationship to him; while that relationship sanctioned an intimacy which opened an avenue for all the witcheries of love. He was enchanted by her beauty, and flattered by her obvious affection for him; and would stand entranced for hours listening to her voice as she read from the volumes of history or poetry; or sung some tender legend of love and death. All that winter he remained an inmate of the Carlton house; and during that time Ellen had wreathed all the treasures of her young affections around the idol which her fancy had reared in his name. But Spring came in her fresh loveliness: warriors went forth to trample her rich gems, and defile her green robe with blood; and Bradleigh must be gone also.

On the evening preceding the day of his departure, he walked long with Ellen amid the beautiful scenes on the banks of the silver river. The early birds were singing amongst the young foliage, which clad the boughs, with the tenderness and beauty of blossoms: a few white flowered trees shed their fragrance on the soft air; and the little flowers peeped here and there from the bright green sod. But Ellen was insensible to all these beauties; she walked languidly awhile, and then sat down on a bank of budding jessamine and wept. Bradleigh leaned against a blossomed maple at her side, and here the confession of love—the vow of fidelity—the promise that as soon as peace returns to the harassed land, they will celebrate her return with the pomp of the bridal festivity; all these, and a thousand glowing hopes and rich anticipations, were offered to the registry of Heaven. Ellen returned home in full confidence of future felicity: Bradleigh also was light of heart; for he felt that he had made a conquest which kings might envy. The next morning he departed to join the provincials under command of the illustrious Washington, who had driven the British troops from Boston; while amongst the royalists, who with their families departed under their protection, was Mr. Bradleigh with the remainder of his family, who forsook his beautiful estate and elegant mansion for love of him whose power lay oppressively upon him. George felt

but little sorrow for the departure of his family—for he had a strong hope that the now-forfeited Bradleigh estate would be confirmed to him in consideration of his patriotism. With this hope to cheer him he performed prodigies of valor, and soon obtained the rank of an orderly sergeant, from which he fancied it was easy to rise to higher honors. Young Carlton in the meantime had been faithfully following his country's fortunes in Canada. He followed the brave Montgomery through his brilliant career, and was near him at his death. He was a noble and an indefatigable soldier. His ambition was not to attain rank, but to see his country free.

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It was now July. The cousins were both in New-York, yet although known to each other there was little intimacy between them: for they were entirely of different minds and pursuits. Ellen in her mother's house was utterly desolate. Her fancy had placed all human excellence in her lover; and every other object, even maternal tenderness, seemed valueless and vain. A wild thought took possession of her mind. She had heard of females, who, assuming masculine equipments, had followed their lovers to battle, and to sea. She would dress herself in the habiliments of a soldier, and join the provincial army. She remembered her mother's wish, that she too was a boy, that she might serve her country. She knew nothing of fatigue or hardship; but fancied that she could endure as much as the delicate looking stripling, whom she had often seen mingling with the troops. She counted on no personal peril: and against all misgivings of modesty she was shielded by her patriotism. Poor silly maiden! She thought in her childish simplicity that she should serve God by serving her country; and, at the same time, be as a guardian angel in her lover's path, to shield him from danger, to bind up his wounds, to soothe him amid the trials of the soldier's lot. She knew that an escort of provisions was to set forward in a few days for the army in New York. With this escort she resolved to go. Her preparations were made privately; and, on the evening before the day named for the departure of the convoy, she attended her little sisters to their beds, and when they were all sleeping, began to get ready to depart. She took the scissors to cut off her beautiful long hair, and a gush of repentant feeling came over her; she dropped the shining steel and wept. At that moment she felt all she was going to relinquish: security, ease, domestic affection, maternal tenderness—the ready hand of sisterly attention, the smile of love, the tone of consolation; all these she was leaving behind, for toil, tumult, and danger, strange faces, and cold companionship. But the image of Bradleigh, coupled with her romantic patriotism, soon dried her tears. She resumed her task, severed her bright curls, and wrapped them carefully in paper, on which she wrote:

"*Dear Mother*—Your wish that I were a boy, so that you might send me with my brother to serve my country, has dwelt ever on my memory, until I have resolved to become a soldier, girlhood notwithstanding. Enclosed is the crown of my feminine beauty; I know it will be to you a treasure. Do not be distressed concerning me; I shall be near my brother, and God will preserve us both. Farewell!"

She divided her feminine ornaments into parcels for her sisters, inscribing each with a fond adieu. She then assumed her masculine dress and equipments, darkened her eyebrows with a bit of burnt cork, and rejoiced as she stood before the mirror in the great alteration in her appearance. She looked indeed like a fine fair boy from the halls of college, or the parlor of some wealthy mansion. Considering that a respectable name is an unobtrusive passport to the world's favor, she adopted that of Clarence Schuyler. The clock struck one. She must soon depart to be in season with the escort. She knelt down beside the bed on



which she had slept from her infancy, and commended herself, and the dear sleepers around her, to the protection of Omnipotence. Then stealing from the house, she hurried away to the appointed rendezvous. She rejoiced to find that no eye looked suspiciously upon her; but that many encomiums were passed upon her fine soldier-like appearance as she proceeded cheerily on her way. All was novelty and excitement: and as they approached New-York a party of soldiers met them; and, to her inexpressible pleasure, she recognized in their leader her own George Bradleigh. But her disguise was sufficient to conceal her identity even from him; while her heart was almost bursting to fly to his bosom. When his party found that she came as a recruit they welcomed her cordially, and she enlisted into their company. She soon became expert in all the evolutions of the manual exercise, and was looked upon as a very superior young man; so genteel, so docile, so affable, yet so decorous and sensible, it was frequently whispered that young Schuyler would soon rise to honorable distinction. She saw her brother several times, but she feared his searching eye, and sought no intimacy with him. She heard him frequently well spoken of as a soldier who would never shrink from his duty. But she lost sight of him soon, as the company to which she belonged was stationed on Long Island, under command of the ill-starred General Sullivan. Here she was in the same mess with Bradleigh, and had constant opportunity to study his character. She grew sick at heart as the conviction forced itself upon her, that the man of her idolatry was vain, assuming, and hypocritical—that his heart was cold, and his nature ungenerous. Yet a secret sympathy seemed to attract him towards her, and he frequently sought her as a companion in his exploits, of duty, or of pleasure. They were standing side by side on the white beach of Long Island, when the gallant armament of Gen. Howe appeared off Sandy Hook.

"Huzza for a fierce fight," cried Bradleigh.

Ellen felt the red blood recede from her cheek and heart, as she thought of the probably approaching carnage: although she wished those gay vessels, with their gallant crews, at the bottom of the ocean; so had she been taught to hate them.

"Well, Lord Howe," continued Bradleigh, "despite of you or your brother, I must visit New-York once more. Will you go with me Schuyler? I promise to show you the brightest girl on this side the Atlantic." Ellen's pulse paused. "I would not miss seeing her to-night," continued Bradleigh, "for half the universe."

"She is very beautiful then?" said Ellen sadly.

"Indeed she *is* beautiful, and *rich* too," he replied; "but Schuyler I should judge from the tone of your voice that you too loved a beautiful heiress, and could not find the way to her heart. How you change color! I see it all. But come, cheer up; I have a sweet little cousin who is just the woman for you. I have often thought how much you were like her, both in mind and person. I have even heard you utter many of her favorite phrases. I know you would please her: for I have read her heart well, having once been almost in love with her myself."

How bitter these heartless words fell upon the ear of her who had so loved and trusted him? She felt the bitterest billow of fate overwhelming her soul. Yet that pride which comes to the aid of the injured in presence of the injurer supported her, and she was enabled to answer him calmly—to decline accompanying him, and to bid him good night. She sought eagerly a spot where she might be alone; and arriving at a thicket, she threw herself on the ground in an agony which utterly sealed up the fountain of tears. Her beautiful air-castle, built of love and honor, furnished with perfect happiness, and illumined with the eternal radiance of military glory, where was it now? Shattered as by a stroke of lightning; and its ruins hurled heavy on her soul. How often

had she dwelt upon the raptures of the hour which should reveal her to her loving and beloved; placing the scene sometimes amongst the wounded on the field of battle, sometimes amid the triumphs of victory; while fame proclaimed the names of Bradleigh and Carlton, to the very secret chamber of king George. Then would she turn to the bliss of her mother's welcome, as nephew, son and daughter came home in triumph; the bridal, the joy of friends, the envy of the less excellent; the noble establishment, and long years of health and wealth, amid the smiles of liberty and peace. Where now were all her beautiful visions? Changed to black vapors upon the horizon. There can be no bitterer drop in a woman's cup of life, than the moment in which she sees the cherished love of her girlhood, with all its bright blossomed hopes and verdant imaginings, crushed to the dust. Poor Ellen! Where now was the gallant Schuyler? She lay on the cold earth, her hands clasped so strongly that the nails were white, and the blue veins swollen; her face livid and convulsed with agony. Could it be possible? Had she heard aright? Was Bradleigh such a fickle one? Alas, it was too true! In a state bordering on distraction, she arose at length and proceeded to her quarters. The succeeding hours were passed in a whirl of agonizing emotion, until the drum beat to arms. She went forth with her companions, but she was a soldier no more. When the eye of her commander fell on her he started—

"Schuyler, you are sick," he said.

"No, sir, I am very well; I must meet the enemy with you."

"You are a brave fellow," replied the captain; "but I am sure something ails you."

Soon after she stood in front of the advancing foe. Brilliant in their scarlet coats and glittering accoutrements appeared the hosts of England; and many a lip curled with scorn of the ill-equipped provincials who stood marshalled before them. The array looked terrible to Ellen; but she felt as if death would be welcome to her.

Of the result of that action, I need not speak. Every American bosom carries its register amid the archives of its regretful memories. Ellen stood firm at her post, disputing every inch of ground with the tornado-like foe, until she was laid senseless by a wound in the head. The tide of battle rolled away; the arms of England crushed the little band who opposed them, and the survivors were led away captive, with feet reeking from the blood of their brethren, which flooded the battle field.

Major Prescott, a British officer, was walking on the field of blood at night, when he was attracted by the delicate beauty of the fallen Ellen. Her small white hand seemed ill-adapted to the work of death. He stooped and opened her vest. "By heaven, it is a woman!" he ejaculated; and lifting the hand, found the pulse still beating. He immediately conveyed her to a private house, sent for a surgeon, and before morning had the happiness of seeing her revive. The next day as he sat by her bed she opened her eyes, and, looking round with a bewildered air, laid her hand on her forehead.

"Fear not, lady," he said soothingly, "you are in honorable custody."

"Lady," she murmured! "I am discovered then?"

"Yes, my fair one! the chances of war make many strange discoveries. But do not distress yourself; I have heard of other pretty girls who have availed themselves of the like disguise to follow their favored lovers."

Ellen groaned bitterly. "Do not speak thus I beseech you," she said; "I am a maiden, and have no lover. I came out in all honor for the love of my oppressed country."

"Your country is blessed to have such fair defenders; and such patriotism deserves well of earth and heaven. I

will gladly believe, that, until I saw you, you had no lover."

"Oh hush! I entreat," cried Ellen; "how think you such words beseem the ears of the dying?"

There was a solemnity in her voice and eye that struck Prescott to the heart. He begged her pardon, and resolved never again to address her lightly. Day after day she lay there amongst strangers, suffering in body, and agonizing in mind. But at length she began rapidly to recover.

"You will soon be able to walk out," said Prescott to her one fine evening—"shall I furnish you with some clothing."

She blushed deeply, and said with downcast eyes, "I cannot wear man's apparel now that I am known."

"I thought so," he replied, "and have procured clothing which will much better become you."

Accordingly her attendant presented her in the morning with a box of elegant female attire. When Prescott called in the afternoon, and saw the invalid boy transformed to a modest, lovely girl, he could scarce refrain from kneeling down before her to worship, so transcendently beautiful did she appear. At his request she told him her history—and that her father was in England, and her brother in the continental army.

"I shall soon suffer you to return to your family," he said, "and would presume to beg that you will remain there, and never again peril your life and honor in the camp. Let me hope also that when you think of this strange adventure you will remember me."

"As the enemy of my beloved country," she said earnestly. "As your personal friend, Miss Carlton, and one who wishes to both sides of the Atlantic a speedy peace." "You have indeed shown me much kindness," said Ellen, "and I will remember you with all gratitude."

"With no tender sentiments?" he inquired with emotion.

"Do not speak to me now of tender sentiments," she said imploringly—"I cannot hearken to such words here. Let me go home to my mother free, as I came out: only this I will promise you, never to play soldier again." Smiling she turned the conversation to the incidents of the war. "I am exceedingly anxious to return to my mother," she said at length—"I fear that she has suffered much since I left her. I was very culpable to allow myself to be so carried away by enthusiastic patriotism; I shudder as I think of the horrors to which I foolishly exposed myself. For you, sir, I shall cherish a lasting gratitude. You preserved a life, which, although it seems dark and worthless to me, is undoubtedly saved by Heaven for some wise purpose; and to you, as its instrument, I owe a debt which Heaven alone can repay."

"And I will look to Heaven for my reward," he cried, "hoping that it may yet bestow upon me the boon which of all others I would crave."

"Long life and glory," said Ellen.

A few days after, Prescott called—apparently sad and ill. "I come to take leave of you, Miss Carlton," he said—"I go hence to-morrow. I have found out a townsman of your's, who will call on you to-day, and await your pleasure to escort you home; and here in this little box you will find a passport, which will ensure your safety from all British soldiery whom you may fall in with." He laid the box on the table, and was gone before she could thank him. Soon after the townsman designated came to the house. Ellen did not know him; he lived some miles from her mother's, on the other side of the town. She however felt no hesitation in putting herself under his protection. They resolved to set forward the next morning, Mr. Adams being anxious to see his family from whom he had heard nothing for many weeks. When Ellen opened Prescott's box she found it to contain beside the passport a sum of money, and a small richly ornamented portrait of himself attached to a valuable necklace, and a note requesting her to wear it some-

times—or at least keep it for his sake, whom it was probable she would never more behold. She and her companion made a short and prosperous journey, and arrived at Mr. Adams's house about noon of a bright day in the forepart of October. The good man found his wife and little ones well, and Ellen was welcomed heartily. But she would not remain until the next morning; she knew the way to her mother's residence, and declared that she must take her tea with her mother and sisters. She would accept no escort—for she felt as if she must approach her home alone. Full of sorrow and keen regret were her meditations as she proceeded along. Every face she met was sad, and every voice low and sorrowful. Washington, in whom the country trusted, was retreating from city to city before a victorious enemy, who had butchered hundreds of her countrymen, and detained hundreds of others in bitter durance. Want and nakedness met her at every step, and widows and orphans were weeping at every turn.

Where were the gay dreams with which a few months previous she sped along this road? and where was he for whose sake she went forth to face danger and death? This was the bitter, humiliating question. She had heard no tidings of him since that miserable hour on the beach before Brooklyn. He was probably low amongst the slain—possibly happy in the love of her rival. Here was the keenest pang. She gave way to her feelings, and the tears fell like summer rain as she traced the deserted street of the now silent city toward her early home. As she approached its vicinity all the beauties and comforts which she had left there came glowing upon her memory. The neat ample mansion, with its clean walks and broad green oaks—the elegant shrubbery and fair gardens—the airy halls and well-furnished chambers—and then the smiling eyes, kind voices, and affectionate hands of the fair dwellers amid those lovely scenes. How soon would she see them all, and find rest and consolation! "I will no longer mourn the falsehood of one faithless man," she said, "but thank God, who has preserved my life and restored me to so many comforts."

The sun was just setting. The many-colored leaves of the trees and thickets were glittering in the red mellow tints of his farewell beam; and a fitful breeze was springing up, heaving on its pinions rolling masses of beautiful clouds from the south-west;—it was a soul-soothing hour. Ellen's heart swelled with gladness as she arrived at the summit of the hill which commanded a view of the Carlton place; and she looked eagerly forward towards the end of her pilgrimage. Merciful powers! what a change was there! The house, the out-houses, the shrubbery—all had disappeared. There was nothing remaining but blackness and ashes. She shrieked out in her agony, and rushing wildly towards the desolated spot, she paused not until she stood at the gate that once opened on the gravelled carriage-way. Beside this gate was a little hut constructed rudely of a few boards; and as she gazed wildly upon it, her own mother came out and clasped her to her bosom. Ellen's overwrought feelings now gave way, and she sunk into a death-like swoon. Her youngest sister ran to the spot and assisted her mother to carry her in and lay her upon the bed. As soon as she recovered, she clasped her mother's neck exclaiming—"Oh mother, my heart is broken! I went out from you in pursuit of an ignis fatuus, which led me nigh unto death. I return weary, and sore smitten, to seek repose at home, and my home has vanished; I have now no resting-place."

"Ellen," cried her mother reprovingly, "can you speak thus when your head rests on my bosom? I do fervently thank our God that we have met again, and that it is thus well with us. But where is your brother, Ellen, that he comes not with you? Has he gone to share the bliss of Heaven with your sisters, Anna and Mary? Poor girls! they perished in the flames which consumed our habitation. I



heard their cries for aid when none could aid them; and I cried to Him who is mighty in their behalf, until their shrieks came to my ears no more. Then I said Amen: for his will was done, and they were beyond the reach of sin or suffering. But for you and Charles I wept and prayed continually, entreating the Lord to keep you from the contagion of vice; and whatever might be his will respecting the length of your lives, to grant you grace to live well—that so you might triumph in death. But where is Charles?" A low startling laugh rang from Ellen's lips, and the mother looked on the vacant face of a maniac daughter. "Merciful father!" she cried, "pity my poor lost child! Give me strength to attend upon her, until it shall please thee to restore her reason—for I perceive that her heart is not right with thee. Lucy," she said to the weeping child beside her, "now it is that I regret our losses, because we cannot provide for your wretched sister."

Mrs. Carlton was a woman of strong mind, and supported by a strong faith in the wisdom and goodness of God; and she had need of all her strength. Not two years had passed since she sat at ease in her well-furnished mansion, the beloved wife of an estimable man, the honored mother of five beautiful and happy children, who had never known want or sorrow. Now she was deprived of husband and son, and uncertain of their fate. A straggling company of the enemy had plundered and burned her dwelling, and two of her children had perished in the flames; and her eldest and dearest daughter, for whom she had not ceased to weep and pray ever since her strange departure, had returned, deprived of her reason; and, she almost feared from her possession of Prescott's picture, reft of her honor also. More than this, it was with the greatest difficulty that she could obtain bread to satisfy the hunger of her diminished household: yet she struggled on, believing that all things work together for good; and that all was gain which was lost for her country—of the ultimate independence of which she never doubted. Morning and evening did she pray fervently for that country and its devoted defenders—forgetting her own sufferings in the contemplation of them. And daily did she go forth to labor in the field, raising corn, vegetables, and culinary roots; while Lucy attended upon her helpless sister. Ellen was harmless in her insanity, amusing herself with childish sports, and the construction of numerous articles of fancy and ornament. On all subjects of discourse she was wild and rambling. She had no recollection of the past, although at times she would weep over the ruins of the house or garden; or sit for an hour under some shrub or tree which had escaped the conflagration. At length, after more than four years of suffering, she fell violently ill of a fever. The mother watched over her with intense anxiety; and her prayer was for the restoration of reason, if only for one hour, before the spirit should pass away. The disease was at its height. A torpor wrapped the senses of the emaciated girl—her feet and hands were cold; and the mother and sister sat silently watching the approach of death. Suddenly the report of a cannon was heard from the town: another, and another; and then a joyful peal rang from the bells. The watchers looked on each other in wonder, and then from the window. Crowds were running to and fro; and presently they distinguished amongst the pealing shouts, the soul-cheering sounds of Peace, and Liberty!

"Oh, if Ellen could hear those blessed words!" cried the agitated mother as she turned towards the bed.

The sick girl opened her eyes; "I do hear, mother. God be praised! I hear, and I am better."

Was ever joy like that which filled the soul of Mrs. Carlton? She fell on her knees and offered a fervent thanksgiving to Him who orders the battle, and decrees the victory to the marshalled army and the humble christian alike.

"Amen," responded a manly voice as she concluded.

She turned; her son stood within her door. It was too much. The spirit which had wrestled so sternly with adversity gave way, and Isabella Carlton fainted. She recovered to find herself truly blest. Charles had returned laden with honor, and with considerable wealth. Ellen's fever had come to a favorable crisis, and her mind was calm and clear; and more than all, the United States were free.

Charles set about building a new house, and clearing the rubbish from the grounds; and as Ellen regained her strength, she told them all her adventures—not suppressing the wild passion which led her to the battle field.

"I suffered a romantic passion," she said, "to make me ungrateful to my mother, and to my God. But the enchantment is broken. I thank the Lord, who has made me free."

When she spoke of Prescott, Charles betrayed much emotion; and Mrs. Carlton dreaded that her worst fears were too well founded. But when her tale was finished, Charles exclaimed—"That Prescott is a noble souled man. He is a Briton, and fought the battles of oppression."

"Barbarous England," cried Mrs. Carlton.

"Yes, mother," said Charles, "but his name is a bright spot on the page of English oppression and barbarity. You owe to him the lives of both your children. At the disastrous battle of Camden, after having received a severe wound in the left shoulder, I had my right arm broken by a musket ball. Being thus disabled and obliged to abandon my arms, I thought I would endeavor to reach some spot where, in case I fainted, I might not be trampled on by either army. I succeeded in getting to a deserted building, into which I had just strength to enter, when I sunk down exhausted. Now, my dear mother, I suppose that if I had perished, you would have been sure that God had accepted the sacrifice which bled on the altar of freedom. But this is judging too far. Perhaps had I fallen on the battle field in the hour of victory, I might have shouted to the last, and died in triumph. But would the soul departing thus, be in a right frame to enter the region of perfect peace, and dwell in presence of God, who is Love? I will tell you my experience of this matter. I laid me down to die; but while the din and roar of battle was in my ears, I thought of nothing but my contending countrymen; I wished only their success. But the scene of battle changed the clangor; the shouting became indistinct; and a torpor seemed creeping over my spirit. But the severe thirst which came upon me in the heat of battle now became intolerable. 'Tis the death thirst, I said. Oh, for a cup of water! Then I thought of one of Dr. Watts's Hymns for Children—a passage of which runs thus:

'Where never shall one cooling drop  
To quench their burning tongues be given.'

And shall I escape this torment, I asked. That was a hard question. I had leisure for reflection; and I found that I had no well-grounded hope in God the Father, through Jesus Christ the Son. There was no merit in my patriotism; it was of the earth, earthy. I searched it to the bottom—its foundation was pride; and into its structure were wrought many of the worst passions of our nature. But allowing that the love of country which leads a man to peril life for her sake is a feeling wholly pure in the eye of Heaven, can it expiate the long list of offences which stain the records of every day of our lives? Oh, no! We may die in battle for Christ's sake, yet if our hearts be not previously right with him, I much fear he will profess unto us—"I know ye not." Depend upon it, mother, the sword of the enemy, though he be an oppressor, cannot open the door of Heaven to the unregenerate spirit. Dreadful were the hours that passed by me in that lone hovel. Pains of body; the alternate ice and fire of fever, aggravated by my insupportable thirst, were as nothing to the agony I felt in the near

prospect of appearing before God. Then I saw every propensity of my spirit in its true character; but above all my sins appeared—my ingratitude towards God. I attempted to pray: but is it rational to believe, that in the hour of extremity God will listen to those who have neglected him all their lives; and refused to take warning, or be affected by his goodness? I found no ground for consolation. Death came creeping upon me, and there was none to whom I might speak my feelings who would offer me consolation, or even bring a drop of water for my burning tongue. I groaned aloud in the anguish of my despair, but there was none to hear. I struggled with the faintness that came by fits upon me—for I felt that my present miserable condition was better than the fearful eternity on the shadowy verge of which I was hovering. Oh, the joy which sprang to my heart, as I saw a human face beaming benignly upon me. He saved my life; and I humbly trust that the All-Wise who sent him to my aid, has seen fit to renew me in the spirit of my mind. Mother! The generous man who bound my wounds with his own hand, and bore me on his shoulder to the hospital, was the same Prescott who behaved so nobly toward my mad-brained sister."

"And did he not speak to you of me?" inquired the sobbing Ellen.

"Never! He has too much delicacy for that."

"I suppose," she replied, "that he has forgotten me;" and a sigh stole from her bosom.

"What has become of George Bradleigh?" inquired Mrs. Carlton.

"He deserted his country in the dark day of her adversity and went over to the British, taking with him a pretty little girl, an only daughter of a wealthy man in New-York city. I heard since that she had returned to her parents, having suffered great misery and destitution, and been deserted by her betrayer, who is somewhere in Europe."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a sweet afternoon in June. The Carltons were settled in their new house; the gardens and grounds were new-fenced and planted; the innumerable flowers were in bloom; and the young trees drest in their tender foliage. The family were at tea. Ellen had regained her health; and her beauty had acquired additional lustre. Mrs. Carlton's heart was uplifted with gratitude, and there was but one drawback on their happiness; they had received no intelligence of Mr. Carlton. There was a knock at the door. Lucy went to open it, and returning, ushered in two gentlemen. I need not attempt to word the scene which followed; for those gentlemen were Mr. Carlton, and Major Prescott.

When the tumult of ejaculations, embraces, and tears had subsided, Ellen recollected that she had Prescott's gift upon her bosom; for Charles had insisted that she should wear it. Blushing crimson she endeavored to conceal it.

"I have observed it, Ellen," said the gallant man; "and I have been at the trouble of seeking and liberating your father, so that I might bring with me an intercessor, whose word would be powerful to persuade you to accept the original of the picture which you have so kindly preserved."

I will now only remark, that Mr. and Mrs. Prescott were soon settled in an elegant mansion, not far from the Carlton place, on the border of the same clear river; where they lived long amid the blessings of peace and plenty.

### Self-Knowledge.

The conduct and conversation that other persons address to us, will teach us as much of ourselves as the most elaborate self-examination. In the one case, we read ourselves by a clear reflected light, while, in the other, we are mystified by self-flattery, passion and prejudice.

## THE EAGLE AND THE SWAN,

### A FABLE.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

High on the tallest pines  
That form'd the mountain's crest,  
Upon his broad untiring wings  
An Eagle lay at rest.

Like fire upon his plumes  
The vertic sunbeams lay;  
Flashing at every graceful turn  
Of his aerial way.

His keen eyes met the beam  
With the pure diamond's glow;  
Or dwelt like stars of living light,  
Upon the scenes below.

There, in a lovely vale,  
With vivid green array'd,  
Conversing with its sighing flow'rs,  
A fresh bright streamlet play'd.

And lo! a fair young Swan,  
Was floating on the stream,  
Which rippled past her snowy breast,  
With soft and silvery beam.

The Eagle's piercing cry  
Disturb'd her placid dream,  
And the broad shadow of his wing  
Came darkling o'er the stream.

Imperial bird! she sigh'd,  
To thee the boon is given,  
To bathe above this shadowy earth,  
In the bright flood of Heaven.

How blessed is thy lot!  
Thou beautiful and free;  
Proud chosen banner of the brave,  
And Star of Liberty!

How swell'd the Roman heart,  
Where thy broad wings were spread;  
How joy'd in death so thou wert free,  
And fluttering o'er his head!

At Freedom's blessed birth,  
Her infant form divine,  
Was cradled in thy storm-rock'd nest,  
Amid the mountain pine.

Oh! for thy lightning glance;  
Thy pinion strong and free;  
Thy glory on the martial field,  
Thy brilliant destiny.

And dost thou envy me?  
The regal bird replied;  
Thou little know'st how vain is all  
The panoply of pride.

I live a lonely thing,  
Each social flutterer's dread;  
While dark above the rich warm earth,  
My mighty wing is spread.

Dost envy me the heighth,  
The sunlight of my way—  
The beams that glitter on my plumes  
Dry life's fresh streams away.

And hunger gnaws my heart,  
As fierce I scent the prey;  
And there is famine in my nest,  
Round which the whirlwinds play.



Thou hast no cause of grief,  
Fair empress of the flood;  
The green earth yields abundantly  
Thy pastime, and thy food.

Thou lov'st the rocking wave,  
The blossom border'd stream;  
Thou'rt wisely fitted to thy lot,  
Whatever thou may'st deem.

I love the lonely cliff,  
The lightning shiver'd pine;  
To hover round the gate of Heaven  
And drink—the day is mine.

I scorn the treasur'd earth,  
And soar toward Heaven in vain;  
No rest beyond my stick-built nest  
My wing could ever gain.

Oh, Envy! vain and blind—  
Still aiming at the great;  
Thou canst not see the writhing heart—  
The home all desolate.

The mightiest wing that soars  
With eagle flight toward Heaven,  
May shield an agonizing breast—  
A breast by tempests riven.

#### ABBOT:

##### OR, "THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS."

Niagara! Name knitted with the grandest and loftiest thoughts of nature; associated with every thing that strikes the mind with terror and with beauty in the scenery of earth! Who that has seen thee—who that has heard thy tempest-voice, can ever forget thee! unrivalled as thou art in thy sublimity. Unrivalled! Ay, the lofty peaks of the Andes may tower and pile their icy tops with the Alps—the Classic Mounts of Pindus and Parnassus claim but sisterhood in beauty with Holyoke and Table Mount of my own Carolina. The Vale of Tempe invites not more temptingly than that of Shenandoah. Leman and Como, mirror not more loveliness than Lomond or Lake George. The Connecticut surpasses the yellow flow of the Tiber; and the Hudson, the beauty of the Modern Rhine. —Yes, mountain rivals mountain; ocean, ocean; river, river. Every other work of Nature has its counterpart which shares its beauty, save thee! Alone in thy grandeur—the only thing in nature which rejects contrast. Mighty, stupendous, ever-moving, irresistible as Fate—image of thy Maker! But pardon me, Mr. Messenger; I did not intend, when I dipped my quill in ink, to waste it in such declamation; especially as the theme has been under the pencil of the painter, the imagination of the poet, and the graphic pens of so many masters in description. I happened, in turning over the leaves of my *port feuille*, to come across the outlines of a tale which awakened much interest in my mind during my last visit to the North. The subject, as all per-

sons who have visited the falls within a few years must know, is no fictitious one. But whether all the incidents connected with the history of the hero are true, I cannot vouch. They are doubtless much colored, but bear about them the marks of truth; but as the individual endeavored to wrap himself in secrecy, and had about him so much of mystery, Time alone will perhaps be able to discover his history and remove the veil which now covers it, and stamp the following sketch either as truth or falsehood.

Who that has visited this stupendous and sublime sport of nature within five years, has not heard of the "Hermit of the Falls." After your guide has conducted you along the beautiful island which divides the torrent e'er it dashes into the abyss below, to "Hog Back" (as it is poetically called,) and then descended with you to the 'Cave of Æolus,' who with a monarch's daring has selected his abode half way down the rock under the tumbling waters, where he is continuously regaled with its unceasing thunder and wrapt up in the spray and winds which whirl up from the depths below in the wildest fury—after he has led you to "Terrapin Rock," over which you hung, clinging with a fixed grasp, and gazed into the awful depth, and then turned away ready to exclaim—

"How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below!  
I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong;"

he will return with you by a charming path around the island. You will not go far before he will point out to you three beautiful little islets—"The Three Sisters,"—around which the river plunges and boils as though it would root them from their foundations, but where they repose in calm beauty, heedless of the rage which lashes them. At the brink of the river between these isles is a ledge of rocks which form a cascade, and you are told that this is the bathing place of the *Hermit*! And who is the Hermit? Ah, your guide says, he was a poor fellow that came here a few years ago, from nobody knows where, and who, charmed with the beauty of the place, formed the foolish notion of taking up his residence upon the island. He spent his time alone, confining himself nearly all day, and at night, especially when the moon, that goddess of *insanity and love*, was bright, roving about apparently lost in the magnificence and beauty of the scene. He had no fellowship with any who were around him—but, says the guide, interrupting himself and pointing to a little hut—let us go and see the room in which he lived. He leads you to a small tenement, which time with a slow finger is pulling to pieces, and, splinter by splinter, he tells you that if you wish to enter as the Hermit did, it must be through the window, as he had an aversion to entering in any other way. You find the room

just as he left it. Some of the straw on which he slept still covers the floor; the walls are plastered over with newspapers—his own work. You express increased surprise, and your cicerone goes on again: "yes! here is the place where the poor fellow passed his days. He lived very temperately. An aged woman in the village baked his bread, which, together with chocolate, which he prepared for himself, were his only articles of food—except when he would call for his loaf the old female would sometimes persuade him to accept of a little milk."

It appears that this mysterious personage, under the fictitious name (as it is supposed) of *Abbot*, came to the village of Niagara in the Spring of 18—. He was wrapt in a dark brown cloak; his wardrobe apparently very slender; besides which he had several instruments of music—a flute, a violin and guitar. He said nothing at first about remaining; but after two or three days, made application to be permitted to occupy the hut, to which allusion has been made. A request so singular, would have been rejected at once by the owner of the cabin, but for the striking appearance of the applicant. Surely no one, unless crazed, could wish this for an abode. But *he* seemed rational. There was nobility about his carriage too, which forbade inquiry. His dress, though worn with travel, was indicative of a man of taste, and his whole bearing showed that he had moved in a high circle. His noble form, and fine thoughtful face, told that he had never been a trifler; his brow and eye bespoke one born to sway his fellows. Yet, there was a sadness and gravity in his whole appearance, which too evidently proved, that whatever he might have been, he was now one of those whose life is apart from other men's—the prey of uncommunicated and unfathomed thoughts—thoughts bitter and misanthropic; and which the longer they are cherished become the bitterer and blacker, and drive their possessor still farther and farther from all fellowship with his kind. You could see that he was one of those who feel that they are the fools of time and terror; loathing their lives, yet dreading still to die. The mysterious and unfortunate are respected! his request was acceded to, and he, who perhaps had once been the lord of a palace, was now the contented inmate of a lowly cabin.

From this time he was but seldom seen, and generally chose a time for his rambles when others were at rest. He was known to spend the greater part of the night in the wild solitudes around. By the light of the moon, he has been observed sitting upon some abrupt eminence, with his guitar in hand; sometimes with his face turned to Heaven, musing as if upon worlds above; then conversing indistinctly, at times in gentle tones, as if in converse with angelic spirits; then incoherently with himself; and then again, as if in anger with some hated foe, whom he would destroy but for some resistless and restraining power. In more calm

seasons, he would pour forth, as he struck the quivering strings of his instrument, words of deepest pathos, and in which his very soul seemed to live and breathe.

But who was this Hermit? Almost all research has been baffled in the attempt to find an answer on which the mind can rest with certainty. Not one of the numerous visitors has ever been found to recognize him. When questioned, he was generally mute; or when at all communicative, he studiously avoided any allusion to his own history. He was known to write daily, but there was also a daily destruction of that which he had written. Scraps have now and then been picked up. Some of them in Italian, some in Spanish, others in Latin or English: for he was well skilled in all these languages. From these scraps, together with remarks and expressions of deep passionate feeling which he has been known to make, when he supposed no ear was opened to catch them, a story has been woven. This story I make him tell himself, after collecting together the scraps and the *say-sos*, merely to furnish the reader with a more connected sketch, and to enable him to enter more readily into the feelings and passions which heaved the bosom of this mysterious and unfortunate man.

It was under the sky of Northern Italy I spent my youth. As it was remarkable for no striking incidents, it may well be hurried over. Like the youth of almost all men, whatever may have been its sorrows, there hangs about its memory the drapery of loveliness; and to one, who for years has been a mark for blight and for the arrows of fate, it may be recorded as the only period worthy of recollection. O! I would that oblivion could wipe away every other recollection—and with it, the horrid phantasies which continually float before my mind, and weigh down my life with anguish too dreadful to be endured.

A few miles north of Verona is still to be seen the Villa of Pacciazo, my father, whose name I bear. He died when I had completed my fifth year. He was the last scion of an almost vanished family, and prided himself upon the ancient nobility of his house, and endeavored to sustain in some measure the fame and grandeur of his progenitors. On his death, being an only child, I was more than ever beloved by my mother, to whom I was a thousand times more dear since her bereavement. Doted on, I was scarcely suffered to be absent from her sight a moment; and until my ninth year, had no other teacher. At that age, a private tutor was employed for my education; and during the eight succeeding years, my mother and my tutor were nearly my only companions. Bauldolph was a young man of fine talents, but exceedingly simple and ignorant of the world. His good nature and mild disposition were qualities which, in the eyes of my mother, were indispensable; as she felt as-



sured that it would promote my happiness. But, alas! how many hours of sorrow might I have avoided but for my early education. However, it was not the fault of my education alone; had the world been better, my education was calculated to insure me the highest enjoyment possible. How many a parent fails—not in omitting to inculcate principles of honor and integrity, but in not assisting his child to guard against the treacheries of his fellow-men—to throw entrenchments about his heart, which will enable him to resist the wiles of his species; in not teaching him that in entering the world, he enters a *field of blood*; that if unarmed and defenceless, he will be the victim of every neighboring knife; that in the friend of his bosom he will find the assassin, or that foe more dreadful, a being, subtle enough to insinuate himself into his holiest affections, and twine himself about his unsuspecting heart, and then make that heart desolate, by the destruction of every thing which it has cherished most dearly, and robbed of which, every spring of joy is dried up. I know that it is said, tell not a child of the deceitfulness of the world; darken not his visions of the future by stories of the infidelity of the human race; let him send out his feelings warm and gushing, he will soon enough, by experience, learn that friendship is but a name, and that selfishness is a universal attribute of man. I would not extract a single sweet from the draught of youth, but I would take from the sparkling cup its intoxicating drug; and whilst I sweetened it to the lips of him who quaffed it, I would remove every cause which blinded him to the precipice which might be his ruin. Instil all holiest principles, but teach not the perfectibility of mankind!

I was confined at home under the care of mother and tutor, fitting for the world, not as it really is, but as it appears to the enchanted eye of a distant spectator. I was indulged in every thing which I desired. My mother was the most amiable woman imaginable; possessing in a rare assemblage every quality which can adorn female character. Scandal and detraction—both of which are so often and so truly charged as blots upon the female sex—could not be remotely attached to her. I never heard her speak a word which could detract from the goodness of any one. Her charity covered all faults, and threw the mantle of indulgence over every failing. Baudolph had all the simplicity of one who had never been in contact with the world; and as he was quite young, he became as much my companion as my tutor. His taste in literature was refined; and he inspired me with some of his own feelings: so that before I left home we had pursued our studies as fellow students, rather than pupil and teacher. In this way, we went through all the best authors of modern date and the ancient poets of both the peninsulas, Italy and Greece. I believe that it was owing to his patience, and to his gentle disposition, that I was led to form that relish

for literary pursuits, which has never left me, and which has been the source of many of my sweetest pleasures. How often did we until midnight pore over some favorite author, extracting beauties which the common reader never discovers; how often, in the deep stillness of night, have we dwelt for hours upon a single page of Sophocles or Euripides; or dwelt in delight upon the burning eloquence of Tully, or the exuberant but brilliant periods of the divine Hortensius.

Sequestered from society, I saw but little which gave me a knowledge of the world. And when in my eighteenth year, my mother gave me up with a breaking heart, to pursue my studies at one of the German universities, I left home with little taste or disposition to hasten into the crowded throngs of dissipated life; but for that very reason, the more likely to trust to the first individual who, with professions of friendship, might seek to impose upon my unsuspecting nature. During my first year at the university, my attention to study was untiring: ambition filled my breast. In my quiet retreat, long before I had left home, I had thought of the present degraded condition of my country—a degradation which became apparently greater the more conversant I grew with its former glorious history. Oh Rome, Rome! thou Niobe of nations—great even in thy ruins. Though mine eyes have never seen thee, how often have I prayed for thee, and longed to see thee rise from thy lowliness,—assume thy grandeur—and once more give laws to kingdoms! Oh my country! is not thy soil as fresh; thy sky as soft; thy air as pure and healthful, as when thou didst nourish a nation of freemen; when thy sons were noble, and thy solemn senate an assemblage of gods? Why then art thou crownless, why thy coronet in the dust, thy imperial sceptre broken, thy children derided by those who once crouched at thy feet? Alas! it was only inexperience, and the gushings of youthful feeling, which prompted these aspirations for the greatness of my country, and which prompted the lofty achievements which I then determined on for its salvation. But these imaginings had a tendency to stimulate me in every high and honorable pursuit. I turned in disgust from the grovelling company into which I was sometimes thrown, and longed more and more for some kindred spirit to share these towering thoughts.

At this time, I became acquainted with a fellow-student, who was for years after the sharer of the secrets of my heart. A more extended acquaintance with my companions in study had, in some measure, let me into the deceptions of men. A casualty, however, threw Di Como and myself into fellowship which seemed disinterested; and which I thought no chance or motive could dissolve. I had long since been introduced to him—but my marked reserve had prevented any close intimacy. One evening we had attended the same club, and

as we left it about the same moment, and our rooms lay near each other, we went on together and entered freely into conversation. Di Como, usually reserved as well as myself, had this evening from the excitement of a debate in which he had been warmly enlisted during the meeting, entered into an animated conversation: he talked without restraint and with noble sentiments; and we had not proceeded far, before I felt myself drawn out towards him; and determined, that if possible, I would hereafter enjoy more of his company. A slight accident the better prepared a way for this future intimacy. A townsman had inadvertently left a small hole in the sidewalk uncovered; the night was dark and prevented our seeing it. I stepped into it; it was not sufficiently deep to produce any very great injury, but the jar gave my ankle a wrench which rendered it impossible for me to walk. My friend's room was at hand, and I was assisted to it. I wished him to procure a coach that I might be conveyed immediately to my own lodgings, but he insisted on my remaining with him at least during the night. In the morning I found my injury more considerable than I supposed. I was, however, conveyed to my room. The daily visits of Di Como, and his assiduous attentions, cemented our friendship. We were ever after constantly together. I thought I had found the congenial spirit for which I had so anxiously longed; and, even now, whatever differences may have occurred, I cannot but pay him the tribute due to his strong and daring genius, though I mourn that *interest*, in after life, turned aside his naturally high mind from moral rectitude.

Di Como was a native of Venice. He was connected with the most influential families in that city. Though his fortune was not ample, yet he possessed all the pride of ancestry which raised him into power, and an unbounded ambition which led him to perpetuate undimmed, and, if possible, to crown with additional splendor the name which had been handed down through so many generations. His father's influence—his own talents—and the general indifference among the great majority of the youth of the city to enterprize, made him confident of success. His mind had already conceived projects, which would have done honor to a Machiavel or a Metternich. To make Venice once more queen of waters—commit to her hands once more the commerce of the Mediterranean; and, far more, to deck his own brow with the undying laurels, which must be reaped in so noble an undertaking, had become a passion. Here then, I found a heart pulsing with my own; and from that time we were one in every scheme. Suspicion, with its jaundice eye, looked not into the dark designs he might weave in secret. The demon of envy or jealousy had not yet kindled his consuming fires in my bosom. We entered into each other's designs with enthusiasm; and though many of them were but the visions of

burning youth, yet when cherished sincerely could not but have an ennobling tendency, and prepare the soul to take a high position in life when the fervor of youth was cooled, and the calculating calmness and experience of manhood brought about the hour of action. I believe now, however, that Di Como, under the most plausible and speciously philanthropic pretences, hid a heart deeply skilled in intrigue and selfish designs. My talents had the effect of securing his attention; and as I would, in all probability, in future life be able, or in fact become an instrument to enhance his power if I could be secured in his service, it was a capital object with him to secure my confidence and friendship. Strong in my passions, my prepossessions were invincible, and every day witnessed me more and more the admirer of Di Como. How often have I mingled with him in delight, when the subject of our distant project awakened his powers of conversation. We were together daily—our studies the same—our every pursuit identical—pledged in fate and fortune for life. I would have died to have avenged the wrongs, or stop the breath of him who would in any way have sought to sully the name of Di Como.

I was in my twenty-fourth year when I left the university. I paid a short visit to my beloved mother; and after promises of frequent return to see her, I left her to take up my residence with Di Como in Venice. At that time, the political state of Venice, although it was not very visible to an uninterested observer, was extremely unsettled. There remained a party in that city which still retained much of the old republican character, and who ardently desired to see it once more take the situation among other cities which its noble situation seemed to inspire—as the Queen of the *Adriatic*. The bright and startling career of Napoleon had been finished but a few years before. In the midst of that career, the mighty conqueror had by his attention to Venice, infused a spirit of freedom which had not yet died away. Whilst successive and electrical revolutions engendered by his magic sword were shaking Europe, there was here a large number of partizans who courted his alliance, with the hope that under his powerful protection it might be made an independent state. The kind of protection received from the Emperor is too well known. That Venice has not been benefited by some of his policy will not be affirmed. The base robbery, which seemed to be at the instigation of some Vandal spirit—the robbery of its superb works of art, to grace the hall of the Louvre—touched the pride of the Venetian. And afterwards his base betrayal of the government into the power of Austria, led the republican party to hate the name of the betrayer. The advantages, however, derived during the short supremacy of the Emperor, had awakened the people from the sleepless calm which had long settled upon them; and when that mighty



man fell from his giddy eminence, the returning waves of commotion again swept over the weak but once powerful republic of Venice. It was enough to awaken high hopes in the breast of some; and though no one thought that the state would be able to exist alone, yet there was a desire to make choice of an alliance—and not be disposed of at the caprice of a tyrant. This was the state of things when we returned to Venice. Di Como was soon riding upon the highest waves of the political storm. I was soon enlisted with him. Our former confidence was unabated. He looked not on me as a rival, but merely as one who could be relied on in council, and well calculated to promote his designs. He had, in conjunction with a few others, formed a project of uniting Northern Italy into a Republic—a scheme truly grand, but for which the people were not yet prepared. A correspondence was secretly carried on with the most powerful families in the neighboring cities; and every day brought fresh hopes of a successful consummation. The influence which Di Como daily acquired was utterly inconceivable. Had he been possessed of the experience of age and office, he could not have been the deposit of higher trust than he really was; and all his partizans were confirmed in their schemes, and infatuated as they viewed his surpassing genius. I had already visited my native district, and secured the influence of the nobles there and the promise of a firm alliance, as soon as the state of things would justify an open avowal on the part of the republicans. All things seemed to concur for the success of our enterprise; but the fortunate hour to strike the blow had not come. But why need I go further in this narrative? It is well known that the ball of revolution was exploded, by the oppression of Austria a few years after, and every hope of success destroyed, together with the dependence of my country and the failure of all the schemes then on foot. My concurrence in these political movements was truly patriotic; and I would willingly have given up my life to have advanced the cause, and to have seen my country once more holding an independent and dignified rank among the nations of the world.

About this time an event occurred which changed the color of my life—an event which abated not my patriotism, but which deprived me of my wonted energy—and destroyed my confidence in man. I had shared largely in the patriotic and ambitious designs of Di Como, but I had at the same time been the subject of other feelings. The only thing which had enlisted me in political adventure was not a selfish aggrandisement of power or wealth: it was love of country. I had ever had an aversion to making a conspicuous figure myself, and was ready rather to impart my thoughts to others, with regard to any thing which appeared to me to favor the revolution, than to enlist openly myself. When not actually engaged in business, I spent much of

my time in the socialities of many of the first families into which I had been introduced, and it was in some of these I found my highest enjoyment. For some time my visits were general; but I was of such a temperament that this could not continue long—naturally confiding, I sought some kindred heart in whom to trust. Di Como was immersed in business, and I wanted a bosom which could move under other impulses than ambition. I felt even then, that to have stood in the way of a simple design, would have been fatal to our communion. By degrees I lost relish for general society; and I found that every day as I stepped into my boat, that its prow turned towards the palace of the Count Gallego, unless I gave contrary orders. The Count was not himself a man of captivating manners. He was haughty, gloomy, and reserved; and it was seldom that he so far unbent his mood as to enter cheerfully into the social meetings of his family. The lady Zarzina was the youngest of his family, and the idol of all. Gallego himself, if moved at all by any attention, or if he ever awakened from his morose and gloomy reveries, it was at the sound of the angelic voice or winning smile of Zarzina. To this daughter, he would sometimes turn and unlock the feelings of his heart. She was indeed captivating. Not long accustomed to society, she possessed—what is so seldom found in ladies of our country—simplicity and freedom from affectation. She had just entered into womanhood—she was altogether Italian—her skin that of a light brunette—her eye jetty, large and languishing, except when animated by conversation, or when in sportive jest it peered through the dark fringe, with that mischievous and playful gleam, which is so characteristic of her sex in the same clime. The gracefulness of her—, but I will not attempt further to describe her. Her beauty was confessed, and many were the praises which were sung, not only by young nobles but by many a humbler admirer of female beauty, as he glided along the waters of the city; and many a boat lagged lazily past the palace of the Count, with the longing desire that one glimpse might be caught of the lovely Zarzina. I was an admirer at her feet. Her image was ever present with me; and although the spell of her charms had worked almost insensibly, it was binding as destiny. Had I wished, I could not have freed me from its thrall; but I did not wish it—the very chain which riveted me was sweet. I had every reason also to believe that I was not altogether disregarded by her. I almost feared to cherish the thought; but I thought I was always received with a smile which was peculiarly expressive, and which seemed more heartfelt than those bestowed on other visitors—I thought too, I could see that when our interviews were interrupted by the introduction of other individuals, that a shade of disappointment colored the smile with which she endeavored to greet every one.

Di Como had been so enwrapt in his high enter-

prizes, that he had never been with me in these social visits; but as we daily met each other, he was not long kept in ignorance of my growing passion. I hesitated not to tell him my feelings—to lay open my most secret plans. I told him that I had determined, whatever difficulties might oppose me, to present myself as the formal suitor of the daughter of Gallego—to obtain the old man's consent; and as I felt assured that Zarzina would not hesitate, to unite my fortunes with her's forever. Di Como was for some time diverted with the praises which he heard me almost daily heaping upon the object of my admiration, and told me that he at last had determined to accept my so frequently repeated invitations, and accompany me to Gallego's palace. Previous to this, and also anterior to my making known my attachment to the Count, I had obtained an acknowledgment on the part of Zarzina that I was favorably received. Every incident had been retailed to Di Como; and he went with me, as he said, to pay his compliments to the future wife of his bosom friend. The evening was spent in the family of Gallego. I saw with satisfaction the pleasure of Di Como. I saw his admiration of the object of my choice, and expected when we should leave, to hear his hearty congratulations for my apparently happy prospects. He did when we left, bestow upon her the highest eulogiums; but I thought I observed at the same time an absence of his usual frankness—a shade of disappointment—and that he was sunk into an unaccustomed absence of mind,—and that every object presented by myself for conversation, seemed to want power to call him from his reverie. At the time this caused no uneasiness in my breast; I supposed that his mind was upon business; and that, from the short diversion it suffered in the evening, it had returned with renewed impetuosity to its usual channel. The next time I saw him he was himself again; his usual openness—and all our future schemes—his of *ambition*—mine of love—were brought upon the tapis, and the query started whether the statesman or the lover would acquire the most unalloyed pleasure. He charged me with too much feeling; I retorted by charging him with stoicism. He accused me of having lost my former patriotism, and devoting myself to the tender passion. I repelled the accusation; assuring him that I had not less love of country—and that I was not now less willing to give up every thing to redeem it, than ever; but that I continually saw obstacles rising, which I feared would stop every revolution in favor of liberty; but if the occasion were presented, that I would sacrifice the dearest object to the general good. I insisted that my love had only served to make me more patriotic; and that as my hopes daily increased of having a family of my own, I should be the more anxious, and especially if God should bless me with children, to transmit to them a brilliant name and a country which should claim their pride and adora-

tion for the purity and freedom of its government. Di Como acquiesced with me in the truth of my reasoning; and I was pleased, on having him more frequently to accompany me in my visits, to think that he was laying aside his feeling of indifference; and that, while all his high hopes were vigorous, he could find pleasure in social intercourse. Zarzina—as I had introduced him as my bosom friend—received him always with marked attention. Some time after this, I observed that Di Como was daily becoming more discontented from some cause; that, for some reason, I was losing ground in his confidence. If my attachment was spoken of it was not received with the same sportiveness as before, and at length it was a subject but seldom alluded to in his presence. I spoke to him of his coolness; he assured me that his regards were the same as ever; and that, if there was any indifference in his manner, it was to be attributed to the blasting of his cherished hopes with regard to a change in the government—his thoughtfulness and sadness might be construed into moroseness.

In the meantime I had made known my attachment to Count Gallego; but had been continually put off with indefinite and evasive answers. At last I was told, for reasons which could not be given, for the present my suit must be given up; and the insinuation was thrown out, that my visits at the palace would no longer be acceptable. I determined, however, that nothing short of a positive refusal to visit should keep me away, and that as long as Zarzina could be seen, I should not forego the pleasure. I soon found that it was determined that our interviews should cease; and never from that time were we permitted to be alone in each other's company. One day the Count told me bluntly, that he hoped I would not renew my visits, and that his daughter had also expressed the same desire. I told him I could not believe that Zarzina would express such a desire after the marked attention I had received from her. I demanded an interview, that I might hear it from her own lips; but this was refused. After this Di Como was still a visiter. He frequently expressed his sympathy for my disappointment; and encouraged me to hope that the day might come when the prejudices of the father would give way. I still supposed that she was attached to me, and had sent several letters to her by Di Como. He always assured me that though Zarzina was unabated in her attachment towards me, yet she could not violate filial obedience so much, as to consent to our marriage, or even to communicate with me, while her father's consent was withheld. For weeks I was held in the most painful suspense. The fact that she would not, as Di Como informed me, send even a verbal message, was unaccountably strange; and for the first time I suspected *him* of playing the hypocrite. I devised a plan for insuring the delivery of a letter to Zarzina; but still no answer came. Soon after this I



was returning along one of the watery streets; and making a sudden turn at one of the squares of the city, my gondola unexpectedly came alongside that of the Count Gallego; with him was his lovely daughter. Her countenance was saddened, as though sorrow was in her heart—her eye caught mine for a moment—it sparkled, and the rich blood mantled her cheek; but almost as instantly it forsook it. She threw her hand upon her forehead and gave an involuntary shriek. The Count's attention was attracted, and he withdrew her hastily. It was enough for me. I knew that I was yet dear to her. The secret was revealed! The friend of my bosom had become the fiend of my happiness. From that hour, I knew that Di Como had deceived me! he in whom I had reposed with the supremest confidence, had betrayed it. The dark veil had dropped from his still darker heart—I had been his dupe!

It will be too much to affirm that I had never been regarded by him with good will; but it was only while I could be subservient to some of his interests, or at best when I was not an impediment to the gratification of his wishes. Now that I stood between him and a desired object, he was perjured to his vow of friendship; and, in defiance of all former confidence, I was to be sacrificed at the altar of his selfishness! He had endeavored to seduce the heart of Zarzina; had laid his suit before her; and by the command of a father, she was to give her hand to Di Como. I determined once more to visit the Count. I met him alone. He had before known my attachment. I again demanded an interview with his daughter; he refused it; and I thought I saw in his look the exultation of a fiend incarnate, as he witnessed my agonized emotions. For once in my life, I was unmanned; I was a suppliant at the feet of the only mortal to whom I had ever bowed; and I now loathe myself for my weakness; but it was the constraining power of an over-mastering passion which led me on. I assured him of my honorable regards—I appealed to every motive which I thought would touch his heart—I urged him to let his child decide for herself; and if *she* would refuse me, I would hear my doom and forsake his house forever. I told him I was young—that I was ambitious—that my energies should be devoted to promoting the honors of his house—that although less influential at that time than some other that might seek her hand, I presented a truer heart; and would prove by success in every honorable competition, that I was not inferior to my greatest rival; nay, I begged him to delay his decision against me, that I might have time to prove my worthiness; and that I might, along with the most devoted heart, lay at the feet of his daughter honors which would give brilliancy to our alliance. He was inexorable. With the coolness of a stoic, he denied me; and even seemed to exult in my disappointment. I rose indignantly

from my pleading posture, and left him, with my own curse and the curse of God, for his unnatural and contemptible conduct. I threw myself into my boat—the boatman turned its prow as if to take me home. I bade him turn; that I wished not to go home. After a pause he said, "will the signor give his orders." I motioned with my hand, and he proceeded. The mild and beautiful rays of the moon were sporting upon the waters; but to me they flashed like the rays of noon-day, and were hateful as the lurid lightning to the guilty—to me, utter darkness was more pleasant. Oh! I prayed that the blackest oblivion might pall me; and that the waters of Lethe might wash out all remembrances of life! The very stillness of the narrow streets through which we passed, added lead to my already weighed down heart. And when we neared the more frequented parts of the city, and gondola after gondola swept past, filled with light-hearted youth, mildly murmuring some light ditty expressive of hopes full of bliss, each sound was an arrow; or when some two or three bacchanal companions went hurrying by to some haunt of dissipation; and spoke of joy by their noisy mirth, I sunk in agony. I had not even the joy of the voluptuary! The sound of mirth was painful. Oh! how little can the heart sympathize with mirth when it bendeth under the severest of all disappointments—the disappointment of love! Just then the mingling sounds of a guitar and a female voice, lisping an oriental lay reached my ear; sweetened as it swept along the waters it was soft as a distant echo, yet every note distinct. Oh, how it thrilled my soul, and yet the bolt of doom could not have shot a keener pang. The words were words often sung to me by a voice sweet as a seraph's, but which I felt was now hushed to me forever. I could not endure it; I waved my hand again, and we shot through the boats that crowded the thoroughfare. I sought riddance from every mortal—the bustle of that bright night was insupportable; I leaped upon the landing of my own dwelling—the darkness of my room seemed more tolerable—and throwing myself upon my couch, I strove to calm my stormy feelings. No sleep refreshed me that night. I rose in the morning, cool and collected; but this short calm was but a pause in the tempest of my passions. I sat down and penned an epistle to Zarzina. I told her the circumstances of my interview with her father; re-assured her of my undying love; and entreated the indulgence of a meeting, either to make her mine forever, or to hear from her own lips the doom which would consummate my misery. Spino, my valet, came at my call. I gave him the letter and his commission—I knew he was skilled in cunning—I told him to devise his plan for ensuring its deliverance—solemnly bade him beware of trifling—threw him my purse and dismissed him. In the afternoon he returned with the report that his errand was successful. He had delivered it to

a girl in the employment of Zarzina; rewarded her, threatened her, assured himself of her faithfulness, and returned to report his success.

I determined to avoid an interview with Di Como until after I should hear from Zarzina. The next day, while walking in the square, I observed a girl hastily put into the hands of Sperno a slip of paper. It contained only a line or two hurriedly written. It was a promise to meet me the following evening. I was to watch for the barge and follow it until we should arrive at a place sufficiently retired to avoid detection. The following evening, as soon as the sun dipped in the west, my boat was unmoored and floating in a retired covert within sight of the postern of the palace of Gallego. The moments rolled heavily. Remaining so long in the neighborhood, I had begun to create suspicion. I feared lest I should be discovered. A stranger repassed me several times, apparently with the design of watching my movements; I trembled lest our designs were known and means taken to prevent them. At last a dark object emerged from the subterranean passage of the palace. I pointed for Sperno, who was with me, to follow it. At some distance from the palace a given signal told that she was there; our boats swept around the church of St. Anne. We paused at the steps; and Zarzina, veiled and closely mantled, stepped out. I was at her side. At first she hesitated, as if in doubt whether to trust me or not. I removed my mask and spoke; she fell into my arms; her shuddering was palpable; her deep emotions told me that she loved. I felt that she was mine; and in the midst of the tumult of my passions a ray of hope gleamed through—it was like the beam of a star to the storm-tossed mariner—it was the dream of a sound speaking freedom to the racked and doomed inmate of a dungeon! "Tremble not," said I, "Heaven is propitious—it smiles upon us—let us away." She shrunk back: "No, Never! never! Heaven cannot, will not bless whom a father curses. I come to tell you that we must part; yes, we must *part*!—But oh, why did I consent to meet you thus?—Why come to break my heart afresh and add new pangs to grief?—but I could not leave you forever without saying adieu, and telling you that it was not I, but Heaven that had interposed to prevent our union. I am doomed to be another's—take this, it will explain all—your friend has deceived you—you are the prey of a deceiver. Your agony may pass away—*mine* is to be endured for life. The world may heal and time may rebuild in your heart the desolations of this hour; but I am chained to him through life. I am the destined bride of Di Como!" I felt for the moment as if the arrow of wrath had sunk quivering in my bosom. I almost sunk under the blow; but it was only for a moment. My arm encircled the form of Zarzina. "No," exclaimed I, "it cannot be; no earthly power shall divide us—Heaven has given its seal—our hearts

are one—you love me and our fates shall be inseparable." She did not speak, but her throbbing temples were upon my bosom!

A gondola dashed against the landing at the foot of the stairs, and two men leaped forth; I drew my dagger—encircled more firmly the now unconscious being, that now rested in my arms—and retreated hurriedly. As the men advanced, I knew by the blue mask, that Di Como was before me—the hell-hound on my trail. "Signor," said a cool and sarcastic voice. "Off!" cried I, "or blood shall fall." He threw out a word of defiance and continued to advance, at the same time I moved towards the boat. I heard the approach of other voices. My case now seemed desperate. I had nearly reached the point. Di Como saw my object and threw himself furiously upon me. I gave a random stroke with my dagger. I felt it piercing his flesh—he recoiled, staggered, and I thought fell. A single leap brought me to my gondola and it went cleaving the waters, freighted with all I wished for in the world—Zarzina! But I was not yet free. A hot pursuit was commenced by several boats; Sperno stretched every nerve to escape; I myself seized an oar; we skipped the waves with the swiftness of the swallow. But the plashing of oars behind, told that we were hotly chased. I saw that the race was unequal. I hinted to Sperno to change his course. A single whirl, and we shot far into a dark avenue. Nearing a landing I sprang forth, bearing with giant strength the passive form of Zarzina with me, hoping if possible in the still deeper darkness of some of the houses to elude the eye of pursuit. It was vain: in consequence of my burden their tread was swifter than mine. A heavy blow from the first pursuer sent me reeling to the earth. I felt like making resistance, but had no power. A dim consciousness of what was going on about me continued, but my senses failed me and all power to rise or speak. I thought I heard the sound of hurrying, bustling steps and the confusion of voices; but it was all as a dream, and I knew no more.

At length I awoke. I lay upon the couch of my gondola, but no being with me—I was without the city—the tide was still retreating and bearing me further out. I could scarcely raise my head. No object was near me—all that I could see were a few fishing smacks, which lay sluggishly upon the tide, waiting for its ebb. My boat, floating unguided, after awhile attracted their attention, and I saw two of them making towards me. But what was this to me? I cared not whether I returned or was tossed out upon the Adriatic and then buried in its bosom. The world, to me, was a blank;—it was worse—it was a den in which every thing was loathsome and abhorred; and the thought, that my grave was to be the sea—the "deep sea"—with no mark to tell where I reposed—no sculptured stone, mocking with its flattering inscription the memory



of one whose life was misery—no funeral-knell, save the scream of the wild gull—no solemn dirge but the uncontrolled and surging dash of billows. This to me was bliss, and I prayed for its accomplishment. When the men arrived, without regarding their looks of wonderment, I mechanically threw one of them some gold and told him to steer for the city. His look of surprise changed as the piece awakened his delight, and he towed me onward. When I approached the city I engaged a gondolier, gave him my directions and in a little time I was at my dwelling. When I entered, I found that my valet had not been heard of, and the greatest surprise was excited among my servants by my returning without him. My debility and my lacerated temples led them to suspect that there had been foul business somewhere; but my reserve forbade questions. I was assisted to my chamber. I found that my wounds were not serious—that my weakness was produced by loss of blood. Without disrobing I threw myself upon my bed: I slept laboriously, tossing from side to side. Dark dreams racked me, and I awoke in a high fever. The blood coursed madly through my veins, and an unassuageable and intolerable thirst consumed me. My physician called, looked at me, seemed alarmed, opened a vein, drugged me, and departed. He called again shortly on the same day, found my fever unabated and myself in a high delirium. What took place during its continuance I know not. I recollect some of the wild dreams—dreams of horror and of bliss. The bloody form of Di Como came up with a face ghastly white: he spoke not, but pointed silently to a deep and gaping wound! Then I was in the paradise of Mahomet—amidst gushing fountains and the incense of fragrant altars. The sound of the bulbul soothed; voices of sweetest harmony entranced my ear; a Peri form hung over me, cooling my temples and my dry lips. It was the face of one I loved! I tried to speak—a delicate finger softly pressed my lips forbiddingly, and a soft kiss fell upon my brow; that kiss was a spell that charmed me to forgetfulness, and I awoke to real suffering. At length my disease departed and sense returned. Debilitated to the lowest degree, it was weeks before I could leave my chamber. Till then I had forgotten the letter which Zarzina had put in my hands on that memorable night, and which I had hastily put in my pocket. It was there yet. I perused it. I need not record its contents. Di Como had claimed the heart and the hand which were mine by a prior reciprocation of affection. He had failed to induce the lady to yield: had appealed to her father, and his appeal had been listened to. She was commanded by a father's authority; and the awfulness of a father's curse impended, if she refused. An alliance with a family so powerful and noble as that of Di Como's, could not be resisted by the old man; and the peace and affections of a lovely child were

to be sacrificed to the emptiness of a *name*! Terrified by the maledictions which she knew must fall upon her in case of refusal, she had made a bare consent to submit to a parent's command. A locket containing a plait of her raven locks was enclosed—a memento of a heart that loved fondly, but too filial to resist a father's imperious order.

Imagination may portray my feelings. Would she not despite a father's threats consent to be mine? But I knew she loved me. The brief interview of that eventful night told that her love was strong as death; and but for the intervention of force, she never had left the arm which then encircled her. Nor were these conjectures false. The first day I ventured to take the air, a billet was put into my hand by an unknown personage, who hurried away through the crowd as if to avoid detection. I put it into my bosom, and hastened home to devour its contents. It was from *her*. She bewailed the casualty which separated us that night; told me she could not be another's—that she was mine forever. It was enough!

I forgot to mention that the wound I had inflicted upon Di Como had not been mortal and that he was recovered. The moment I had intelligence of the fact, I penned him a letter, reproaching him for his breach of confidence and friendship; for contemptible treachery; for his meanness in forcing an alliance with a female whom he knew did not, and who had declared she could not love him, and who had already loved another; and with this a letter requesting a meeting, as I felt that the insult he had offered was one which nothing but blood could wash away. On my return home I found a packet directed in his own hand. On breaking the seal I found that it contained only the returned communication and challenge. He had contemptuously enclosed them without deigning an explanation or reply. But at the time I was not in a humor to feel his scorn although it was an insult on my honor, which I felt bound to resent. I wrote him another letter, flinging in his teeth his cowardice and pusillanimity; which I assured him he pretended to hide under the covert of a silent and dignified disdain. I warned him to beware; that as he had acted the part of a villain, both in his deception and his refusing an honorable meeting, he should be treated accordingly, and should yet feel the weight of my vengeance.

The hope, inspired by Zarzina's letter, added energy to my purposes and health to my body. I determined to have all things in readiness, and to set out immediately for my mother's villa. I devised a medium of communication with Zarzina—made known my plans—the means of escape—fixed the night—the hour. I pass over the intervening time. The hour came—I was at the place of assignation—a barge rowed by a single gondolier advanced silently and steadily; our boats lay side by side. My heart beat audibly and my whole

frame trembled nervously. The long agony was over. My intended bride was safe! I stepped into the other boat; hurriedly threw back the curtain of the shelter—but, instead of my bride, three men sprang up! In a moment a huge sack was thrown over my head, and my arms were pinioned. I was thrown into the bottom of the boat and confined there without power to move. I cursed the author of this fresh calamity; but I was hurried onward. No word was spoken: a deathless silence pervaded all things; and the slow dash of the oar and the parting of the waters was all that could be heard. I knew not whither I was hurried: at length we stopped, and I was borne for some distance through an echoing passage; my hands were then partially untied and I was deserted; I heard the closing of a heavy door and the creaking sound of its lock—I was in a private dungeon! It is needless to retail all the particulars of my seizure or confinement. My letter had been intercepted; by it, a favorable opportunity of secretly securing me was perceived and embraced. I had made secret preparations for leaving the city; so that those who would naturally be most surprised, if they had not had an intimation of my intended departure, were least so of any. My confinement was thought the more necessary, both for the security of my enemy and to advance his wished-for marriage with Zarzina. My prison was one of those ancient dungeons which were common when the power of Venice was unbroken and she reposed in proud glory—"the Cybele of the sea." They are still used for like purposes though with great secrecy, on account of the vigorous efforts of government to prevent it, and likewise the fury of the populace—which a knowledge of it would create.

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I must pass entirely over the period of my confinement. Three years of my life thus passed in unbroken solitude. Unpitied and neglected I might have died there but for the faithfulness of my old valet, Sperno. By some means he had come to a knowledge of the place of my captivity, and had used every means to procure my release. To plead with my foes was vain. Cunning was his only hope of success, and he was skilled in this. By some means he secreted himself in the palace, and obtained the keys of my dungeon. The doors were unlocked; I walked out and breathed the air of Heaven and once more looked up at the bright stars which had so long been hidden. I knew that my escape must soon be discovered, and that it would give rise to a vigilant and most unrelenting search. My best course for the present was to leave Venice. I did so. I hurried to my maternal home. I reached there, but found it deserted. An old servant and his aged partner were the only tenants to welcome me. All but they had departed. My mother broken-hearted had gone to the grave. The knowledge of my mysterious disappearance

had so affected her delicate constitution, that she sunk gradually beneath the stroke, until death relieved her. I roamed through the spacious halls. The old oaken corridors and pilasters and fretted ceiling seemed more massive and blackened by age, and more gloomy than ever. My spirit sunk, and I felt the desolation of one whose every kindred is gone, and he the sport of a selfish world. While I had a mother, I knew that there was one heart that cherished me—one bosom that heaved and yearned with tenderness towards me—an eye that could weep for my sorrow—a hand that could wipe the drop of agony from my brow—a tongue that could speak consolation to my bursting heart. I ascended the old foot-worn staircase; I was in my mother's own room! Oh, the unutterable rush of feeling in that moment! I threw myself upon the floor—willingly would I there have died. Thoughts tender but soul rending, came thronging. Here, in this very room, I had passed the innocent period of infancy and boyhood—over this floor I had crawled and romped,—here did the unrestrained laugh and the joyous shout of my childhood wildly burst—here I clung to my mother's breast—here I had slumbered in a mother's arms—here bowed at a mother's knees and learned to lisp my infant prayer—here, as I reposed in feigned slumber, had I felt a mother's hand straying amid the clustering curls of her dark-haired boy, and listened to a mother's benediction; and heard her voice go up softly and earnestly to the throne of the ETERNAL ONE for his favor and blessing! Oh, my mother—my mother! would God I had died with thee!

I proceeded to secure an adjustment of my mother's estate. It was the work of two or three months; at the end of which time, I was on my way back to Venice! Time had wrought changes, but it had not destroyed my love; I had fed upon it daily, and the damp of my dungeon had not quenched the fire of my hate. I returned I know not why; perhaps to hear my fate—perhaps, to die by the hand of my enemy; but I determined that I would not die unrevenged. As I approached the city all my former feelings revived. I was as though I had not been confined. The days and nights spent in the gloom of my prison walls, passed by sluggishly, and the moments were as hours; but in looking back, it seemed a speck of time. I found that Di Como had been married to Zarzina upwards of two years; that he was daily rising in affluence and influence. Though darkened with a foul crime, than which, none in hell could be blacker, he seemed the favorite of Heaven. I, the injured one, the sport of time and sorrow. Can it be thus? thought I. Is guilt thus punished? Is truth thus rewarded? Has falsehood become compatible with a just God, and is mercy clothed in vindictive retribution to the innocent and suffering? No! the very thought would be a libel upon the name of the ALL JUST. I was assured that Di



Como must be punished; I felt that Heaven had designed me as the minister of its vengeance, and I prepared to execute, it to its fullest extent, and with the cool, slow, determined purpose of one under the control of a supernatural agency.

The night had arrived which I had selected to follow my victim. I determined to wound him in the tenderest point. In darkness and in silence I would strike him by the very side of her whose affections he had violated. But I knew not what I would do. Every passion was aroused and stretched to its utmost tension. My determination of revenge was implacable, and yet all my plans were rash and indefinite. Reason was dethroned: I was consumed by a raging fire, and my blood flowed through my veins like molten brass. I had secured a room in a house adjoining the palace of Di Como. My plan was to ascend to the roof and pass over to that of Di Como's. I chose an hour when most men were asleep; when even Venice was at rest. Its every revel was hushed, and even the debauchee slept. I took a dark taper in my hand, and slowly descended the winding staircase. I sought his chamber: I entered it with a stealthy and noiseless tread: it was so still I heard the rush of blood to my temples. A female servant was extended on a low pallet in a recess: a pale light flickered dimly near the bed. The big round drops gathered on my forehead as I drew near, and every nerve quivered with intense emotion. The twinkling light threw its rays directly upon the face of the sleeper—it was a face sorrowful but sweet as an angel's: it bore traces of grief, yet was innocently sweet. She slumbered peacefully. No dark image polluted the pure fountain of her thoughts. Guilt had never been there, and therefore the angel of peace watched over her. I leaned over her—so still. I heard her gentle breathing: it was soft as the notes of harp-strings, the last notes which tremble ere they part. I felt her breath upon me, it was sweet as the breath of morn! The keen dagger was in my hand! Did I strike? No! *He* was not there. I stooped down. Amid the wild war of my passions I paused! I stooped, and pressed my lips, my quivering lips, to the lips of Zarzina! I looked—again—for the last time! I rushed from the chamber, and in a moment stalked into the studio of Di Como. The fine bronzed cheek and dark eye of the Italian were glowing with animation. He was seated at his table; his pen between his fingers, and his countenance expressive of lively thought. But his cheek turned pale and his eye wild as he turned to the intruder. With an attempt at composure he was about to speak but failed. My clenched teeth and startling eye-balls told him that he was in the power of a madman. He started, and we gazed upon each other with a strange intensity: he with astonishment and awful terror; I, with the wildness of a demon in the full flush of gratified revenge. The

hour had come; nay, the very moment. I saw by his cowering, shrinking attitude—I saw by his agonized features, that, overwhelmed and guilty, he looked for the stroke. Oh that I could have prolonged that moment—that I could have tortured him with that suspense, the momentary apprehension of a violent, bloody and deserved death—a death so dreadful that it crushed at a blow all his visions of power and ambition.

I dashed towards him. The steel gleamed in my nerved grasp. Clutching him by the throat I bore him against the wall. His face grew livid—my right arm was raised—he was powerless—and I smiled with a look of bitter gratification as I watched his writhing. I put my face close to his—my voice grew husky—"Kill thee? kill thee? *No*, poor fiend, I'll *haunt* thee: I'll be a living curse to thee: I'll be thy evil genius—I am Pacciaza! Thy conscience shall kindle its hell within thy guilty soul—Go, vile wretch,"—and I dashed him upon the floor, and spurned him as he fell. I retreated, leaving him senseless. I arrived at my room safely. I exulted within myself as I pictured the terror I had caused my enemy, and how he quailed under my eye. But a moment and I relented that my heart *had* spared him—that I had stayed the sacrifice when the victim was under my knife. But a soft voice had whispered in my ear, "Do it not—redde[n] not thy hand in blood—keep thy soul pure." I recoiled in horror from so dark a deed; I thanked Heaven that my hands were yet unstained; that my evil spirit had not triumphed. But yet jealousy and revenge held the mastery: fuel had been added to the fire of the former, and wormwood to the bitterness of the latter. I had seen a face—how beautiful—a face that has since followed me through life, like the spirit of beauty, haunting and pervading every bright vision that gleams upon me. More; I had pressed my cheek, my white cheek to her's: my lips to the lips of her for whom I would have periled everything. I had *seen* her—seen *her*, who was, or should have been mine, upon the couch of another—the child of an unwilling union reposing upon her bosom! Heaven seemed again to stir me up to vengeance, and again I vowed to rob Di Como, at one blow, of life and happiness. I knew that a too vigilant guard would be kept, to expect any hope of entering his palace by the means I had before used; and the greatest care was necessary to elude the Argus eyes of the friends of Di Como—who kept a daily and hourly watch for me.

But a change occurred which diverted my passion. Two months after the encounter, Zarzina was seized with a malady which terminated her existence. I thanked Heaven, not that she was dead, but, that she had been removed from the embraces of one whom she could not love, and was now the participant of the joys of immortality. I thought the union unhallowed, and thanked God

that he had severed it. To me she had long since been as dead; a ban had been placed upon our marriage: that she should be the wife of another was insupportable;—I would rather see her Heaven's.

She was interred with all the pomp of nobility; her remains repose in the vault of her father, in the church of Saint Anne. I saw the funeral procession. Gondola after gondola, with all the paraphernalia of mourning, moved solemnly and slowly to the muffled and measured stroke of the gondolier. The grand and heavy pealing of the organ, and the solemn chant of voices poured tremulously forth as the assemblage entered the church. The corpse was placed before the altar; and the aged priest, clad in his sacerdotal vestments, white as the drifted locks which yet strayed about his temples, pronounced the blessedness of the departed. The grand mass was said—the happiness of the dead was implored. Again and again the organ pealed forth, "O Sanctissima Mater! Ora pro illa! Ora pro nobis," and the pageant ended. It was the hour of sunset; and as the funeral procession moved out, a sweet hymn broke from the choir. It was the vesper hymn stealing softly forth. It was prolonged by a single delicate, but entrancing voice, which became fainter and fainter, until it was gradually lost in silence. Utter stillness was in that church. The priest was bowed before the altar. But amid the silence, as the song ended, I thought I heard the rustling of a seraph's wing—it was like the departure of a spirit to the celestial world—a soul winging its way to brighter spheres! I stood with my cloak covering my face: my breast heaved. The fountain of my tears that had long been sealed gave way, and I went forth subdued and sanctified. The tumult was stilled—Heaven to me was brighter than ever.

From that time I lost the fierceness of my feelings. I sought not the sight of Di Como. I felt pity for him. True he had wronged me, deeply wronged me; and a voice sometimes said *revenge*! But there was a face ever present with me; it was all gentleness and love. A voice was ever sounding in my ear—it breathed the word *FORGIVE*! I felt myself drawn by a high and holy influence to things which pertain to immortality, and I at last left my cause to the arbitration of Omniscient and Omnipotent justice—to the *ONE JUST*—turning for peace and satisfaction to the rewards of an unearthly paradise. I lingered for a short time at Venice; saw that the domestic bereavement of Di Como was but the commencement of a long chain of misfortunes. That same blow had deprived him of much of his expected wealth; with the loss of wealth, declined much of his influence; he daily became more and more unpopular; by even his own party he began to be regarded in a true light—his mask had fallen off—his patriotism was seen to be selfishness; his devotion to the liberties of the

people nothing but attachment to his own good—power was his ruling passion, and to obtain it, he was ever ready to trample on the dearest and most sacred of human rights. Liberty was on his lip, but despotism was natural to his heart. If he now lives, he is despised of all men—he moves through society, solitary and alone, no heart warming with affection in his presence.

And I—the remainder of my history is short—I determined to leave the city. I sought refuge in the country, but every thing in my native land served to add gloom to my loneliness. I became the silent spectator of the schemes of men. I lost all taste for society; I left it—I am here alone, and *alone* I intend to die. I would that my body may rest beneath the ever-fresh turf of this island, which I have chosen for my home; or if not, that the wild wave of the torrent which I now hear, may boil above my head. Since my calamity, I have travelled much; I have viewed nature in every form in which she presented herself on the continent, but I found no place where I could wish to dwell. I heard of America—its deep, impenetrable woods—its illimitable prairies and mountain glens, far from the buzz of the world, and I thought I could there live and there die. I heard of Niagara—I heard that this was the place where nature mingled her softest and most terrible attributes—that here she hung her brightest bow—here sent up her voice of eternal music—here showed her supreme majesty. I came; I saw. Imagination had not even realized the grandeur and magnificence of the scene. My resolution was fixed. Here I resolved to live. The eternal sound of its waters serves as converse with God. I feel here near his awful presence; and when I bow before him, I hear in every dash of the torrent, the voice of an Almighty being, who rules and reigns righteously; and who, I know, will, if not here, in another world, crown my bliss. Men think me mad; I am looked upon with pity, but I feel above their pity; I am not mad. I feel above their sympathies. I wish not to join in their pursuits. There is none among them whose friendship I would accept. I have the friendship of one who is not earthly! *She* smiles upon me nightly. My lute calls her—and as I sit upon the jutting crags, I see her descending in the pillared mist, which rises unceasingly. We commune not as men do. Gross words cannot signify the pure thoughts of such hallowed intercourse. We see each others thoughts. Our souls are mutually entranced. Words are not wanted. Our feelings—our loves blend. She is mine; she was mine before; God will never sever the ties which he himself united. Man thwarted them for awhile, but I again am joined to her—the etherial spirit visits me. In a little while I shall assume *my* spiritual being, and then forever we are united! Di Como can't prevent it. The cursed old Count! how maliciously he exulted!—but *he* is powerless now:—



Pure spirits do not now shrink from the sordid—they triumphed *then*, but the wolf is chained *now*.

Here ends the story of the "Hermit of the Falls." Judge thee, reader, whether he is mad: he reasons calmly sometimes; yet is he not one of those pitiable beings, the like of whom is found in every insane hospital? An individual originally of a fine, sensitive and imaginative mind, the sport of the master passion—*love*; but being unfortunate loses all subjection to reason, and images models of beauty that his rational eye never saw, treacheries of which he has never really been the subject; present scenes of loveliness which he cannot in truth behold, and with the same crazed and diseased imagination lives in ideal worlds of bliss, and expects a future state of existence, the highest rapture of which is the possession of a frail woman, in attachment to whom his weak, though it may be fine mind, became unmoored—a mind which in the calm solitude of itself and through the long space of years, looks upon the joys of Heaven with the gross eye of a Mahomedan—can he be otherwise than mad? Nevertheless if thou canst not "make up thy mind," in thy next visit to Niagara inquire for the *Hermit*, and from what thou there learnest, judge for thyself.

It may be satisfactory to the interested, to state that Abbot was drowned in the river below the falls; I think it was in the year 1835, and that his body was never recovered, but doubtless found repose beneath the wild wave of the torrent, which whirls its furious surges in the river below. He had his wish.

The island became too public for him, and he removed his residence out the main land. Three times a day he was in the habit of bathing in the river. He was seen by the ferryman at his accustomed hour on the day previous to the discovery of his garments on the banks. He was drowned. Whether this was intentional on his part, or not, is yet, and doubtless ever will be, as his history is, a *Mystery*.

W. C. P.

South Carolina, 1840.

#### *Literary and Intellectual Distinction.*

There is a wide difference between *literary* and *intellectual* distinction. A mere scribbler who is fortunate in hitting on a popular subject at a proper time, may attain to a wide literary distinction, while a stupendous mental organization and long and unintermitted studies are necessary to intellectual distinction.

#### *Formation of Opinions.*

Pallas sprang from the brain of Jupiter, perfect in beauty and wisdom. There are but few of our opinions which spring in that way from our minds, as much examination must necessarily precede the establishment of any proposition we entertain.

### OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

BY J. W. MATTHEWS.

See! see yon gleaming sheet of fire,  
And hear that clear, exulting cry!  
Sound! sound the trump and strike the lyre,  
Our glorious flag still waves on high.  
And still its eagle-guardian wheels  
In triumph round his burning home,  
While his heart-stirring music peals  
Far thro' the vast sky's sounding dome!

Symbol of liberty!—each fold  
Has caught the radiance of the sky,  
And back in flashing splendor rolled,  
From stripes of fire and bars of gold,  
The glorious hues that never die—  
Hues that were born in other days,  
Where burned the battle's fiercest blaze.

On the uplifting winds of morn  
Thy fadeless glories have been borne,  
And when the Day-God from the world  
Unbound his zone, thy sentinel,  
With his majestic pinions furled  
Caught the last golden ray which fell.

Where the resistless death-bolt clove  
The pall, beneath whose fearful gloom  
Full many a mailed warrior strove,  
Thy folds hung tremulous above  
The fight, and ever as the boom  
Of roaring ord'nance, and the shout  
Of charging columns thundered by,  
Thine eagle's startling scream rang out,  
And glittering blade and waving plume  
Went down beneath his angry eye.

Ay! thou hast waved o'er battle-field,  
Where stirring trumpets wildly pealed  
And cheered the spirits of the brave,  
When to the deadly charge they sprang  
And found, ay! nobly found a grave  
Even while the trumpet's voice still rang!

From out the thick and stifling smoke  
That veiled the cannon's horrid form,  
Thy radiant hues in splendor broke,  
Flashing amid the combat's storm—  
And when the gory fight was o'er,  
And hushed the cannon's mighty roar,  
Then, starry banner, thou did'st wave  
With pity o'er the fallen brave!

Proud Ocean-Flag! thy stars have shone  
In glory o'er the blood-stained deck  
Of many a battle-shivered wreck,  
When the fierce tempest's hurdling moan  
Chanted the dying sailor's dirge  
Over the dark and boiling surge!  
And when the manly form was cold,  
And Death—a triumph there had won,  
No muffled funeral-bell was tolled,  
But slowly boomed the minute-gun,  
While sadly round that gallant breast  
Thy proud and brilliant folds were prest,  
Robing the wanderer of the deep,  
Even in his last and dreamless sleep!

Flag of the free! the patriot forms  
That guarded thee in days of old,  
Where e'er the sable cannon rolled  
Its thunder-anthem through the storms,

Shall guard thee still, though they no more  
May tread the soil they loved of yore.  
An unseen phalanx they shall stand  
Round Freedom's fane, and there unfurled,  
The banner of their native land  
Shall wave unsullied o'er the world!

Bride of the ever-sounding seas!  
Each wave that rolls in dirges o'er  
The tombs of warriors who upbore  
Thy stars in triumph on the breeze—  
The winds, that journeying onward, sweep  
The harps which gild the dark-blue deep—  
The radiant glories of the light,  
And silence of star-mantled night,  
Shall bring loud welcomes unto thee,  
From every land, o'er every sea,  
And where oppression binds the slave,  
Thy form shall glow—a light to save,  
And Earth's remotest clime be FREE!

Simpsonville, Ky.

## DESULTORY SPECULATOR.—No. VII.

BY G. W.—N.

### MAM'SELLE FANNY ELSSLER AND THE TARANTULA.

Mam'selle Fanny Elssler has acquired great celebrity as a *danseuse* both in Europe and America. She is superior in this branch of art to all who have yet visited this country; and has attained to a degree of perfection in the "poetry of motion," that none, I believe, but Madame Taglioni has excelled. In some particulars, however, I prefer Madame Celeste to Mam'selle Elssler. The latter, it is true, dances with less effort and greater ease; but the former has a finer figure, and is occasionally more graceful, especially in the *Cachucha*. Celeste is, moreover, decidedly a better pantomimic actress; and in the *tout ensemble* more attractive. This, however, is a matter of opinion, and I do not insist upon its infallibility. My object, in these remarks, is to give some account of the origin of one of those Ballets—the *TARANTULE*—in which Mam'selle Elssler excels, and displays the perfection of her art. The Ballet is derived from the French *baller*—to dance. It has been greatly improved by the French, and especially by Monsieur Noverre, who flourished in the last century and published a work in two vols. on the art of dancing. The pantomimic dance was known to the ancients; but the ballet received its regular dramatic form from Baltazarini, the director of music to the princess Catharine de Medici. The ballet is defined to be in its widest sense, "the representation of a series of passionate actions and feelings, by means of gestures and dancing." Like the drama, it is divided into acts and scenes in which are several *entrees*—each of which consists of one or more quadrilles of dancers, who represent the action by their gestures, steps, and attitudes. The *Tarantule* is a comic or dramatic ballet, arranged by M. Coralli. The scene lies in Italy; and the characters are Luidgi, a young peasant; Lauretta, the object of his love, and the daughter of the wealthy postmistress of the village; Dr. Omeoquaco, a rich and consequential personage; a strange lady, who is rescued from a band of brigands by Luidgi; and a number of male and female peasants—who constitute the *corps de ballet*. In the 1st act, Luidgi is represented serenading Lauretta, while a band of brigands are seen crossing the village and taking with them a lady whom they have had in their cus-

tody as a prisoner for some time. Luidgi and his companions rush to her rescue and succeed. The brigands are defeated, and the lady is saved. She shows her gratitude by offering valuable presents to her preserver, who refuses to receive a reward; and she bestows them upon Lauretta, as her liberator's intended bride, and indicates to him that she has influence and will never forget him. Dr. Omeoquaco arrives—and is smitten with the charms of the beautiful Lauretta, and offers his wealth to her mother to obtain her consent to his marriage with her daughter; who had been attired, at the instance of her mother in her bridal dress, in expectation of being united to Luidgi: but her mother had bestowed her on the pompous old doctor, who makes love to the young peasant with great fervor. Lauretta, however, laughs at his pretensions; and though pressed by her mother, declares she will never consent to marry any other than Luidgi. In the meantime, poor Luidgi has been stung by a *Tarantula*; and Lauretta, half distracted, and finding no other aid than Dr. Omeoquaco, describes her lover's delirium, frantic motions and agony, and begs him to employ his medical skill to restore him. He refuses to do so, unless she will consent to become his wife: to which, when she finds that Luidgi is becoming worse and worse, and if not instantly relieved will die, she consents, and is led fainting to the altar. Luidgi, in the 2d act, is brought at his earnest solicitation, scarcely restored, to Lauretta's chamber: and an affecting scene takes place between the lovers when he learns that she has been married to Omeoquaco. He thinks of the strange lady whom he had rescued from the banditti, and hastens to seek her aid in annulling a marriage effected by force and violence. During his absence, and to produce delay, Dr. Omeoquaco having ordered his carriage to depart immediately with his young wife, Lauretta employs all sorts of stratagems to detain him till the return of her lover. These scenes are exceedingly amusing. Finding at last that nothing will do, and not half the time necessary for the return of Luidgi had expired, she resorts to the expedient of pretending to be stung by the *Tarantula*; and, to the horror of her old husband, assumes all the contortions, feverish trance, depressions and fainting, she had noticed in her lover when laboring under the effects of the poison infused by the spider. Her dancing becomes frantic, but at the same time full of grace and beauty—her husband calls on the company to assist, and Lauretta appears to expire from exhaustion. The poor doctor is in a terrible quandary, and is about to be roughly handled by the peasants, when Luidgi enters with the lady he had rescued, who turns out to be the Doctor's wife, who he thought had been murdered by the brigands. Lauretta suddenly recovers, and after pretending to claim the Doctor for her husband, offers her hand to her lover; and the Doctor and his former wife are again united, and take their departure. All this is exhibited by pantomime and dancing. It is founded upon the supposed effects of the bite of a species of spider, called the *Tarantula*, found in the southern parts of Europe, and especially in the neighborhood of Tarentum in Italy, where it was first observed. This insect belongs to the genus *Lycosa* of Latreille; and the *Tarantula* is the largest of all European spiders. It is of a brown color, with the back of the abdomen marked by a row of trigonal black spots, with whitish edges; and the legs, eight in number, marked beneath by black and white bars. The part surrounding the eyes is bristled with a few upright hairs. The eyes have sometimes the color of rubies. The strong huge mandibles are of a shining black, except at their exterior base, which is covered with a down more or less grey or ochreous in color; the other parts of the mouth are black. The feelers have a tint of ochre which is often vivid; but they are always black at the extremity. The legs are strong and stout, and on the upper side, of a uniform blackish or yellowish grey. This description is taken in part from a naturalist, who studied



closely the habits of this insect. I shall now proceed to give an account of the supposed effects of the bite of the Tarantula, and its cure by the power of music, condensed and translated from a French writer, by a young lady of this city. There are very few dancing masters, he observes, whose lessons are as efficacious as those of the Tarantula. It is pretended by some naturalists that a single sting is sufficient to produce rivals to Vestris; and it is reported, that a cock and a wasp have been known to dance marvellously to the sound of a violin, and beat time with the greatest exactitude. According to these naturalists, the Tarantula is not only the cause of dancing in others, but she dances with great elegance herself. Lenness, Jonson, Maudeville, and Keicher have written strange things on this subject. The latter has even taken the pains to note down the air which, it is said, has the power of causing not only the Tarantula to dance, but those also who have been bitten by it. Dr. St. Andree assures us, that he had himself attended a Neapolitan soldier, who danced four or five days in succession every year, in consequence of the bite of the Tarantula some years before; and Sauguerdices declares that this phenomenon may be renewed for forty or fifty years together. Baglivi has written very much at large on the nature, habits and bite of the Tarantula. This formidable daughter of Arachne, he says, inhabits the hottest and most burning portions of Italy, and derives its name from the city of Tarantum, near Naples. He says that it has eight eyes, a head armed with two fangs which secrete a quick and venomous liquid, and two horns which are agitated at the sight of its prey. During the winter season it keeps itself concealed in the earth, without motion or appetite. In the spring it issues from its retreat, and places itself in ambush to attack passengers. The shepherds provide themselves with buskins to protect their legs and feet from its bite, and miserable are they who are so unfortunate as to be bitten by them. The wounded part swells, becomes inflamed, and is surrounded by a livid, yellowish, or black circle. The malady is attended with great anxiety, anguish, and profound sadness. The respiration becomes difficult and interrupted; the eyes are dull, and the voice faint and feeble; and when the patient is asked how he feels, he places his hand upon his heart to indicate the seat of pain. Baglivi declares that the effect is uniform, and particularly during the heat of summer; but it varies according to the time, place, and person bitten. In winter, the bite has no deleterious effect; exiled from her country she loses all her venom; and transported among the mountains, she ceases to be dangerous. The symptoms also change, according to the species of the spider. The most formidable is that whose skin is a bluish color. She infuses with her poison, dark, gloomy and desperate thoughts. Those whom it has wounded, sink into a profound melancholy, seeking the deserts and tombs; place themselves in the midst of coffins, and often put an end to their unhappy existence, in the most fearful manner. Others again surrender themselves to the disorders of a frantic imagination; run about like madmen; cause themselves to be cruelly castigated; plunge into the mud, or stagnant pools—and roll about in delight. Women lose all respect for themselves, rend the air with their screams, and throw themselves about like frantic Bacchantes. Others, in fine, fall into a state of stupor and complete insensibility, and expire if they are not speedily relieved. The art of Esculapius is here without power, and it is to that of Linus and Orpheus one must resort for aid. As soon as the patient hears an air suited to his condition, you will see his lethargy gradually depart; he becomes gently animated; his feet and hands are agitated; and he finally enters with his whole soul into the spirit of the dance: but take care not to make a false note—for at the least discord, the patient becomes troubled, shudders, and relapses into his former state. The exercise ordinarily

commences at sunrise, and lasts a couple of hours. The afflicted person casts himself in a perspiration on the bed, and seeks repose. He recommences the dance after awhile, returns to bed again, and prolongs the exercise till the close of the day. What is deserving of particular remark, is the vigor, agility, and precision of the dancers. The most stupid rustic, and the dullest peasant, display prodigies of suppleness and activity, and rival the most celebrated professors of the art. From four to five days generally suffices to effect a cure; but the virulence of the disease is not extinct. Once infused into the mass of the blood, the poison remains there forever, and awaits a favorable occasion to develop itself anew. Baglivi asserts that each year, on the same day and hour, the patient experiences the same symptoms; and if he does not resort to the power of music for help; if he does not take the exercise illustrated by Gardel and Vestris, he runs the risk of going mad, or of dying in a few days. St. Andree, gives the following history of a case which came under his knowledge. There was, he says, in a regiment of Infantry on the Marre, a Neapolitan soldier who had been bitten by the Tarantula; and although he had been cured, his fits would return every year at a stated period. He would first fall into a profound melancholy; his complexion would become livid; his sight defective, and his respiration difficult, and interrupted by hiccoughs and sighs; a syncope would succeed and he would fall motionless on the earth without consciousness, and in a state of insensibility; the blood would rush from his nose and mouth: and if not immediately relieved, would have died in a short time. To save him from the inevitable fate which awaited him, violinists were immediately sent for, who held their instruments close to his ears, and drew their bows strongly on the strings, so as to produce loud vibratory sounds, which had the effect to restore suspended animation. His hands first began to mark the cadence; then the feet would make similar movements, and, finally, raising his whole body, he would take one of his comrades by the hands, and commence dancing with great agility and precision. This dance was renewed twice in every twenty-four hours, almost without interruption. When excessively fatigued he would take a little wine, and sometimes a fresh egg in milk. I have seen this soldier dance with a naked sabre in his hand, and relapse into his former state when the musicians ceased to play, or when a string happened to break. I have seen him, too, prostrated before a mirror, believing that he saw there the spider which had bitten him. This unfortunate man died at last in one of these fits, not having been relieved in time.

Baglivi cites a number of similar cases, and does not appear to have the least doubt of their authenticity—

“Le vrai peut quelque fois n’être pas vraisemblable.”

He also seems to entertain the belief that the Tarantula will sometimes be itself tempted to dance; and says, that its humor is lively, active, and unequal; and that its walk is irregular, unsteady, and saltatory. Such are the fables told of this insect. The effects which have been attributed to its bite, have been proved by subsequent experiments to be imaginary; and the belief in the extraordinary symptoms, and their not less extraordinary cure by music, is now entirely exploded. M. Sorraté, first physician to the King of Naples, has given various proofs of the groundlessness and absurdity of the notions previously entertained on this subject; and reports, that among those who are said to be *tarantulized*, there are a great many who practice deception on the public—especially those young women in Italy, whose relations keep them shut up, and who being thus excluded from the pleasures of the dance, in any other way, pretend to be bitten by the Tarantula, that they may be permitted to enjoy the exercise in which they take such delight, without restraint. The various symptoms, supposed to follow the

bite of this spider, are finely delineated by Mam'selle Elssler and Monsieur Silvain in the Ballet called the Tarantula: and their exhibitions of agility and grace are truly wonderful.

As I have given what may be considered the fabulous in relation to this insect, the reader may desire to know something of its real history, character, and habits. Monsieur Leon Dufour, a French Naturalist, has communicated the result of his personal observations on the Tarantula, through the *Annals des Sciences Naturelles*, from which I have derived the following facts: The *Lycosa* inhabits exposed places, dry, barren, uncultivated, and open to the sun. It hides itself, when full grown, in under-grown passages—complete burrows which it digs for itself. These burrows are cylindrical, and often an inch in diameter, and sunk more than a foot in the soil. Its construction proves that he is, at the same time, a skilful hunter, and an able engineer. It was necessary not only that he should construct a deep entrenchment, which might hide him from the pursuit of his enemies; but he must also establish there a place of observation, from which he could spy out his prey, and dart like an arrow upon it. The subterranean passage has, in effect, at first a vertical direction; but at four or five inches from the surface it turns in an obtuse angle, forms a horizontal bend, and then reassumes the perpendicular. The exterior orifice of the Tarantula's burrow is ordinarily surmounted by a funnel, constructed altogether by itself, and which no author has mentioned. This funnel, a true piece of architecture, rises about one inch above the surface of the ground, and is sometimes two inches in diameter. This last circumstance is of great use to the spider, in the extension of its legs, at the moment when it is about to seize its prey. The funnel is chiefly composed of fragments of dry wood united by a little clay, and disposed one upon another in such an artist-like manner, that they form a scaffolding in the shape of an upright column, of which the interior is the hollow cylinder. It is also lined and tapestried within by a tissue, formed of the threads of the *Lycosa*, and which is continued throughout the whole interior. This spider has many purposes to answer in its construction. It not only protects its entrenchments from inundations, and fortifies it against the falling of external bodies which would be likely to close it up, but it also serves as an ambush—by offering to flies and other insects, on which the Tarantula feeds, an enticing resting place. M. Dufour tried various experiments to catch the Tarantula; the most successful was that of a stalk, surmounted by a spikelet, which he shook and rubbed gently against the opening of the hole. Tempted by this lure, the spider would advance with a slow and irresolute step towards the spikelet; and upon his drawing it back a little out of the hole, to leave him no time for reflection he would frequently throw himself out of his dwelling—the entrance of which M. Dufour would instantly close; thus obliging him to take up his quarters in a piece of paper, in which he was immediately shut up. Baglivi says that the Apulian peasants are accustomed to hunt the Tarantula, by imitating at the mouth of the hole the humming of an insect, by means of an oaten stalk. This insect, however frightful as it at first appears, and dangerous as its bite was thought to be, is yet very capable, M. Dufour asserts, of being tamed. He enclosed one in a glass, covered over with paper, in which he had made a square opening. In the bottom of the glass he fixed a roll of paper in which he had carried him, and which was to serve as his dwelling. The glass was fixed upon a table in M. Dufour's sleeping room. The spider soon accustomed himself to his cell, and ended by becoming so familiar, that he would come and eat out of M. Dufour's fingers the living fly that he brought home. After having given his victim his death-wound with his jaws, he says, he did not content himself, like most spiders, with sucking the head, but bruised all its body by plunging

it successively into his mouth with his feelers. He then "threw away the triturated remains, and swept them to a distance from his hiding place." After his repast, says M. Dufour, he seldom omitted attending to his toilet, which consisted in brushing with the tarsi of his anterior legs, his feelers, and mandibles; and, having done this, he resumed his attitude of immovable gravity. The evening and night were his times of walking and attempting to escape. Those nocturnal habits confirmed the opinion I have already advanced, "that the greater number of spiders have like cats, the faculty of seeing by night as well as by day." M. Dufour mentions in the conclusion of his communication, a singular combat between these spiders. He selected two Tarantulas, full grown and of very vigorous make, which he put together in a large vase. After having many times made, he says, the circuit of their arena in the endeavor to shun each other, they hastened, as at a given signal, to set themselves in a warlike attitude. I saw them with surprise taking their distance, and gravely rising upon their hind legs, so as to present to each other the buckler formed by their chests. After having looked each other in the face for about ten minutes, I saw them throw themselves upon one another, entwine their legs, and endeavor, in an obstinate struggle, to wound each other with the hooks of their mandibles. Either from fatigue, or by mutual consent, the combat was for a while suspended—there was a truce for some seconds, and each wrestler retiring to a little distance, resumed his menacing posture. But the struggle was not long in recommencing with more fury than before between our two Tarantulas. One of them, after victory had been a long time doubtful, was at length overthrown, and mortally wounded in the head; he became the prey of the vanquisher, who tore open his skull and devoured him.

Such is the true history of the famous Tarantula, whose bite has been considered so terrible—and about which such strange fables have been told. Entomology is a curious and interesting study, and I may occasionally amuse your readers by brief notices of some of the most extraordinary productions in this kingdom of nature.

Washington.

## TO HER OF THE HAZEL-EYE.

BY L. J. CIST.

\* \* "A form of life and light,  
A lovely apparition, lent  
To be a moment's ornament:  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
Like twilight too her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time, and the cheerful dawn;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay!"

Wordsworth.

Maiden of the hazel-eye,  
Fawn-like step, and raven hair,  
Where a thousand graces lie—  
Wild and wanton as the air;  
By the brightness of those eyes,  
That might shame the starry skies;  
By the darkness of that hair,  
Houri-maid were proud to wear;  
By thy light and graceful form—  
Step of yielding buoyancy—  
Face, with soul of passion warm—  
Heart, from shade of passion free;



By thy pure and gentle mind,  
And thy manners, frankly kind;  
By all the pretty vows of Love,  
By Lovers ever breathed in song,  
Maidens' hearts to win and move;  
Maiden! thou hast done me wrong!

I have feelings, wishes, fears,—  
Thoughts of dear and olden time,  
That would vent themselves in tears,  
Did I vent them not in rhyme:  
I have penned them hastily—  
Feeling first, and reason after,  
And thou readest them to me,  
Maiden fair, with jest and laughter.

Maiden! 'tis a weary world!  
Filled with grief and pain and sorrow;  
Where to-day joy smiles—unfurled,  
Sorrow's wings may brood to-morrow:  
He who never felt a wound,  
At another's scars may jest,—  
Soon or later, he hath found  
Some stray dart to pierce his breast:  
And since sorrow comes to all,  
Should it ever come to thee,  
Then may'st thou, perchance, recall  
Thoughts of *yesternight*, and *me*!  
And if e'er, in after times,  
Disappointment should be thine;  
And thy lone heart's saddened chimes  
Steal from thee in idle line;  
May no other, then, *thy* rhymes  
Read to thee,—as thou did'st mine!

Cincinnati, Ohio.

## ANCIENT ELOQUENCE.

BY W. G. HOWARD.

“Clear arguments may rise  
In short succession: yet th' *oratoric* draught  
Shall occupy attention's steadfast soul.”

Eloquence, in its most comprehensive sense, is the art of *speaking well*. It is, essentially, too, the most brilliant department of the human intellect. Like the ‘Genius of Poesy,’ it disdains, in its very nature, to thread the intricate mazes of a refined philosophy, and gain its favor, but courts the winning smiles of popular applause. The abstract speculations, and the generic deductions of the mere Metaphysician, are subversive of that warmth of interest, and vivacity of spirit, and richness of sentiment, which it is the peculiar prerogative of the orator to enkindle; and seal up, with a relentless frost, those rich overflowings of the streams of thrilling emotion, that gush, with irresistible impetuosity, from the deep fountains of his own bosom.

It is unnecessary to attempt an accurate *analysis* of eloquence, for the most labored and protracted effort in this branch of intellectual chemistry, would prove entirely abortive. Its general features, and not its separate properties, are all that can be pro-

perly examined, or adequately described. The qualities, however, which constitute the elements of oratorical excellence, although they cannot be *dissected*, may nevertheless be *felt*. The more ethereal emanations—the *invisible rays*—of exalted eloquence, which comprise, in their perfection, a beautiful blending of all the attributes of mind, albeit they do not, in themselves, admit either of perception, of description, or of explanation, may yet be fully experienced; and their resulting expression, like the mixture of the ‘delicate tints’ of the spectrum, instead of constituting a medium between the exceeding brilliancy of some of them, and the surpassing softness of others, issues in one dazzling effulgence of pure and unshadowed light. How much soever the physical wonder may be enveloped in ‘inexplicable mystery,’ the mental phenomenon is comparatively easy of solution. In the charming and elegant language of another;—“A mind, comprising a union of all the highest faculties, mutually adjusted, with the most correct symmetry, too little resembles minds in general. It is only a disproportion of the ingredient hues, that can produce the prevalence of that *soft green*, on which the soul has justly and beautifully been described as fondly loving to repose.”

Though eloquence, like poetry, is *one*, as Cicero frequently remarked, its forms are exceedingly various. It is extremely interesting, therefore, to notice the characteristic varieties of manner, the distinguishing traits of elocution, which mere differences of temper, of habit, and of manner, will impress on the noblest and sublimest oratory. On the theatre of public life, it is by modes, infinitely diversified, that great men, of nearly equal oratorical abilities, effect achievements almost equal in splendor and renown. Some, possessed of temperaments glowing and impulsive, by their unbridled and excessive vehemence, will seem, for awhile, to overleap their own purposes, but they finally succeed in silencing opposition, and consummating their wishes. Others, ordinarily indolent or negligent, occasionally break out in starts and sallies of fortunate boldness, and may thus be said ‘to absolve their race of glory’ by a series of gigantic and irregular bounds. A third class, coldly cautious, and uniformly, though silently persevering, appear to ‘wear out the jealousy of fortune,’ by their unremitting assiduity, and unconquerable patience. Of this latter description was Demosthenes, the immortal orator of Greece.

But to the theme of our remarks, for it is delightful to linger amid the treasured incidents of the past, and to descant upon the unrivalled efforts of the ‘Giant Orators’ of ancient times.

Of the eloquence of antiquity, but a few specimens have withstood, uninjured, the ‘effacing finger of time,’ and come down to this remote era of the world's history. The scanty memorials, however, which *have* been transmitted to us, and which

fascinate, by their beauty and their power, the admirers of genius, and taste, are sufficient to warrant the conviction, that this noble quality, this emanation from Divinity itself, has wielded a resistless sceptre over fallen humanity in every grade of society, and in every period of its existence, although the consecrated spirits of Greece and Rome,—those mighty *masters* of ancient eloquence, are the sole survivors.

That a far greater number, indeed, than those, whose names have been crowned with a chaplet of immortal fame, were imbued with the *real spirit* of eloquence, and uttered, in startling tones of thunder, its fervid and exciting appeals, is unquestionably true, although their memories have, for centuries gone-by, been shrouded in oblivion. This has assuredly been the case wherever liberty has exerted its peaceful influence, or wherever an illustrious opportunity has occurred; for eloquence has, in every age, been the first born of freedom, and its most powerful exhibitions have always been the offspring of great occasions. Nor have the dark waters of *Lethe* ceased to flow; on the contrary many, who held a preëminent rank among the orators of modern days, who now are greeted with the loudest and the longest huzzas of popular applause, will, doubtless, sink, like lead, in the same depths where lie buried, in eternal night, such countless multitudes of their luckless predecessors.

But the inquiry is replete with interest, *why* so few specimens of the oratory of antiquity have survived the lapse of centuries; and why the productions, and the very *names* of thousands, who, it may be, electrified the *world* by their eloquence, have perished amid the wrecks of the past? Among a multiplicity of reasons, that might be assigned, as explanatory of this striking fact, the most conspicuous are—that many, and, indeed, at certain periods in their history, most nations were entirely ignorant of the art of Alphabetic writing; that the contemporaries, of distinguished orators, neglected the preservation of their speeches; and that the eloquence, of some eminent speakers, was of such a character as to preclude the possibility of treasuring adequate memorials of it, owing to the impotency of language to exhibit, in all their energy and effect, the circumstances and manner of delivery, which imparted to their effusions such tremendous effect. Hortensius, a distinguished Roman orator, is cited by Cicero as an example of this description, his recorded efforts being surprisingly deficient in that power, for which he was so highly celebrated. And so, were it possible, we might go from name to name in the catalogue of that host of the mighty dead, who are sleeping in the arms of oblivion, and one or another, of the reasons specified above, would be sufficient to dissipate every cloud of mystery, that might seem, at a *prima facie* view, to involve the answer to our

inquiry. But that *catalogue* even, has been wholly wasted by the ravages of decay.

In common life, the most unrivalled bursts of eloquence and passion, which bear down every thing before their irresistible power, are not unfrequently witnessed, and that, too, on subjects of merely passing interest, and, therefore not suitable for preservation. Nature it is, which inspires those rapturous enthusiasms, those thrilling and subduing bursts of feeling and of passion. Numerous instances might easily be presented evincing the commanding influence, which these extemporal effusions oftentimes produce. It will be in point to mention one as illustrative of this statement. The circumstance, in question, is said to have occurred, a few years since, at a 'Parish Meeting,' convened in a distant state, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of increasing the salary of their Minister. The meeting had continued for a considerable time, and it seemed to be the prevailing opinion, that it would be utterly impossible to raise a larger sum. At length a man arose, at a remote corner of the house, and began as follows;—

"Mr. Chairman;—They call me an odd fellow, and so I am; they call me a tavern haunter, and so I am; they call me a drunkard, and so I am; they call me a profane swearer, and so I be; and I'm ashamed of it. But I'm not half so much ashamed of that as I am that the *people of S*— *cant afford their 'Godly Minister a house to live in.'*" The effect of these remarks was astonishing, and the people of *S*— immediately added to the salary, and gave their 'Godly Minister' a house to live in. Other pertinent examples might readily be adduced, which would further corroborate the correctness of all the reasons, which have been assigned, for the extreme paucity of instances of ancient eloquence, but enough has been presented already to render unnecessary a more extended detail of particulars.

After these preliminary observations in regard to the signification of eloquence, its existence, and the reasons why the monuments, of so many of its genuine offspring, are buried in the rubbish of antiquity, combined with its majestic and wonderful effects, it may not be uninteresting or uninteresting to glance, for awhile, at the earliest periods of its history, and contemplate, in imagination, a few of those illustrious worthies, whom time has preserved from the grave of forgetfulness. For it is to the careful study of these men of glorious and undying fame, that most of our own speakers are indebted for their unparalleled celebrity. They have drank copious draughts from these fountains, and found them the sparkling waters of inspiration.

For the most splendid triumphs of secular eloquence, the mental vision must be directed to Athens, which was, truly, the first great theatre of genuine oratory. In this favored city it *commen-*



ced its stupendous achievements, and even the haughty and imperious Philip of Macedon trembled at its power. When Demosthenes—the *orator by eminence*—was thundering his patriotism over the country of his birth, and summoning the ‘band of the faithful’ to resist the encroachments of a foreign and merciless usurper, he made this proud and unfeeling monarch quake to the very centre of his iron heart. That this faculty was soon extensively cultivated in ancient Greece, besides a vast quantity of evidence derived from other sources, not only from historians, but, likewise, from actual specimens of oratory yet extant, we may infer from the poems of Homer. This ‘Prince of Poets’ invests his heroes with all the charm of eloquence, and in the third book of the *Iliad* there is a beautiful comparison between the oratory of Ulysses and that of Menelaus. This comparison cannot be more happily expressed than in the language of the admirable translation, by the illustrious poet of Twickenham.

“When Atreus’ son harangued the listening train,  
Just was his sense, and his expression plain;  
His words succinct yet full, without a fault,  
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.  
But, when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,  
His modest eyes he fixed upon the ground;  
As one unskilled or dumb, he seemed to stand,  
Nor raised his head, nor stretched his sceptered hand.  
But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!  
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,  
The copious accents fall, with easy art,  
Melting they fall and sink into the heart.  
Wondering we hear; and fixed in deep surprise,  
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.”

The eloquence of Nestor, of Diomedes, of Hector, and of Agamemnon is truly preëminent. Of each of these men it may be said, with emphasis, that in this department, at least, he was unsurpassed if not unequalled. Their oratory embraces a union of the most polished elegance, the most glossy neatness, and the most exquisite modulation, with a remarkable purity and originality of mind, and strength and pomp of diction. The reply of Diomedes to Agamemnon, in the ninth *Iliad*, displays the highest order of intellect and sentiment; and it is worthy of frequent and attentive perusal, so rich is it in sublimity and noble pathos.

“When kings advise us to renounce our fame,  
First let him speak, who first has suffered shame.  
If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath withhold,  
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold;  
Thou first, and thou alone, in field of fight  
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:  
Nor from a friend th’ unkind reproach appeared,  
The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard.  
The Gods, O Chief! from whom our honors spring,  
The Gods have made thee but by halves a king.  
\* \* \* \* \*

The noblest power, that might the world control,  
They gave thee not,—a brave and virtuous soul.  
Is this a general’s voice, that would suggest  
Fears like his own to every Grecian breast?  
Confiding in our want of worth he stands;

And if we fly, ’tis what our king commands.  
Go thou, inglorious! from the embattled plain;  
Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main.  
A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,  
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.  
Here Greece shall stay; or if all Greece retire,  
Myself will stay, ’till Troy or I expire;  
Myself and Sthenelus will fight for fame;  
God bade us fight; and ’twas with God we came.”

It is, in truth, a rare and delicious treat to sit down at that intellectual banquet, whose sumptuous provisions comprise the few but precious remnants of the oratory of those “old men of renown,” whose memories will live and flourish forever in the unrivalled poems of the “blind bard of Scio.”

Nor is it surprising that the seeds of eloquence should take such deep root, and live and flourish in such unequalled beauty and verdure on the shores of Greece. The soil was admirably adapted to its successful cultivation. There were many and various circumstances on the side of the Grecian, which were peculiarly favorable to the nurture and perfection of this glorious art. Their separate states were free and independent, and deliberation and debate were unrestrained. Frequent councils were convoked for the discussion of topics of national interest. The Amphictyonic was often the theatre of forensic oratory. The Persian war produced a powerful excitement on Grecian mind; and the dynasty of the Pisistradae encouraged eloquence. The Homeric poems also were made a study to foster a martial and republican spirit. Great achievements in war, and fervid eloquence in peace were the two modes by which men acquired the most prominent ascendancy. These circumstances, with a variety of others, too numerous for repetition, were, indeed, a prolific source—an inspiration of genuine eloquence.

Their direct tendency was to awaken in the bosom emotions of the purest patriotism, and thus to prepare the individual for the most brilliant and effective displays of oratory.

In closing this essay, it will be interesting to take a hurried view of one of the ablest statesmen and orators of antiquity. Of that bright constellation of orators, whose names are chronicled in characters of light on the pages of Grecian history, and whose resplendent rays, like the jewelled radiance of Messiah’s throne bid darkness flee and beam in unfading brilliance the immortal “Hero of Salamis” sustains an elevated rank. This illustrious commander was born of parents too deeply immersed in obscurity and want to assist him in emerging to any distinction in society, and it was, by the magic of his own genius alone, that he so successfully attained the proud eminence to which his ambition had ardently aspired. When quite a youth his soul was fired with the spirit and passion, and patriotism, which invariably actuate to bold attempts and predict, with infallible certainty, subsequent supremacy.

Of the early discipline of Themistocles, history has furnished us with but little information. The few scattered hints, it does impart, it may be profitable to observe.

The mind passionately loves to dwell on every circumstance of splendid preparation, which contributes in the least to fit the man of renown for the scene of his glory. "We love to watch, fold by fold, the bracing on of his Vulcanian panoply, and we observe with delight and anxiety the leading forth of that chariot, which borne on irresistible wheels, and drawn by steeds of immortal race, is to crush the necks of the mighty; and sweep away the serried strength of arms."

In regard to those departments of study, which were considered by the Athenians as indispensable in forming the polite and accomplished scholar, he was either superficial in his investigations or neglected them entirely. With those branches, however, which had an immediate and intimate connexion with his future pursuits, he was familiarly acquainted. In this field of instruction, in the language of his biographer, his acquisitions were absolutely unbounded—the necessary consequence of an irrepressible ardor in quest of an object ardently desired, and passionately sought.

Themistocles is considered by some, as the representative of the eloquence of his time; but he was desirous to rest his fame on his character as a statesman rather than orator, and his name will ever be connected with the glories of Salamis. His qualities as a forensic speaker, however, were highly celebrated. An imagination cultivated by scholar-like perseverance; a power of invention prodigal even to satiety; a magnificence of genius rarely, if ever, surpassed; an energy of mind wonderful in its conceptions and effects; a consummate maturity of judgment; and an unconquerable love of glory, were his ruling characteristics. All his oratorical efforts evince a commanding reason, a vast and varied extent of erudition; and they abound in fine morality and indignant pathos. His powers of mind must be universally admitted to have been of the highest order; and he was equally endowed with those more practical qualifications, which give to eloquence its deepest polish, and its most thrilling power.

The decease of the subject of this brief sketch, which was the obscuration of one of the most effulgent stars in the galaxy of Grecian eloquence, and was occasioned by partaking of the deadly poison, that he might not outlive his honor, displayed the same remarkable heroism, that had signally marked his whole career, and crowned with a wreath of unfading verdure the termination of a life, which had been distinguished throughout by gigantic and unparalleled achievements.

"It is something enthusiastically great, when a man determines not to survive his liberty; but it is something still greater, when he refuses to survive

his honor." The beautiful couplet of a distinguished Poet expresses with admirable pertinence and precision the character of Themistocles, and, with a slight alteration, will answer well as the summing up of this article—

"An orator all o'er, consummate, absolute,  
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete."

Chillicothe, Ohio, Sept. 1840.

## BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.

### A PARAPHRASE.

BY GEORGE B. WALLIS.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows, in the midst thereof.

"For they that carried us away captive required of us a song. \* \* \*

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

"If I forget thee, oh Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. \* \* \*

"Oh! daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardest thee as thou hast served us."—*Psalm cxxxvii.*

#### I.

By the rivers of Babylon,  
We sat in our wo,  
And mourn'd over Zion,  
Despoil'd by the foe:  
Her homes and her altars,  
Profaned and accurs'd  
Her sons and her daughters  
In bondage dispers'd.

#### II.

By the rivers of Babylon,  
Our harps;—never strung  
To aught but rejoicings,—  
In sorrow were hung  
On the willows.—No longer  
The rapture which springs,  
From a triumph in battle  
Could waken their strings.

#### III.

By the rivers of Babylon,  
Our spoilers came down,  
And desired a strain  
Of our songs of renown;  
But never as slaves  
To the stranger, could we,  
Lift a voice or a harp  
In the songs of the free.

#### IV.

By the rivers of Babylon,  
Though eternally set,  
Thy beauty, Jerusalem,  
We shall not forget;  
Nor the day when in happy  
Possession we trod,  
By the waters that gladden'd  
The city of God!



## V.

By the rivers of Babylon,  
The Lord in his ire,  
Shall smite the oppressor  
In blood and in fire;  
And bless'd the barbarian,  
Who comes upon thee  
The avenger of Israel,  
Oh! haughty Chaldee!

Middletown, Va., 1840.

### THE INFERIORITY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Oh! what great men hast thou not produced, England!  
My country!—Coleridge.

An exalted literature is the noblest feature of national greatness. In looking over the records of history, it will be found that of all the nations which have risen, flourished and fallen, those, and those only, shed forth an unfading lustre which have stood preëminent in literature. Let us go and search amid the mouldering relics of departed greatness, and of those kingdoms which have been superior in learning and science; even in their crumbling ruins will be discerned a glory which is undimmed—a grandeur which remains undiminished by all the wastings of time. Greece, the rugged nurse of mighty men, the cradle of science, the home of poetry and song: Rome, the receptacle of learning, the abode of orators, patriots and heroes, will ever be wrapt in unfading splendor, and stand high in the annals of human greatness. They were the residences of high minds—within their precincts walked the spirits of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Plutarch and Sallust, of Hesiod and Virgil, of Orpheus and Terence—spirits, indeed of *the departed*, but which still linger around their mortal homes, rendering the very soil which covers their remains “hallowed ground.” But what of those nations whose literature has been neglected? Where are they? The *names* of some have reached us; but of most of them it may be said *they are gone*,—

“Gone glimmering thro’ the things that were,  
A schoolboy’s tale; the wonder of an hour.”

Hence we may infer that literature constitutes the noblest trait of national character; and, whilst we speak of the *literary inferiority* of our own country, far, far be it from our purpose to detract from her intrinsic grandeur and greatness. When we contemplate her present proud position as it regards the rapid growth and symmetry of her political institutions; when we mark the rapid strides which she is making in civilization and refinement; the boundlessness of her internal improvements; the unexampled attention paid to a general diffusion of knowledge; and above all, when we look upon her numberless institutions for benevolent enterprise, carried forward on a scale of moral grandeur, unprecedented in the annals of any country, we feel proud to be called *Americans!* and can say, in the words of the poet, with all the warmth, and with all the enthusiasm, and with all the thrilling, burning pathos of the most devoted patriots,

“This is my own, my native land.”

Still we are compelled to say that, in a literary point of view, we are as yet inferior to nearly all the European nations. *We have not, in this, kept pace with our other improvements.* We have built the steamboat—we have dug our canals—we have laid our rail roads—we have cut down the forest—we have erected the stately edifice on the spot where but yesterday stood the wigwam—the hall of legislation

risers on the almost warm and smouldering ashes of the council-fire. Enterprise, American enterprise—how does the blood mantle the cheek as we record the cause—stimulated by the certain acquisition of wealth—has stretched its wand over our whole country, changing it, as by the power of magic, to a perfection which but few European countries have attained by the long labor of centuries.

Only sixty years ago and we had just sprung into being. We were poor and unknown—“none so poor to do us reverence.” We were confounded, even by some pretenders in intelligence, with the red man that roamed our woods, or the black man that cultivated our soil. We had scarce a ship upon our seas, or steamboat upon our inland waters. Our roads were bad; our means of communication tedious, wearisome and expensive; and our commerce had scarcely been dignified with the name. But now our flag waves in every breeze that fans the deep. Our rivers and lakes bear upon their bosoms steam-vessels unrivalled for elegance and magnitude; our means of communication have united the extremes of our extensive domain in such a way, that time and space are almost annihilated; our commerce, internal and foreign, rivals that of the “Ocean Queen.” We have earned by our enterprise and national integrity a name, the sound of which is honored by all people; and which is the best passport which a traveller can possess to secure respect wherever he may journey. Has the like ever been known before of any other people or in any age? What other nation ever won such laurels in so short a time? None. We stand alone! It is indeed true, that in the excellency of our political institutions, and in the department of practical mechanics, and in scientific discoveries, we are unrivalled; but in looking at our progress in literature—high and dignified literature—the genius of our country advances, rather with the feeble, tottering steps of superannuation, than with the elastic tread, or the boldness and swiftness of a vigorous and ruddy youth.

Why then is our literature neglected? Have we not genius which might be aroused? Palsied be the tongue which would utter the foul aspersion! Why then is not this foul blot wiped from the chronicle of present things? Is it so that American genius can only be aroused from its torpor by the gleam of shining dust, or the all-energizing clinking of dollars and cents?

We have not been unguarded in penning these lines. Our ears have not been deaf to the adulations which have so frequently been heaped upon some of our authors. But alas! they are only sounded in our own midst. These adulations have been uttered by our *own* children. We are our *own* idolaters! Our own land is indeed, but the earth, is not full of our fame; and better, far better, had our harps been hung upon the willows, until other hands and other voices were ready to herald forth our praises!

To substantiate the assertion we need to make but a moment’s comparison. We call not up the masterly productions of other days; we search not the tomes of departed nations for specimens of the transcendancy of their literary glory. There is one mouldering parchment alone—the “Iliad” of Homer—for whose glorious birth seven of the proudest cities of the Peloponessus disputed—that tells us that he struck the poetic lyre with a majesty and grandeur which is yet unrivalled—like music upon the waters, mellowed by distance. His thrilling numbers, sweeping over the waters of years, fall upon the ear with a cadence and beauty which knows no diminution, and which strikes competition dumb. But of modern nations. Britain!—what name in poetry shall we place by the side of Milton? In dramatic writing by that of the Bard of Avon? In physical philosophy by that of Newton? In the science of mind by that of Locke? In theology by that of Taylor? It may be said that this is *our* literature as well as Britain’s. That we claim an inheritance with her in the legacies of these men

of thought; that the blood of Alfred and Edward flows in our veins as well as theirs; and so, too, does that of Milton and Shakespeare and Newton and Locke and Taylor. Their ancestors are ours; their glory ours; their models ours. We drink with them at the same fountain; we think and write in the same language that preserves the mental monuments of these models in literature. Does this answer, however, satisfy him who is truly and wholly American in his feelings?—him who has that passion for his country which amounts to idolatry—the passion of a lover for his mistress—that true *amor patriæ* which absorbs every other feeling? Were we not cast from the household of these men by our brethren, who claimed no more right to the inheritance than that which superior strength confers? Did we not in turn renounce them, and resolve to build upon a *new foundation*—to earn a name and an immortality by our *unaided efforts*—which should gather none of their lustre from ancient names? Then why not cast off all allegiance to these, as names, for America to boast of? Why not determine that our literature and government shall be coetaneous—that one shall be as peculiar as the other? But we will return to the comparison. Take Germany, Germany also with all her notoriety, as the nurse of *slow-paced* intellects and phlegmatic temperaments. Her ponderous piles of literary research bids defiance to every comparison; and even in the fields of poesy and song, the strains of Scheller and Goethe will not suffer, nay, will grow more resplendent in the contrast with those of our ablest writers. Of France we say but little, not that she is inferior: her writers are not well known; as with Germany, so is she just beginning to unlock her deep store-houses, and pour forth their hoarded treasures. But at the very name of France our minds revert to the names of the unhappy but gifted Voltaire—to Racine, to Corneille, to the accomplished Madame De Stael; and, in holier writings than any of these, that of the “Heaven-soaring” Massillon.

Even “dead Italy” boasts her Boccaccio, her Ariosto, and her Tasso! Spain her Boscan, her Calderon, and her Cervantes: “names, that were not born to die.”

We do not deem it sufficient to say that our literature is not yet formed. Why is it not yet formed? Is the doctrine true that a country must attain “a good old age” before authors of true rank and dignity can be produced from its soil? Hesiod eternized his name, before his countrymen were emancipated from barbarism. The dark but grand and majestic images of Ossian rose up in an age when “the schoolmaster was not abroad.” The sublimest of all English poems was brought forth at a period when the British constitution was scarcely formed; and when the British government, staggering under a revolution which had shaken it to its circumference, was just clothing itself with the panoply of strength and freedom. But why have we not in this kept pace with our other improvements? Why is our literature but in its embryo, whilst all else has sprung up as under the wand of an enchanter? Has it not been purely from neglect? We have within us the elements of a high and glorious literature. The boundless extent of our domains—our mountains, rivers, lakes, cataracts, extended vallies, boundless prairies—our every variety of soil and climate and productions! In fact all external objects are on a scale, grand, diversified, and magnificent—beyond an equal; and besides, the freeness and nobleness of our institutions, are all calculated to give that masculine energy to thought—that height of imagination—that boldness of expression—which constitute the very sublimity of writing. Nor are we of a sickly and puny growth. We have not been fostered in sloth, or cherished in affluence or voluptuous ease. No! we have been cradled in oppression; we have been rocked by whirlwinds; we have been taught to battle with the warring elements: our covert has been the storm and the tempest; and thus have our minds, with our bodies, gathered nerve and sinew. *American genius needs but to be*

*aroused!* The infant Hercules is in very truth cradled in our midst, and needs but to be awakened to put forth the strength of the giant!

There is one thing which is calculated to throw discredit upon our literary fame. It is the superabundance of *petty* authors. Perhaps we are wrong, and should rather say, the superabundance of *petty productions*. There has not yet sprung up in our midst giants in literature. Our works, beautiful in their proportions and structure, are of Lilliputian dimensions. There appears to be, even on the part of those who are thought equal to the task, an unwillingness, nay, almost a dread of undertaking any thing on a large and superb scale—a lack of that unquenchable enthusiasm—“*alta petens,—aliquid immensum, infinitumque*”—which leads its possessor to attempt mighty things. The restless spirit of *despatch* has seized even our writers: and instead of the fixed, unwearied, *protracted ambition*—which fanned the flame of glory in the bosoms of the ancients, and likewise some of our Trans-Atlantic authors, of a time contemporaneous with our own history; and which led them to labor long years, in the completion of some single but sublime production—a spirit which led them to exclaim with the ancient poet, and with the same fervor, as she witnessed the slow but daily progress to perfection of some sublime piece—they conceive quickly—they write instantly—and the next day the *steam printing press* throws off—it may be a beautiful, but *small* and *only* beautiful production. How different this from him who writes an *imperishable book*! As an example, we quote two widely separated sentences from an introductory essay, to one of the most substantial monuments of British literature: “This fact we know, that he was engaged upon his *Analogy* during a period of twenty years.” “Butler, the author of the *Analogy*, will live to the last recorded time.”

These small, though beautiful productions to which we have alluded, are enough to awaken attention—to call up admiration; but there is a want of vastness which alone can place their authors among those who have added to the *literature of the world*: for the writings of great authors, while they add peculiar honor to the birth-place of those authors, add to the wealth—to the intellectual wealth of the globe, and they are its property. To whom do Virgil and Homer belong? The one wrote in the language of the Roman—the other that of the Greek. For their sakes we honor the countries which gave them birth; but Virgil and Homer now belong to no one country or clime. For in what land are they not read?—in what spot of the earth are they not admired? There is not a college in any civilized country where these are not a necessary part of education; and strange as it may seem—it is not less true than strange—that on the same day the student in the hall of Oxford, and the scholar in the missionary school-room of Owhyhee are scanning the same, “*Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi*”—which was penned upon the banks of the Tiber nearly nineteen hundred years ago! It is true also of many writers of more modern date, that their works are the property of the world; and when the sun of science shall have driven darkness from every land—which we are assured it will do—we may prophecy, without any thing romantic or visionary in the spirit which prompts the prediction, that the works of Milton and Shakespeare—of Locke and Bacon—of Scott and Johnson, (what *American* names can we enumerate?) will be read by the dwellers of all countries, from Patagonia to the frozen shores of Labrador—from the extreme peninsula of southern Asia, far north to the snows of Zembla.

How few works have we that are fated to be immortal! How few that are read beyond the boundaries of our own country even at the present day! This cannot be because we have not talent in our midst. We have had indications abundantly sufficient to prove the kind of materials which



we have amongst us. Does not the "Thanatopsis" indicate a genius worthy of Milton?—"Velasco," that of the greatest English dramatist? Does not the author of the famous "Moon Hoax" prove himself a satirist as keen as Cervantes? Do not the simple, soft, but transcendently beautiful lines of the "Zephyr's Soliloquy," manifest an author able to compete with any of the strains of "The Magician?"

"He whose strong enchanting wand,  
Made the rude mountains of his land—  
The tiny lake, the tangled dell,  
The outlaw's cave, the hermit's cell—  
A classic haunt—a Mecca shrine."

But still it is to be regretted, that nearly all our authors have limited their efforts to what are usually termed *fugitive* productions—pieces of little length—which are not calculated to call universal attention, much less to claim the adoration of posterity. The works of Milton and Shakspeare, Scott and Bulwer, tower so much above the common class, that smaller writers are in truth lost to the observation of the beholder. Like the pyramids of Egypt, they are seen far off. Their magnitude calls up feelings of awe and veneration, and the smaller monuments which surround them sink into comparative insignificance.

We all doubtless feel a glow of enthusiasm suffusing our souls, at the mention of the names of Bryant, Brainard, Dana, Halleck and Percival, Sigourney, Gould, Embury and Davidson—a constellation as mildly beautiful as any which gem the literary sky. But do not the older English poets, and as well the names of Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Montgomery, Hemans, Joanna Baillie, (that "sister of Shakspeare,") the lovely L. E. L. and Mary Mitford, (we were going to mention that other Mary—*Mary Howitt*, but we judge she belongs to the "mildly beautiful,") do not these names light up a galaxy of sun-like brilliancy, quenching by their superior brightness the lesser lights that burn in the same heaven? Our poets, perhaps we should except Mrs. Sigourney, do not *dwell* in the temple of the muses: when found there it is but *as visitors*. We want then, if we would rival other countries in literature, something more stupendous than any thing which has yet appeared,—something gigantic, which shall rear its colossal dimensions, and, like the Pillar of Pompey, or the Pharos of Alexandria, attract the attention of all nations. Great literary works, like the stupendous structures to which we have alluded, require the labor of years—of a life-time. Our men of talent, if they would build a reputation for themselves in the world of mind, and for their country in the annals of fame, must do it at the expense of protracted toil. They must. Their consecration to their works must be hallowed and entire as that of priests to the altar—vowing to abstain from every calling which would hinder their devotion, and making a solemn dedication of the entire energies of their souls. They must be under the control of an ever-energizing enthusiasm which will not suffer them to relax for a moment—an enthusiasm which will constrain them to forego present wealth, it may be present fame and glory, in the thought, as did others whose names are now immortal, but who in life were unnoticed and unknown, that posterity will award the meed of Fame, and hallow their names as long as time endures.

But we have been wandering. We were alluding to our early history, and the glory with which we crowned the name of America, when we contended with the most powerful nation in the world for our civil and political rights. But why, why should America remain less distinguished in her intellectual conquests, than she has been in her naval and military glory? Her noble achievements in the day of her conflict; the pure and devoted patriotism and daring bravery of her sons in the hour of peril and strife; when

freedom's little phalanx contended successfully with the chivalry and boasted pride of Britain, has obtained for her a name whose very echo shall be borne upon the breeze to distant generations. Yet what are these?

"The victor's plume,  
The hero's trophied fame, the warrior's wreath,  
The blood-dashed laurel—what are these?"

We ask again, what are they when compared to true literary greatness?

There are no reasons why America should not be as distinguished as much in this, as in any other trait in her national character. The immortal spirit of the American has come as fresh, as glowing and as vigorous from the hand of its Creator as that of the most boasted of ancient or modern times: nor has that same Almighty arbiter created American genius less towering or less daring, than he did those of the same mighty spirits who have shed such a resplendent halo around their country's history. The transcendently noble eloquence of *Patrick Henry*—the strong and nervous writings of Jefferson and our lamented Hamilton—the deep, logical reasonings of Edwards—the wild force and energy of Dana—the pensiveness and natural imagery of Bryant—the bold originality of Halleck—the versatile and beautiful productions of Irving—the inimitably striking descriptions of Cooper, the acknowledged lord of marine romance—and the works of Simms, one of our most active and popular writers of the present day—by their variety, beauty and strength, give triumphant evidence that American talent is not inferior to that of any other country on the globe. We say as before, it needs but impulse; and we rejoice in the thought that the day may come, when we will be able to rival the most renowned writers of any country or of any age. When some lofty spirit shall compete with the ancient or the "modern Homer"—when some female author shall strike from the "chord shell" of our own clime, strains far sweeter than those breathed from the "Sapphic lyre" along the shores of Lesbos; or that have been awakened in later times by the enchanting melody of the modern Hemans! But it will not be until American authors assume a more independent spirit. The workings of our own minds must be more creative and not so imitative. Our literature must be emphatically *our own*: and not as has been, to too great a degree, but the echo of our Trans-Atlantic compeers.

We commenced this essay with the assertion, that literature was the noblest trait of a nation's character. We think we have shown, and without any intention to detract from her merited honor, that in this our own country is deficient. If so, she is destitute of that which constitutes her brightest ornament; that alone which can elevate her to her proper rank among the nations of the earth; that alone which can render her name perpetual—her glory undying.

It is said, that "there are souls that tower as landmarks to mankind." Ay, and there are nations too which tower as landmarks to a gazing world! What but her literature renders the name of Greece imperishable? Why is it that whilst the glory of other nations has been quenched, that of this little republic is mellowed but not tarnished by the lapse of ages? Why is it that whilst the records of the achievements of other people have been swept into oblivion by the impetuous torrent of years, this nation's renown remains unaffected by the succession of twenty revolving centuries? It has been left almost alone, by the indiscriminating hand of time, like some tall pillar rearing itself amid the wreck of nations, and the ruins of nature.

"Greece! of all lands thou saddest loveliest land!  
Whoe'er hath seen but loves thee, and but weeps  
To think that anguish still thy coronet steepes?"

And why this sympathy for a people now degraded and ignoble? Why does the full heart labor at the mention of

the degradation of that land? It is the recollection of what it once was; and this sympathy, paid for imperishable greatness, is involuntary—for who

“(E’en in its bondage), who could tread the plains  
Of glorious Greece; nor feel his spirit rise  
Kindling within him? Who with heart and eyes  
Could walk where science self hath been, nor see  
The shining foot-prints of her deity;  
Nor feel those God-like breathings in the air,  
Which mutely tell her spirit hath been there?”

Take away from her this magnificent trait of national character, and like Ninevah and Babylon and the mighty empire of the Medes, her glory would depart, and a mere title would tell that *once she was!* Now, how different! Ages have rolled on, and yet genius still pours its noblest tribute to the Ægean shores. The sage loves in spirit to linger and reason with the manes of Socrates and Aristotle. The philosopher, to drink in draughts of almost divine inspiration from the lips of Plato. The poet of the nineteenth century still turns his ardent eyes towards its sacred fanes; and as the *Gheber* snatches from the volcano the burning lava which kindles up the fire upon his sacred altar, so do the poets of our day snatch from the undying altar—the *fire*—the inspiration which kindles up immortal song! Would that the same tribute may one day be paid to this our own native land!

America then presents an extensive field to all who would gather laurels in this noblest of all pursuits; and to those who may hereafter, or who are already aspiring for eminence in this department, we would say, *HERE* is room for the most towering intellect. And oh! that some towering spirit may arise and wipe away the oft-repeated aspersions cast upon our literary renown! Oh, that every one who is aspiring after literary eminence may press nobly forward, exclaiming in the beautiful language of another—“Oh, my country! thou richest gift of God to man!—preëminent in thy institutions, which honor Heaven and bless mankind—light and hope of nations:

‘May thy renown

Burn in my heart, and give to thought and word,  
The aspiring and the radiant hue of fire.’”

Springville, S. Carolina, 1840.

### SONG.

AIR—“Fare-you-well, my handsome Willie.”

Fare-you-well my gentle Mary:

Now's the time to sever;

Yet I still would linger, Mary—

Near thee thus forever.

My heart is with the fairy hand,

That trembles in my fingers;

And while my feet are on the strand,

Still my spirit lingers, Mary—

Still my spirit lingers.

Hark! yon bell is ringing, Mary—

Chills the sound upon me;

For it is the signal, Mary—

That will bear thee from me.

Thy voice will thrill some other heart,

And other tones will cheer thee,

But O! believe—where'er thou art,

Still my thoughts are near thee, Mary—

Still my thoughts are near thee.

Fare-you-well—the moments, Mary,  
Fly when wing'd with pleasure;  
But when thou art distant, Mary,  
Time has lost his treasure.  
The star that shines in life's dark sky  
My spirit worships only;  
And when thou art no longer nigh,  
Then my heart is lonely, Mary—  
Then my heart is lonely.

CARL.

Richmond, 1840.

### ANBUREY'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

[We copy from that excellent paper, the “*New Yorker*,” the following notice of a work, from the pen of a British officer, describing incidents connected with our revolutionary contest, which give it an interest far beyond an ordinary book of travels. Our readers will no doubt be pleased with the extracts introduced into the review, which we understand is from the pen of a Virginian, Mr. Charles Campbell, of Petersburg.]—*Ed. Mess.*

This is the title of a book, probably very little known, if at all, in this country. It consists of seventy-six letters, the last dated October, 1781. The writer's style is good, but somewhat wordy. He appears a well-educated man; he enlivens his pages (which, by the way, are eleven hundred in number) with a variety of anecdotes and episodes. But Lieutenant Anburey doth certainly wax ratherish prosy at times. He has withal a very loyal stock of British prejudices and antipathies, yet is not without a good degree of candor. He is a minute observer, but falls into a multiplicity of mistakes, as was inevitable in his circumstances. Some of his stories are quite incredible—self-evident fabrications, which he could hardly have expected John Bull himself to swallow, great as his powers of deglutition may be. The letters, however, are none the less amusing for the ‘tough yarns,’ or the blunders, so naturally to be expected from a British subaltern campaigning in America.

Taking these travels, then, with some grains of allowance, they may be considered as the impressions of America and the Americans on the mind of a British officer during the Revolutionary war. A republication of this work would perhaps be not an unprofitable job to one of the book-craft, and would no doubt gratify the republic of readers. Such a republication, however, is not to be looked for at this parallel of latitude, where unfortunately a taste for such things is at a low ebb.

The letters date from the author's embarkation with Burgoyne's army, and thence give a narrative of all the incidents of the voyage, their arrival at Montreal in Upper Canada, the campaign down to its termination at Saratoga, the march of the prisoners of war first to Boston, their stay there, then to Charlottesville, Virginia—the latter part of the second volume, including about two hundred pages, being devoted principally to Virginia. This part of the work is of course especially entertaining to readers in this state, and would make a capital selection for republication in a periodical. I have not the work in question now by me, and must therefore confine myself to some extracts made during a cursory perusal of the only copy I have seen, and perhaps the only copy in America—I may say almost certainly the only one in Virginia.

#### THE BRITISH ARMY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

“When we were in the widest part of the lake, whose beauty and extent I have already described, it was remarkably fine and clear, when the whole army appeared at one



view in such perfect regularity as to form the most complete and splendid regatta you can possibly conceive." \* \*

"In the front, the Indians went with their birch canoes, containing twenty or thirty in each, then the advanced corps in a regular line, with the gun-boats; then followed the Royal George and Inflexible, towing large booms, which are to be thrown across two points of land with the other brigs and sloops following; after them the first brigade in a regular line, the Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, Riedesel, in their pinnaces; next to them were the second brigade, followed by the German brigade; and the rear was brought up with the sutlers and followers of the army. Upon the appearance of so formidable a fleet, you may imagine, they were not a little dismayed at Ticonderoga, for they were apprised of our advance, as we could every day see their watch-boats."

Burgoyne, before embarking from Ticonderoga, issued a proclamation, in which he says, "This army must not retreat." Had a bulletin been issued at Saratoga, the same phrase might have been inserted, with the alteration of one word—"This army cannot retreat."

#### DIGGING POTATOES.

"At this encampment [Freeman's farm] a number of men got into a potato field, and, whilst gathering them, a scouting party of the enemy came across and fired on them, killing and wounding near thirty, when they might with ease have surrounded the whole party and taken them prisoners. Such cruel and unjustifiable conduct can have no good tendency, while it serves greatly to increase hatred and a thirst for revenge."

#### CAPTAIN VAN SWEARINGHAM.

"In this skirmish, a batman of General Fraser's rescued from the Indians an officer of the Americans, one Captain Van Swearingham, of Col. Morgan's Virginia Riflemen. They were on the point of stripping him, which the man prevented, and recovered his pocket-book from them, containing all his papers of consequence, and his commission. He offered the soldier all his paper dollars, and lamented that he had no *hard* ones to reward him with."

"The batman brought him up to Gen. Fraser, (who had come up to the two companies he had detached) when he interrogated him concerning the enemy, but could obtain no other answer than that their army was commanded by Generals Gates and Arnold. Gen. Fraser, exceedingly provoked that he could gain no intelligence, told him if he did not immediately inform him as to the exact situation of the enemy, he would hang him up immediately. The officer, with the most undaunted firmness, replied 'You may if you please.' The General, perceiving he could make nothing of him, rode off, leaving him in the custody of Lieutenant Dunbar, of the Artillery."

"My servant just at this period arrived with my canteen, which was rather fortunate, as we stood in need of some refreshment after our march through the woods and this little skirmish. I requested Dunbar, with his prisoner, to partake of it; and, sitting down upon a tree, we asked this Captain a variety of questions, to which he always gave evasive answers—and we both observed he was in great spirits. At last I said to him, 'Captain, do you think we shall have any more work upon our hands to-day?' To which he replied, 'Yes, yes, you'll have business enough, for there are many hundreds all round you now.' He had hardly spoke the words, than from a wood a little way in our front there came an excessive fire. Dunbar ran to his guns, saying, 'A—, you must take charge of the Captain.' There being only one officer besides myself with the company, I committed him to the custody of a sergeant to convey him to the house where the rest of the prisoners were, with particular orders, as the General had desired that he should not be ill-treated."

In the course of the last action, Lieut. Hervey, a youth of sixteen, and nephew to the Adjutant General of the same name, received several wounds, and was repeatedly ordered off the field by Col. Anstruther; but his heroic ardor would not allow him to quit the battle, while he could stand and see his brave lads fighting beside him. A ball striking one of his legs, his removal became absolutely necessary; and while they were conveying him away, another wounded him mortally. In this situation, the surgeon recommended him to take a powerful dose of opium to avoid seven or

eight hours of life of most exquisite torture. This he immediately consented to, and when the Colonel entered the tent with Major Harnage, who were both wounded, they asked him whether he had any affairs they could settle for him. His reply was, 'that being a minor, every thing was already adjusted; but he had one request, which he had just life enough to utter: tell my uncle I died like a soldier.'

#### GEN. PHILLIPS.

"He has as expeditiously conveyed cannon to the summit of this hill, as he brought it up in that memorable battle at Minden—where, it is said, such was his anxiousness in expediting the artillery, that he split no less than fifteen canes in beating the horses—at which battle he so gallantly distinguished himself by the management of his artillery as totally to rout the French."

#### LORD BALCARRAS.

"In the action at Hurburton, Lord Balcarras, who commanded the Light Infantry, had near thirty balls shot through his jacket and trowsers, and yet only received a small graze on the hip."

"The Indians [with Burgoyne] were under the direction of Mr. St. Luc and one Langdale, both great partizans of the French last war. The latter (Langdale) is the one who planned and executed with the nations he is now escorting, the defeat of Gen. Braddock."

Lieutenant Anburey relates a story of an American scouting party, captured by a party of Indians, which is rather long to copy in detail, but of which the following is the substance: The Americans, after a severe struggle, were overpowered and taken prisoners by the Indians. The leader of the scouting party, a very brave fellow, was wounded in the skirmish, and unable to walk; whereupon, the Indians brought him in upon their backs, a distance of near three miles. Upon their approach to the camp, they raised the warwhoop, and the British were surprised to see an Indian advancing with an American prisoner on his back. The wounded man was taken before General Fraser, but would give no answer to any question. The General, imagining that by showing him attention he might gain some information from him, ordered him some refreshment. The surgeon, upon examining his wound, told him he must immediately undergo an amputation—which being performed, he was requested to keep himself still and quiet, or a locked jaw would immediately ensue. To this, he replied, with great firmness, 'Then I shall have the pleasure of dying in a good cause—that of gaining the Independence of the American colonies.'

"I mention this circumstance," says Lieutenant Anburey, "to show how cheerfully some of them will sacrifice their lives in pursuit of this favorite idol. Such was the man's restless disposition, that he actually died next morning. This was generally regretted as one among the very few who act from principle. Had he survived, a different statement of the case might have rendered him as strenuous a loyalist, as great a hero, as he was a stubborn rebel."

#### MISS M'CREA.

The following is in brief our author's version of the fate of this young lady. Her parents, he says, were Tories, who abandoned their home to avoid the ill-treatment of the Americans, and left their child alone there, she being determined, upon the approach of the British army, to leave her father's house and join the army, as she was on the point of being married to an officer in the provincial troops. Some Indian scouts met her in the woods, and were conducting her kindly into camp. When within a mile of it, an altercation arose between the two Indians with regard to whose prisoner she was, they having an eye to the reward paid in such cases; and words growing high between them, one of them raised his tomahawk and slew her.

The parents of this ill-starred young female added to the dishonor of deserting the cause of her country, the shock-

ing inhumanity of abandoning their daughter in a deserted home at such an hour of peril and alarm.

#### THE INDIANS.

Lieutenant Anburey, after laboring hard to justify the employment of the Indian auxiliaries, in a subsequent part of the book makes the following pleasant admissions:

"Those who have the management and conduct of them [the Indians] are, from interested motives, obliged to indulge them in all their caprices and humors; and, like spoiled children, they are more unreasonable and importunate upon every new indulgence granted them; but there is no remedy. Were they left to themselves, they would be guilty of enormities too horrid to think of; for guilty and innocent women and infants would be their common prey."

The author's account of a battle-field strewn with the wounded and the dead—the death and burial of the gallant General Fraser, and the adventures of Lady Harriet Ackland, are very interesting, but too long to transcribe.

Lieutenant Anburey's second volume, contains a curious history of the trial of an American officer for outrages charged to have been committed upon certain British soldiers, prisoners of war, Gen. Burgoyne prosecuting in person, and Judge Tudor defending the accused. He was acquitted and resumed his command, but was shortly after relieved by Col. Lee, of Virginia, who proved much more to their liking.

Our author gives us a picturesque account of the march of Burgoyne's captive army, prisoners of war, by courtesy styled convention troops from Boston, where they were some time quartered, to Charlottesville, Virginia, where they arrived in January, 1779. Here the Lieutenant was fated to spend some years in a state of inglorious inaction, during which he made sundry excursions, and found ample leisure to excogitate on the manners and customs of the Virginians, and the characteristic rascalities of the Americans in general.

The work contains several engravings; and in this part of it we have a view of Charlottesville and the barracks of the convention troops. The Lieutenant in his letters written at this place, descants at large upon plantations, planters, tobacco, negroes, roads, turkey-traps, and divers other matters great and small. He gives a burlesque account of Col. Bland riding about with two tatterdemallion dragoons in front and two ditto in rear with drawn swords; but he admits that the Colonel treated the prisoners of war in a very gentlemanly style. Our author, and some other officers, shortly after their arrival at Charlottesville, are permitted to visit Richmond upon parole. They visited Col. Randolph, of Tuckahoe, Col. Cary, of Warwick, Chesterfield, and Col. Goode, of the same county; and Lieutenant Anburey gives us an account of their country seats.

After breakfast at Warwick, Col. Cary proposed to his guests to take a ride to Petersburg, which they expressed a strong desire to do, but were debarred by their parole; upon which, the Colonel drew from his pocket a letter from the American officer in command at Charlottesville, granting them permission to go there—Col. Cary having requested it for them. They accordingly rode to Petersburg, and were amused on the way by stories of Pocahontas and Powhatan, related by their host.

Gen. Phillips, who was then a prisoner at Charlottesville, after he was exchanged, burnt Col. Cary's valuable mills, burnt the tobacco warehouses in Petersburg, and finally died there amid the thunders of La Fayette's cannon.

Sporting gentlemen will be much edified with a very minute description of Col. Randolph's celebrated race-horse Shakspeare, of whom the Colonel was so careful, that he made the groom lodge in a room directly overhead of the stable in which he was kept.

Gen. Phillips quartered at Blenheim—a seat belonging to Col. Carter.

Lieut. Anburey passed a night at Belvidera, a plantation

of Col. Bird, of Westover. He gives a sketch of the Colonel and of his seats.

He enlarges considerably upon tobacco, hunting rabbits and opossums, quarter-racing, wood-ticks, seed-ticks and the hubby flower—*botanice*, *calycanthus*. He laughs at Col. Bland's talking French; the Colonel, he says, had a West Indian negro for a servant; and when mounting his horse for his accustomed daily parade of his light horse, asked his valet, in French, to bring his scabbard—and the negro not taking, the Colonel was fain to say, at last, 'Donnez moi mon scabbard.' However, the gallant Lieutenant's sarcasms on this score were somewhat misplaced; for it happened that the said Col. Bland was regularly educated, and spent ten years in completing his education abroad.

Our Lieutenant paid a second visit to Richmond, and calling again at Col. Randolph's residence, Tuckahoe, he happened there to meet Col. Meade, Col. Laurens, and another officer of Gen. Washington's staff. In conversation, speaking of horses, Col. Meade said that to his horse, a very fleet one, he was indebted for his safety at the battle of Monmouth. In reconnoitering the enemy, he suddenly came very near a group of British officers, one of whom fired a pistol at him; whereupon, he clapped spurs to his steed and made off. Lieut. Anburey inquired what was the color of his horse. He replied, 'Black.' 'Then,' said Anburey, 'the group of officers you encountered consisted of the Commander in Chief of the British army, Gen. Howe, and his Aides-de-Camp.' 'Had I known that it was the British Generalissimo, I would have made a desperate effort to carry him off a prisoner,' replied Col. Meade. Lieut. Anburey had heard from a British officer, who was present at the battle of Monmouth, the story of an American officer, mounted on a fine black charger, having approached very near Gen. Howe; and on hearing Col. Meade speak of his adventure, recognized him as the same officer.

Gen. Howe, despatching an officer to Charlottesville, for exchange of prisoners or something of that sort, gave him a detailed account of the battle of Monmouth, and drew a plan thereof, but declined giving it to him, saying, 'These Americans will hang you if you are found with it;' but he added—'Tell Phillips, I fought that day on velvet—he will understand what that means.'

Our Lieutenant is a writer of a very versatile genius. He gives us an account of emigration, peach brandy, fire in the mountains, Virginia riflemen, the fire-fly, an attempt to kill a British officer, cotton, finance, persimmons, turkey buzzards, negroes poisoning one another, want of provisions in the barracks, deserters, British and German, oxen, sheep, dogwood, the tulip tree, sawyers, (insects,) rats in the barracks, duels among the officers, &c.

Lieut. Anburey's old friend, Capt. Van Swearingham, happened to visit Charlottesville. Anburey and Dunbar implored him to intercede for their exchange with Gen. Washington, which Capt. Van Swearingham promised he would certainly do, as soon as he returned to Head Quarters.

At length, the period of release was at hand. Our hero is delighted with the Blue Ridge, which he crosses, on the way to Winchester, where he sojourns some days, and makes acquaintance with divers persons of whom he tells sundry anecdotes. Finally, he starts for New-York to embark for merry England. On his journey, tarrying nine days in company of some brother officers at Fredericktown, in Maryland, the landlord presented a bill for £713 15s. paper currency, which he was relieved to find was equivalent to only 4 guineas, in hard money.

Such are some random notes, scratched off upon a cursory perusal of these 'Travels in the Interior of North America'—a work which would afford capital selections for a periodical—far better than long-winded addresses about nothing, or everlasting tales about worse than nothing.



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**ISSUE**

**MISSING**

**NOT**

**AVAILABLE**